THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Volume 196, Number 27

JAN. 5, 1924

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10c. in Canada

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY—By David Lawrence

If you really want QUALITY CANNED FRUITS it's simple enough to get them

You can be just as sure of quality in canned fruits as you want to be!

—just as certain of their flavor and goodness as you wish!

It's the easiest thing in the world. There's only one condition—you must *know* what you want. Then make sure that you get it. Quality is bought only through knowledge—and *not* by chance.

That's why it is so important to insist upon a brand like DEL MONTE. You always know in advance exactly what DEL MONTE quality is. There's the same uniform goodness in every variety—the same assurance of satisfaction, no matter where or when you buy.

More than 60 years' experience in the canning of fine fruits has made DEL MONTE the one sure quality choice of particular people all over the world. To them—and to you—DEL MONTE means *always* choicest fruits from the world's finest orchards—packed at the very moment of perfection—with all their natural fresh flavor and delicacy.

Isn't it worth being sure of such quality when you can do it so easily—isn't it worth insisting that you get what you want?

Serve Fruit Often Now

The cold weather diet needs plenty of fruit as a balance element. Serve some every meal if possible. It's so easy to do with DEL MONTE. Just look over the varieties shown here. Pick out the ones you like best—then order the convenient, economical way—by the dozen cans. Only remember when you order to be quality-safe—be sure you say DEL MONTE.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

Just say Del Monte to your grocer

BUY THE SIZE OF CAN TO FIT YOUR NEEDS!

Most DEL MONTE Fruits are packed in 3 sizes of cans to meet the needs of various sizes of families. No. 2½ (the large can) contains selected large fruit; No. 2 (the medium can) contains selected medium-sized fruit; and No. 1 (the small can) contains selected small fruit. But whatever the *size*, DEL MONTE flavor and quality are invariably the same. Ask your grocer for the size you need.

"This roof is off your mind until 1944"

Roofer: "Finished? It sure is. Off your mind until 1944. And along about 1950 or '60 you'll know that 'finished' means *finished*."

"FINISHED!"—one of the great words of business.

"Off your mind"—three greater words. In them is the secret of management.

For a Real Executive doesn't say "finished" until he knows the matter is off his mind—to stay off.

Real business men 20 years ago were demanding roofs for flat top buildings which would be permanent—off their minds.

Barrett engineers created a Specification for constructing such roofs. The improved materials were labeled so no mistake could be made.

This plan swept old time roofs into the discard. With it roofers and architects stood fast against substandard built-up roofs wherever they advised permanence.

They naturally would when a "Barrett Specification Roof" frees *their* minds also from repairs and complaints.

To back them up a Barrett inspector with a keen eye and a keen knife is sent to examine the new roof. On top of that the owner gets a Surety Company bond against repair expense for 10 years or 20 years—and no charge is made.

—which is the Barrett way of going the limit to take a roof off the *owner's* mind.

Sometimes, of course, on flat-top buildings a 20-, 30- or 40-year roof is not called for. Even then most business men avoid the mistake of using poor materials by ordering both pitch and roofing felt with Barrett labels on them.

On steep roofs use only the toughest shingles and roll roofing

—and be done with it

Barrett

ONCE ON YOUR BUILDING, IT'S ENTIRELY OFF YOUR MIND

ROOFINGS

The Barrett Company

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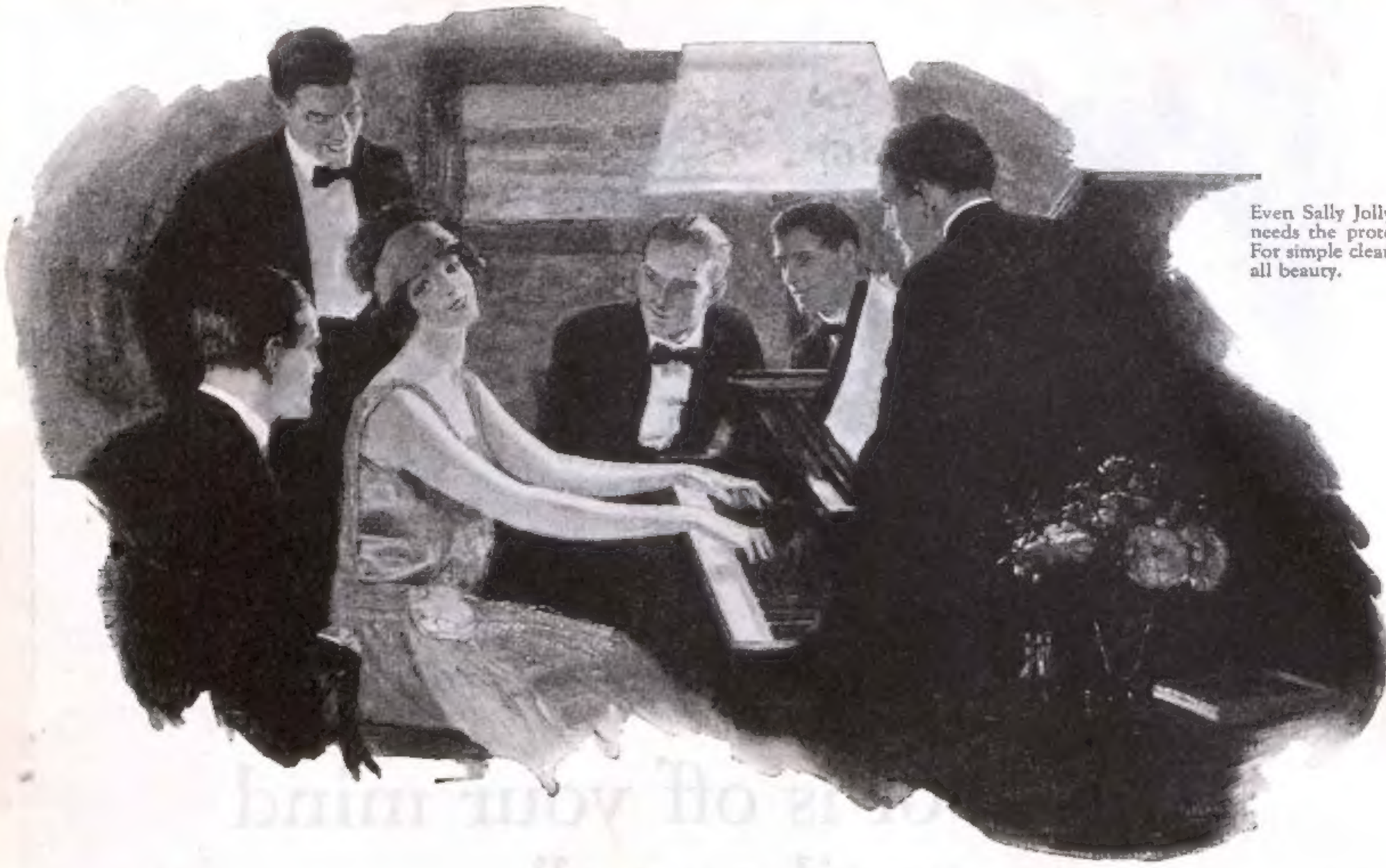
Even Sally Jollyco's natural beauty needs the protection of pure soap. For simple cleanliness is the basis of all beauty.

An announcement to all friends of Ivory Soap

The makers of Ivory Soap now offer you Guest Ivory.

To Ivory's purity, mildness and gentleness, Guest Ivory adds—

the daintiness of a new size, to fit the most delicate of slim feminine fingers.

the charm of a new design and a new blue-and-white dress.

the lowest price at which a truly fine soap for the face and hands has ever been sold (five cents).

Guest Ivory completes the Ivory Family

The Ivory Family now has four members, to serve every purpose which demands the protection of the skin and of delicate fabrics by the use of a fine, pure, mild soap:

Guest Ivory—*for the face and hands*
Medium size Ivory—*for the bath*
Ivory Flakes—*for the most delicate garments*
Laundry size Ivory—*for the heavier fine fabrics*

All are Ivory Soap, and that means each is as fine as soap can be, for if we charged you a dollar a cake we could give you no finer soap than Ivory.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

In Sally Jollyco's own gleaming white bathroom lies one of the chief secrets of her charm.

Look carefully, and you will see a dainty white cake of Guest Ivory in the soap-holder. She uses it night and morning, to keep her skin clean, soft and glowing with life.

Sally entrusts her beauty to Ivory with perfect confidence in its pure, mild, gently cleansing lather.

Guest IVORY may be purchased in this carton of 12 cakes.

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
F. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 196 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, PA., JANUARY 5, 1924 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 27

YOUR MONEY

An Interview With the Secretary of the Treasury

By David Lawrence

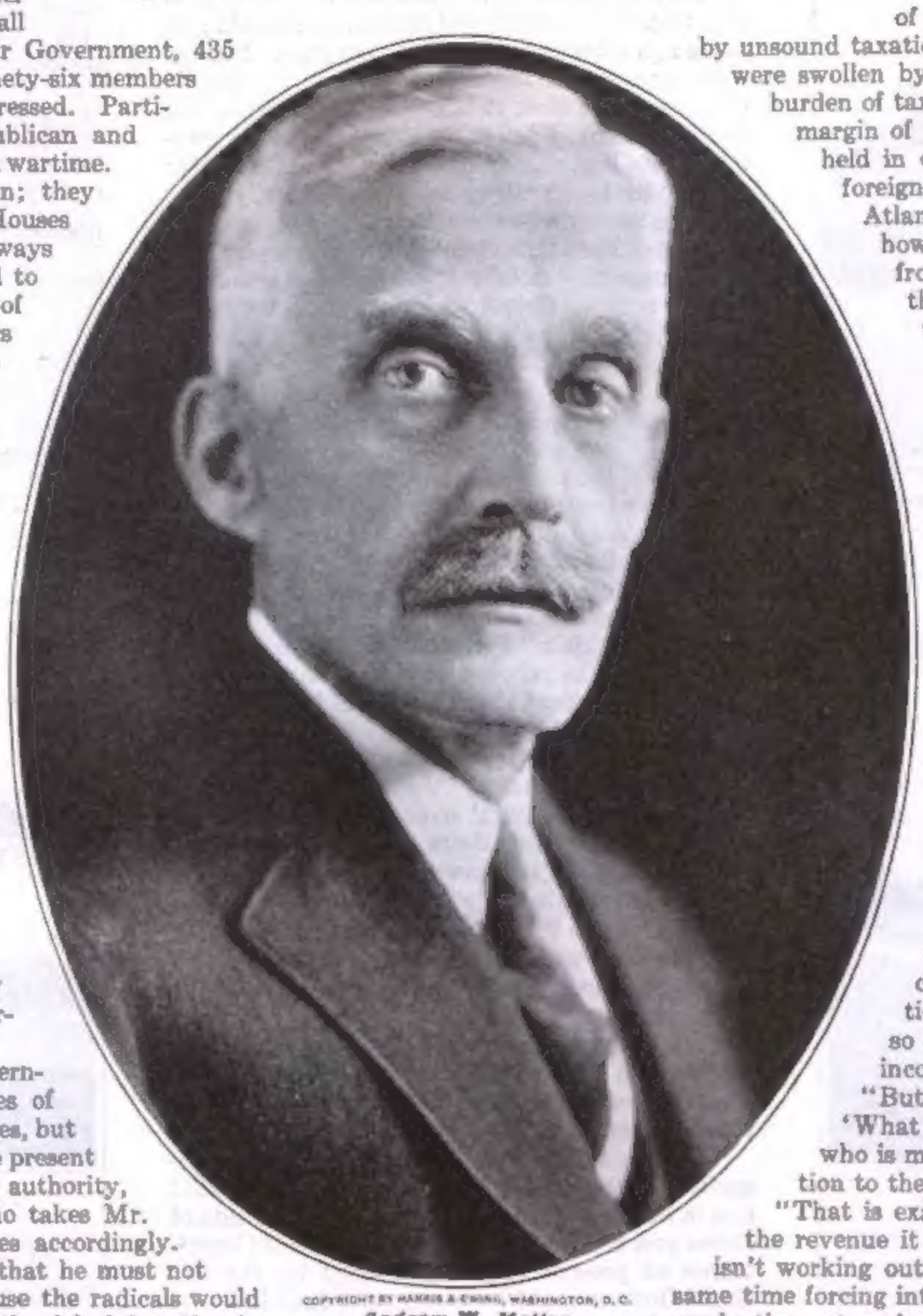
FIFTY-FIVE million men and women in the United States are old enough to vote. To them are intrusted the destinies of the other 55,000,000. If the 55,000,000 adults could all go to Washington and get the facts about their Government, 435 members of the House of Representatives and ninety-six members of the United States Senate would be visibly impressed. Partisanship would be swept aside—the labels Republican and Democratic would be as meaningless as they were in wartime.

But 55,000,000 people can't go to Washington; they depend instead on their representatives in both Houses of Congress. These elected representatives have always had varying theories of what they were supposed to represent. First there is the view that a member of Congress must do as the influential groups of voters in his district want him to do. Then there is the broader idea that laws should be made not for the benefit of a section or group or class but for the whole nation. Most of the men elected to Congress have spent their lives absorbed in the issues of local politics. Their business experience and knowledge of financial affairs are not always comprehensive. They are, after all, political persons.

In contrast sits a man in the Treasury Department who never was elected to public office, who never had much to do with politics and has no political aim, who looks at things upon the whole in the way 55,000,000 people would have him look, who has made a financial success in his private business, who is not under obligation to any interest or group of interests in America, who is sixty-eight years of age, and has nothing to gain or lose but a reputation for honesty and business sense, and whose only ambition in public office is to serve the American people effectively and to the best of his ability. Such a man happens to be the Secretary of the Treasury and the friend at large of the American people on money matters.

What Mr. Mellon says about the facts of Government can be accepted as the truth. Differences of opinion there may be as to the remedies he proposes, but as to the diagnosis of what is happening under the present system of taxation no one can speak with greater authority, not even the President of the United States, who takes Mr. Mellon's facts and figures and builds his policies accordingly.

The secretary was warned by the politicians that he must not raise the question of tax reduction this year because the radicals would press for a program so extreme that it would put the Administration in power on the defensive. He was told tax reductions would prevent a bonus to the able-bodied ex-service men, and he still didn't understand how that altered his obligation to tell the country that if conditions continued favorable the Treasury would be receiving annually $300,000,000 more than it needed to meet its obligations, and that this surplus should be used to reduce the burden of taxation on all the people—in other words, that the country could either permit government expenditures to grow and thus keep on paying the present rate of taxes or else keep expenses down and enable the taxpayers to retain more of their earnings for themselves.



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Andrew W. Mellon

How the Surtax Kills Productive Industry

"DO YOU want a tax system that is productive of revenue," he asks the American people, "or one that is repressive and failing in productiveness? One road leads to more income for the Government, more for yourselves, an evenly distributed tax burden and better business conditions. The other road has brought less revenue; taxes in a large part have been so prohibitive that they have been avoided, and the productive power of the nation has been artificially restrained. The choice is yours."

Mr. Mellon almost never makes a speech. He rarely gives an interview for publication. He is unassuming and shrinking from publicity or public attention. He was persuaded to explain the nation's tax problem because he felt the people were entitled to the facts on a subject little understood and easily misrepresented.

For two hours we talked of how the development of the business of the country was being held back by unsound taxation, how costs of production and the cost of living were swollen by the tax burden, how the farmer was bearing a burden of taxes directly and indirectly which was eating up his margin of profit, how even the rebuilding of Europe is being held in check by the high rates of interest being charged foreign people for their borrowings on this side of the Atlantic, how as a consequence foreign exchange is upset, how nearly 6,000,000 taxpayers with incomes ranging from $1000 to $5000 a year are being forced to give of their earnings to the Government in larger share than would be necessary if the confiscatory surtax had not eaten away initiative in business and induced taxpayers to avoid investments on which the Government could collect a substantial revenue, and how large a measure of relief would be given to all classes of people, particularly the wage earners, by adopting the Treasury's recommendations for tax reduction all along the line.

Everyone Affected

"WHAT was the original theory on which a surtax was based?" I began. "How did we get that kind of tax into our system?"

"The surtax is the outgrowth of war conditions," replied Mr. Mellon. "It was based on the idea that if the income of A is twice as large as that of B, then A pays not twice as much tax as B but four or five times as much tax. "It is a progressively increasing tax which runs from 1 per cent all the way to 50 per cent. And besides that, of course, the same taxpayers who are subject to it must pay the normal tax of 4 per cent on the first $4000 of their income and an additional 8 per cent tax on all their income above that, so that some people actually pay 58 per cent of their incomes to the Government."

"But," I suggested, "will not the average man say, 'What difference does it make? Why shouldn't the man who is making a large income pay the much greater proportion to the Government?'"

"That is exactly it," rejoined the secretary. "If we could get the revenue it might be all right from that point of view, but it isn't working out that way. We are losing the revenue and at the same time forcing into wrong channels the funds that should be used in productive enterprises. The usual argument in favor of high surtaxes is that people should be taxed according to their ability to pay. But in practice that theory has its limitations. History has shown that there always is a point of diminishing returns beyond which taxes cannot be pushed, if the revenue receipts are to be maintained. In wartime it is at one point, in peacetime at another, for if the tax is not productive of revenue the whole purpose of the tax is lost. Taxes cease to be productive when they are oppressive, and this results in so many different disturbances to the economic life of our people that high living costs, decreased opportunities for everybody and other ill effects are bound to follow.

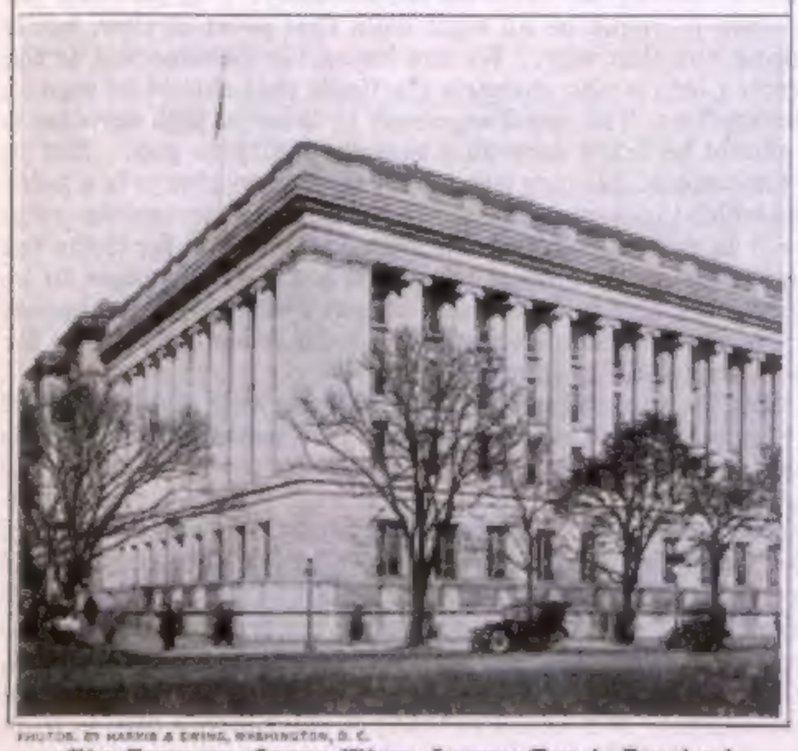
"Indeed, the subject of taxation cannot be viewed as affecting only the incomes of the 7,500,000 income-tax payers. Taxes are inseparably interwoven with business conditions and business development. They are ultimately felt by the consumers—the entire 110,000,000 people in America.

"So in framing a tax law we should not be so solicitous about particular groups of individuals as we should be of the benefits to the country as a whole. The burden falls on all the people, and in developing its plans for tax reduction it has been the Treasury's effort to distribute the benefits directly over all classes of taxpayers, and at the same time indirectly to give the utmost possible encouragement to constructive business development. There is no satisfaction in a tax law which doesn't get the revenue and at the same time actually retards business development. It is an axiom that you can't force a man to work against his will. Labor insists upon its right to quit work whenever a wage commensurate

The Auditors' Building Used in Part for Income Tax

An Old Land-Office Building Given Over to Income Tax

A Temporary Building Used for Income Tax



PHOTOS BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Treasury Annex Where Income Tax is Received

with effort is not forthcoming. So also it can be taken for granted that capital will not work if the return is not worth while.

"The condition of affairs we have today is one in which capital is not working and producing revenue as it should. I say a condition, because the facts are available to prove it. I advised Congress two years ago of this danger, and the statistics of what has happened since then prove again that an unscientific method of taxation will not get so much revenue as a tax system lower in rates but more scientifically applied.

"For instance, in the year 1916 there were 1296 persons in the United States who on their income-tax returns showed that they were receiving a taxable income of $300,000 a year or over. The total amount of the income of these 1296 persons was approximately $1,000,000,000 that year. By analyzing the income-tax returns we found that of that $1,000,000,000, $706,000,000 came from dividends on stock and interest on investments generally.

"But every year since then we have noticed a decline in the number of persons in this class of returns. For instance, in 1918 it dropped to 627, and finally in 1921 only 246 persons were in the group of incomes of $300,000 or over, and the total amount of their taxable income from dividends and interest on investments amounted to only $155,000,000, as against $706,000,000 in 1916.

"Now the figures show that the American people, as a whole, produced much less income five years ago than they have this past year. Yet the Government got more money from the people of means then than it is getting now. It sounds like a paradox, I know, to say that the Government gets less money under higher surtax rates than under lower rates; but that is exactly what happens nevertheless.

"Henry Ford tells us in his autobiography how many more automobiles he was able to sell every time he reduced the price. Probably his market is ten times as large at the present price as it would be at twice the price."

Lawful Tax Evasion

"I HAVE the same idea that we could get people to buy taxable securities in very much larger volume instead of tax exempts if we were to reduce the surtaxes to the scale reaching to a 25 per cent maximum as compared with a scale reaching to a 50 per cent maximum."

"Do you think," I asked Mr. Mellon, "that a large number of people are evading income taxes by failing to report their sources of income or by other devices?"

"Of course there is no way of telling exactly," answered the secretary. "As far as we know, the percentage of unlawful evasion is small. I am really surprised that there aren't more cases of fraud. There isn't so much of it, although there is always, and always will be, a certain proportion. Of course there may be some cases done so skillfully that we have not discovered them. But it isn't so large a number. The great bulk of the people are inherently honest. What really happens is that taxpayers so far as possible put transactions into a form that will not yield taxable income, because otherwise too much of the income to be derived would have to be given up in taxes."

"Do you think that much of the money ordinarily invested in securities of a productive kind and in business is being used to buy the bonds of states and cities which under the Federal Constitution at present cannot be taxed by the national Government?" was my next question.

"Yes," replied the secretary, "much of it is being invested that way. Fully $11,000,000,000 worth of such securities have been issued and are outstanding. The city of New York alone has a debt of more than $1,000,000,000, and yet before the World War the entire public debt of the United States wasn't so large as that. The ease with which states, counties and towns can borrow has its serious disadvantages, as I shall presently explain. But even this is not so dangerous to our economic system as the ill effects of a wrong theory of taxation on the everyday transactions of modern business. I know of dozens of cases myself in which men who normally lend their capital to expand the business of the nation have refrained from doing so because it isn't worth while.

"I heard of a case lately in which a man has a 220-acre tract of coal land adjoining a going mine. The owners of the neighboring mine are working up to it and wanted to lease it. He could lease the

(Continued on Page 42)

Another Departmental Building Partly Used for Income Tax

Temporary Building No. 5 Used for Income Tax

The Main Building of the Treasury Department

Building "C" Used in Part for Income Tax

The Bawby Ephalunt, Pharmacist

By Holworthy Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

WHEN Floyd McEwen returned to Huntsboro, at the conclusion of the International League season, he was received with the highest civic honors. To be sure, there was no sense in offering him the keys of the city, for it was wide open at both ends, anyway; but the Tradesmen's Association gave a Dutch lunch at the fire house and presented him with a silk umbrella; the Huntsboro A. C., at its annual banquet, tendered him a solid-gold watch charm, studded with one diamond; and the Board of Selectmen voted an appropriation of $32.50 out of the unexpended lighting and sewer funds, to purchase him a gold spectacle case suitably inscribed. It was a brilliant personal triumph, and it was also retributive justice; for when an entire community has chanted Bawby Ephalunt at you for seventeen weary years, simply because you happen to be built along the standard specifications of an ice wagon, and then when, having put on specs, you suddenly bloom out as a crack knuckle-ball pitcher, the youngest ever signed by the Goliaths—but farmed out to Jersey City—and then when, in your very first campaign, you win eight games out of twelve, and crash the old apple for an average of .346, why, naturally, something elegant ought to be done about it.

Furthermore, his heroic status was aptly framed by his new wardrobe. Clothed in transcendent brightness he outshone them all, including Solomon and the lilies of the field. He alone was draped in the latest novelty shade of olive green, with the coat fastened by a single metallic button at the waist. Of the visible silk shirts, his own romped away with the trophy by an easy margin of about four colors; and there was none other in the whole township who could challenge his pale-gray derby, decorated with a brown silk band into which a tiny red feather was thrust—a combination which his haberdasher in Jersey City had assured him was the ultimate full-tongued cry in gents' nobby furnishing.

Finally, his bank roll was so noble in its *embonpoint*—two twenties, yolks turned outward, incasing thirty fives and fifty ones, with a two-inch rubber band as surcingle—that many of his former cronies had been exalted merely by hefting it.

Surely his demeanor, then, should have been geared to his fame and his prosperity; but, although in public he did habitually chew the cud of glory, yet in the sanctity of his home his behavior resembled that of a dejected undertaker. Once inside the patriarchal dwelling—and sometimes hardly pausing to fill his pockets with doughnuts—he retired within the bosky recesses of his soul, whence he repeatedly wafted an abysmal sigh which stirred the very window curtains. It also stirred his mother to profound sympathy.

From the outset his mother had declined to join in the universal homage. The only distinction she had pinned on him was the Order of the Bath, with a bar of yellow soap. She was proud of his trappings, his ovations and his booty of commemorative merchandise; but fundamentally Floyd was still her infant, and quite as transparent as when he had wept because she wouldn't buy him a panther from the current circus. And so presently she got her arm part way around him and made sundry maternal cluckings.

"Now I know what you done, Floyd," she said. "It sticks out just as plain's a woodchuck with the double mumps. Last July you had two different separate girls. You had Edna Swan and you had Myrtle Schweinfelder. I don't s'pose you could had any intentions, praises be, even if I was married at sixteen myself, and we begun in two rooms and a oil heater your pa hired for fifty cents a month—good grief's sake alive, the way kerosene's gone up!—but what you done, Floyd, you got acquainted with some other girl down to that Jersey City place, and got a mash on her, and you just tell your ma all about it."

The leading cub pitcher of the International League wriggled loose.

"Drink it All Up. That's the Way They Make 'Em to New York. Everythin' in It But the Kitchen Sink"

"Aw, you make me sick to my stummick, ma!"

"Oh, yes," she said patiently, "that's another one of the signs. But after Edna and Myrtle gets back from their vacations, and you see how sweet and wholesome and pure they both look, why, you wouldn't no more think about any city girl than you would a busted punkin."

With a low moan of distress, the Bawby Ephalunt fled upstairs to his own room, where in shatter-pated misery he paced the floor until the beams shook. It was precisely the advent of Myrtle and Edna which had caused apprehension to pasture upon him so richly. For at parting, last July, he had privately told each of them—and each of them considered the other as something the cat had brought in—that he was her gentle, perfect knight, and hers exclusively. Blind to the future, blinder even than a bandaged mole, he had kissed them both with some degree of linger and adhesion. But shucks! That was almost three months ago, and consequently outlawed by the statute of limitations. He was still willing to be friends with them, of course—why, darn it, hadn't he brought Myrtle a filigree souvenir spoon from Toronto and Edna a celluloid paper cutter with a peephole in the handle and a cute view of Niagara Falls?—but suppose, instead of recognizing the inexorable flight of time, they either of them expected him to rake over the clinkers of the dead past and go on being radiant with divine ardor! Sweet cooky! He couldn't give it to them where the rooster got the ax, for if it was Edna she'd be hopping mad, and if it was Myrtle she'd bawl, and the first thing you knew he'd be hauled up for—for jiltment. But that wasn't the worst of it. Suppose both that team of quinces should be after him! How in Sam Hill was he ever going to keep them apart? And how could he counterfeit two simultaneous and holy passions, anyhow, when a third—ah, but the third was the genuine and warranted article—gnawed at his quivering vitals? How could he ever thus profane the sacred memory of Miss Marybell Grady, steno, of Jersey City?

Marybell! What a name, conspicuous and sublime, and how worthy of the goddess who bore it! Not a common name like Myrtle or Edna, which deadened the imagination like so many layers of piano felt; but one to provoke sonnets like Sheets and Kelley wrote, only longer. And oh, what a girl she was! Floyd sat down on his trunk and suffered for her until the cross slats became too insinuating, after which he moved over to the bed and went on suffering from there. Marybell! He whispered it to himself feverishly. Marybell!

At this moment Mr. McEwen shouted upstairs, "Hey, Floyd, if you're gonna eat your pork and beans with us, you better get a move on!"

Temporarily, the Bawby Ephalunt was revolted; but after reflecting that even the most refined amour must sometimes descend to the vulgarity of dining, he also descended.

To Mr. McEwen, his son's notoriety was a biting comment on the farce of human existence, as well as a distinct personal slur on himself. Why, the big overgrown lummox had actually had his picture printed in the New York newspapers!—a luster shared by only one other resident of Huntsboro, and hers was merely in connection with a testimonial for a lung cure. Not yet eighteen, he had received official gifts from a grateful commonwealth, whereas his father's sole political achievement had been to lose the nomination once for overseer of the poor. He drew down more money for pitching a single tomfool ball game than his father could earn by using his brains two mortal weeks in a row—and his father was an educated man, a Ph.G. You couldn't blame Floyd for it, exactly, but it was certainly a funny position for a diligent and deserving parent, who had never had any luck. Mr. McEwen wasn't even consoled by the recollection that half Floyd's salary accrued to himself by virtue of the advantage he had taken of Floyd's minority. He had refused to execute the Goliath contract in Floyd's name unless there were a division of spoils. Whereupon Floyd had pitched twelve games and doubled his father's income. The money came in handy, but the principle was demoralizing. It only went to show that true merit was an exploded theory and that things weren't what they used to be. Nevertheless, Mr. McEwen was prepared to capitalize his son's publicity.

"Now listen here to me, Floyd! I don't want you should laze around much longer. How'd you like a job of work down to the Cash Pharmacy?"

Floyd didn't hear him. He was thinking of Marybell Grady, for whom, at sight, he had instantly begun dying of love. If ordinary beauty weaves a silken bond, hers had woven an ox chain. He had known her for only a very short spell; but when he had prayed for a photo to assuage the torment of a separation which would seem eternal she had shyly yielded him two cabinets and four ping-pongs, taken on the beach at Canarsie. Even now he transported one of the ping-pongs as close to his heart as the tailoring of his Kampus Kut Klothes permitted. Anatomically speaking, it was nearer to the large intestine, but that was the cutter's fault, and not Floyd's. The vision of a waking dream, she was; she was a pippin. He sighed in reminiscence.

"Floyd, what's the matter with you—got the heaves? I said, you come on down and clerk for me and I'd pay you ten dollars wages."

Floyd regarded him vaguely.

"Oh! Why, I kinda—calculated I was worth quite a little lot more'n that, pa."

"My gorry, but you have got too big for your britches! Do you mean to sit there and suppose you'd find anybody in Huntsboro'd rise ten dollars?"

"Ayop," said Floyd, gazing past him to the shores of fair and distant Jersey. "Slews of 'em. They kinda figure I'd toll in trade. The Eagle House offered me sixteen."

Mr. McEwen leaned back, gorged with dismay.

"What? Sixteen dollars?"

"Well," responded Floyd from the clouds, "if I was a Chink and I said sixteen, maybe it would have to mean sixteen yens—if I was a Chink. And if I was one of these cock-kneed Britishers and I said sixteen, maybe it would mean sixteen sterlings. But when I and you talk the good old American language, pa, and I say sixteen, I certainly mean sixteen Jewish flags." Here the Bawby Ephalunt removed his spectacles and polished them in a fold of the tablecloth. "But seein' where after all's said and done you're in the family, pa, maybe I'd think over this ten—providin' you throwed me in a rake-off on all these goods I sold."

Mr. McEwen loosened his waistcoat so as to breathe more heavily.

"Floyd, if any of us boys'd ever been as flip's that to my father, he'd snaked us out in the woodshed so fast you couldn't see the dust."

"Oh, well," said the Bawby Ephalunt from the depths of his nocturne, "I guess maybe your pa didn't have no boys with my athaletic reputation. Maybe I'm more muscly than you was. That makes the difference."

Here Floyd's mother charged into the arena.

"Now, Floyd, you shouldn't be too conceity and graspin'. Your pa'd be a perfectly lovely boss for you. He ain't a hard driver, and you seldom ever hear him swear a cross oath. And a drug clerk's a tony enough job for anybody, even if he is you. . . . And, pa, them hotel folks are awful shrewd bargainers. If they bid Floyd sixteen, they know he'd be an awful live bait for customers. So why couldn't you say ——"

"Well, if you'll hold your clack a minute," declared Mr. McEwen plaintively, "I was just fixin' to say it. How about seven dollars, Floyd, and a quarter the profits on what the both of us sold?"

He had figured it out in his head. If Floyd ever got up to sixteen dollars on that Machiavellian basis, Mr. McEwen himself would have to begin paying Federal taxes.

"Pa," said the Bawby Ephalunt abstractedly, "you closed the deal of a lifetime."

And with one elbow on the table, he stared at a slice of pork with as much fascination as though he saw delineated on it the matchless features of his absent Marybell.

II

FROM the morning that he assumed his duties at McEwen's Cash Pharmacy by stumbling over a crate of moderately fresh eggs, the major portion of his vapors was dissipated. The intellectual occupation itself was a tonic; and besides, he had already suffered almost to the limit of his cubic capacity. Marybell was still to be yearned for, and Myrtle and Edna were still to be chastened, but in the meantime the Bawby Ephalunt was touched with cold philosophy.

If, now and then, his soul hurt him, he bravely mixed himself another shot of raspberry soda and smiled at the darkling skies of doom. On, on to victory! Life was no snooze in the clover, anyhow—and on salary and commission he was netting about nineteen dollars a week, which drove his father nearly crazy.

"But, pa," protested Mrs. McEwen, "that means he's brung in so much custom you're makin' the most money you ever did in all your born days as up to yet."

"That don't signify," said her husband morosely. "I could got him for sixteen. That was his own top figger. So what I see is where he's a sheer loss to me of three dollars a week. You women don't understand accountin'."

Her Manner Was That of an Eskimo Afflicted by Chills. "Are You Alluding Yourself to Me, Pray?"

By the third day commercial inspirations had begun to sprout in the Bawby Ephalunt's extensive bosom. He expelled from the show window the note paper, the fly paper, the sarsaparilla extract and the cat, and substituted a display of Old Doctor Dickinson's Internal Panacea, of which his father had been carrying half a dozen cases as dead stock since 1898. But Floyd set off this drear exhibit by a tempting placard which read:

Great Stuff for Addults—Cures What Ails You—But Very Dangerous for Children. Best and Tastiest House Hold Remedy in the Market, but Contains 42 per sent ALCOHOLL!!!!!

Having practically cleaned out the Panacea in one rushing forenoon, he devoted himself to the editing of the soda menu so as to bring it up to date. And he had just tacked up the intriguing announcement:

TRY OUR EXTRA STRENTH FLAVERS

Louisville Slugger 10c	Vanilla Fadeaway 10c
Lemon Texas Leaguer 15c	Choclate Two Bagger 15c

when, turning abruptly, he found himself face to face with Edna Swan. His opening remark was a model of spontaneity, if not of etiquette.

He gasped, "What the heck! You wasn't expected back till Sunday!"

Miss Swan beamed at him with hideous rapture.

"Oh, Floyd, isn't it weird? It must have been fate, my coming back a week sooner. I didn't know you were home—not till somebody told me. Why, I was simply paralyzed!"

His heart dropped out of him and left him a nerveless husk. It was everything that he had feared, and he rejoiced that he was intrenched in a strong defensive position behind a marble counter.

"Well, I certainly am glad to have you see me again," he said with hollow cordiality. "Well, what are you gonna take, Edner? It's on the house. Chocolate Two Bagger? Sure, that's what you're gonna take!" And reached determinedly for the sirup.

Miss Swan had seated herself and was feasting her fancy upon him.

"Floyd, you're too spiffy for words! That necktie's just slick! Oh, I've been so proud of you! I kept tabs on every solitary game you pitched, and when you shut out Buffalo your very first try—oh, boy, I almost expired!"

He had already poured out an enormous dose of sirup, but now he viciously decanted two more liquid ounces of it and dropped in two eggs.

"Ayop?" he inquired reservedly.

"And aren't we going to have the most gorgiferous times this winter though? Can you come on over tonight?"

Having emptied the malted-milk jar and added a philanthropic quantity of ice cream, he set in motion the electric vibrator, which, although it buzzed furiously before it was lowered into the Two Bagger, immediately thereafter began to labor and buck.

"Well, I dunno but what I might," he said dubiously. "Here, blot that up."

"Thanks much, Floyd. My, but it's rich!"

"Drink it all up," he commanded hospitably. "That's the way they make 'em to New York. Everythin' in it but the kitchen sink."

Miss Swan eyed him over the rim of her glass.

"I missed you a lot, Floyd. Did you me?"

He side-stepped adroitly.

"Wait till you see what I got for you."

"A present? Oh, Floyd!"

"Ayop. It's kickin' around somewheres. I'll hunt it up."

"Oh, do! And bring it over tonight. I'm so excited!"

It was hardly eight o'clock that evening, however, when the McEwen doorbell rang, and presently Mrs. McEwen returned to the sitting room with a message.

"Floyd, it's Edna Swan's little-boy brother, and he says for you not to go over there tonight because Edna's had some kind of a stummick upset or other, and she's in bed with a hot-water bag. Is there any word to send back?"

There was. He wanted to ask her if she could take a hint, but he restrained himself.

"Oh, I guess not," he said, yawning. "Just give her some of my best regrets, as it were."

She had been paralyzed to learn he was home, had she? Well, if necessary, he'd give her something else to be paralyzed for. And if she crowded him too far he'd make her a fountain drink out of the Internal Panacea, by gosh! A man's got to protect himself somehow. . . . Oh, Marybell, Marybell!

III

WITHIN a fortnight, however, he was once more shrouded in gloom. He felt as impotent and decrepit as though grim age, with stealing steps, was clawing at him with its invincible clutch. Not only was Edna as immune to hints as an ostrich but Myrtle had also arrived, and was adoring him with all her wonted doggedness. Myrtle was really a heavier liability than Edna. Edna, to give the devil her due, had a little pep; but Myrtle was one of these girls the light always hurt their eyes, and when you turned the wick down they hunched along the sofa at you until they got you good and cornered and you had to take your choice between holding on or falling off. The best way out of it was to shut both eyes and pretend it was Marybell, but it was an awful strain on the imagination. And whenever he saw Myrtle, Edna was sore, and whenever he saw Edna, Myrtle snuffled, and if he ignored them both, they united in branding him as a mean old Don June or something. The Bawby Ephalunt realized now why Cæsar thrice refused the kingly crown. It was because it didn't fit him. The Bawby Ephalunt had accepted it and it was giving him a headache. True wretchedness belongs only to the truly great.

At this juncture his mental torment was increased by the delivery of a passionate love letter from his Canarsie

queen—a letter composed in the firm's time, on the firm's stationery and with the firm's typewriter, but none the less a *billet-doux* from Marybell. It ran:

Hello, splendid fellow, how goes it by you? I met some perfectly sweet boys since you left. One has a wad would choke a rinoseros and a dandy auto and we go riding. He is a perfect sketch and we simply roll about with laughter. He would have been a Princeton graduate but was taken sick right after the preliminary examinations before he got in, so is now in the coal business, doing perfectly fine. Well, the boss has come in to spy on we girls again, so must close. Don't take any wooden money. When you get back to J. C. look me up sometime.

Au reservoir, M. G.

By an unromantic jury, of course, this epistle might not have been analyzed as particularly red-hot, but the inward eye of devotion cannot be deceived. And here was Floyd, torn from the dear society of one of Nature's sparkling gems and marooned in darkest Huntsboro with a couple of village harpies squabbling over him! He was seriously considering whether suicide would be too uncomfortable to be expedient, when there swam into his ken yet a fourth demoiselle, hight Florita Flewellyn.

She came into the drug store with Ed Lougee, proprietor of Lougee's Hardware Concern. Ed was nearly seventy, with a toupee and a compulsory diet of soft victuals; but even so, he was a spry old codger and his spirits were youthful.

"G'day, Floyd. Floriter, shake hands with Floyd McEwen. He's the one I was tellin' ye about. Quite consid'able of a feller, Floyd is. Well, Floyd, we just kinda moseyed in to get Floriter a quencher."

The Bawby Ephalunt's marrow, however, had already soared far above quenchers, for he saw himself confronted by the First of Her Sex.

There was absolutely no argument about it; she made all other women look like a collection of tattered chromos. Her tender fingers, resting in his, thrilled him like the trick galvanic battery somebody had once got as a premium for raising four new yearly subscriptions to The Hearthstone. But there was this distinction: The battery quit thrilling you as soon as you let go.

"Pleasure's all mine," said Floyd, clearing his throat.

"And I kinda thought to myself," went on Ed Lougee, "that seein' she's strange, and she's a second cousin of mine, twice removed, and she's comin' to Huntsboro to keep the books for me, and you're consid'able of a beau, and me and your pa's been friends these thutty years, and all this and that and the other thing, why, maybe you'd be so polite's to be her company to Bud Simpson's freedom party Sat'day night—that is, if you ain't obligated—and if you would, why, I'd phone up Bud's pa and see she gets her a invite."

"Oh, Cousin Ed!" This was from Florita, with downcast eyes and a heavenly blush.

Floyd cleared his throat.

"Why, no," he said with full diapason, "I ain't obligated."

As a matter of fact, he had been planning to duck this freedom party altogether; because whichever—Edna or Myrtle—he asked, the other would put up such a reverberating roar. But here was a miraculous opportunity, including a peach and an alibi.

"Why, no—I'd be charmed to accommodate you, Mr. Lougee."

"Well, now that's what I call right neighborly. Your pa in?"

"Ayop. In behind."

"Well, then I'll just step around for two shakes of a lamb's tail while you young folks make friends. And give Floriter the best you got in the line of sody, Floyd. She's dry."

As the lovely stranger sat there, gently siphoning a Louisville Slugger into her system, Floyd surveyed her tensely.

Although he was racked by infatuation for Marybell, Floyd had not considered this a sufficient cause for putting on blinkers. Goodness godness Agnes, how exquisite she was! And she imbibed the slugger with what infinite daintiness and gentility, without the faintest semblance of a schloof.

She smiled up at him, and in a voice as sweet as the warble of a high-grade nightingale remarked, "Rubber."

He cleared his throat.

"Before we part, Floriter, haven't you got any other names? Ed kinda forgot." And he knocked over a bottle with his nervous elbow.

"You'd be an awful handy man in a china factory. . . . Why, yes—Flewellyn. But, Mr. McEwen, that was perfectly dreadful the way Cousin Ed fished. I can assure you I was so mortified I could have gone right straight through the floor."

He cleared his throat.

"It didn't bother me a mite. This thing that bothers me is where you been keepin' yourself all my life."

Miss Flewellyn laughed. Her heart was fluttering against her cotton lingerie, for well she knew that Floyd was a Triton among the minnows; but she laughed innocently.

"Oh, down on the farm with the rest of the chickens. I come from Head Tide. But listen, far be it from me to put you out any. So ——"

He leaned over the counter in the nearest approach to the Grecian bend his contour permitted. Magically she had already balmed some of his gravest wounds. In a twinkling she had lifted several hundred tons from his burden of sorrow. Her speech was in the same key as the song the sirens sang, and she had a snub nose that almost unmanned him. Indeed, her charm was so supernatural that he even overlooked her birthplace—and Head Tide, to the smart coterie of Huntsboro, is what Peapack and Hohokus are to upper Park Avenue.

"Lookit, Floriter, supposin' I was to give you a big surprise and say I'd rather see you to that party than—than the Princess of Wales?"

Her blush deepened.

"Well, suppose I was to give you a big one and say—so would I."

He cleared his throat.

"Floriter ——"

But inopportunely, Ed Lougee emerged from in behind, so that Floyd was compelled to hobble his growing ardor. An hour later, however, Mr. McEwen, annoyed equally by the tardiness of supper and by severe lyric dissonance overhead, shouted upstairs, "Hey, Floyd, give that calf more rope!"

(Continued on Page 58)

"You Know What You've Gone and Done? You Know What You Done? I Gotta Catch the 3:21, Texas?"

The World Struggle for Oil

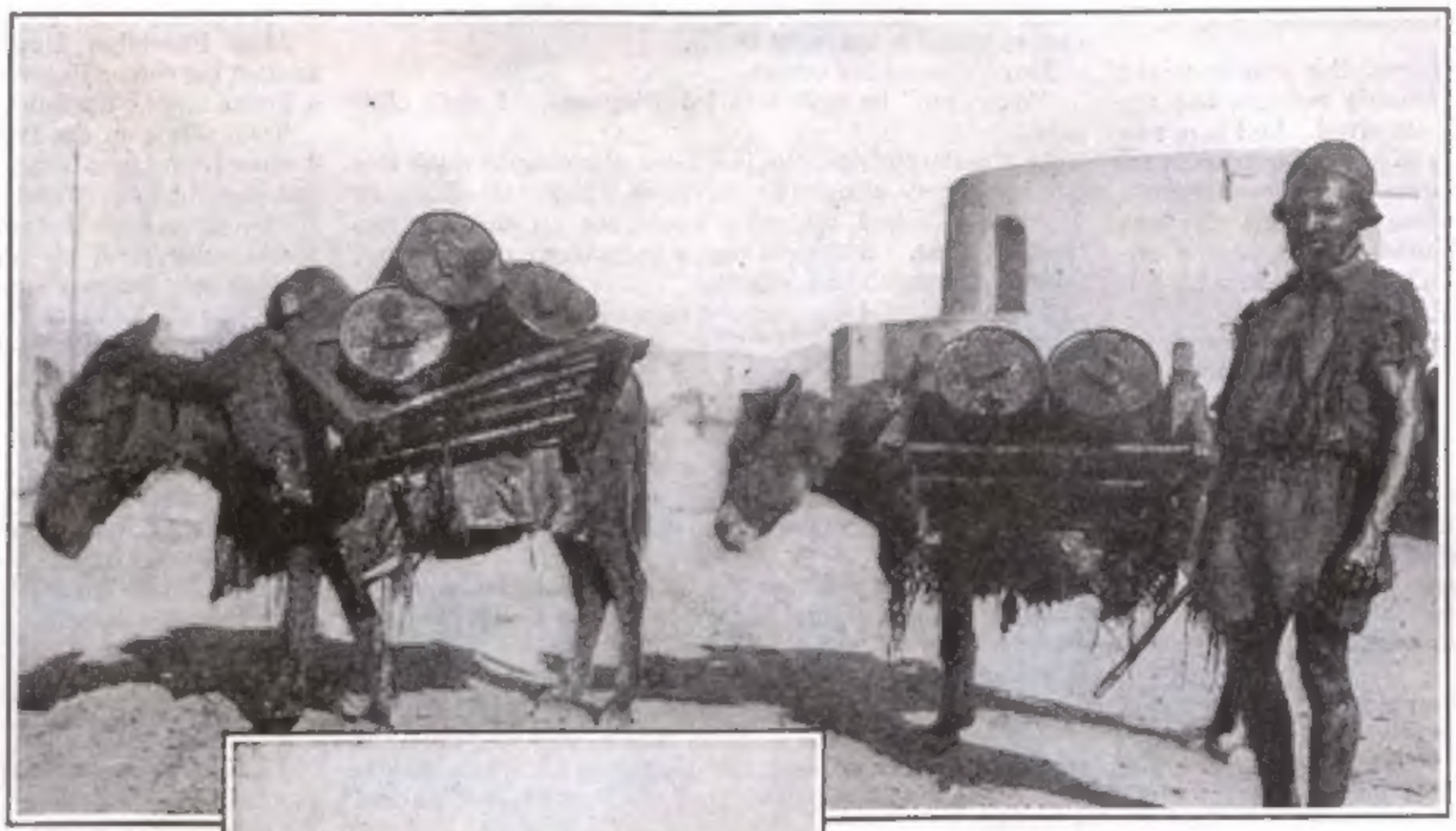
The British Advance—By Isaac F. Marcosson

IF YOU open a world map showing oil penetration by nationals in colors you will find that the sun never sets on the British hue. From Persia to the Argentine John Bull is boring for petroleum. Not only does he want to make himself self-contained in the all-important matter of supply but he is reaching out for a domination of the industry now so essential to trade and transport.

To Americans, accustomed to the power and prestige of their petroleum production, the disclosure of British ambition to rule the oil domains will come as a surprise. More significant is the translation of that ambition into reality in scores of places both in keen competition and in exclusion of our interests. While our initiative overseas was being dulled by a mistaken conception of the inexhaustibility of our stores, England preëmpted most of the available foreign fields. We awoke to the necessities of the situation, to find the Union Jack flying wherever we turned.

There are many reasons why England now vies with us for oil supremacy. One is the lesson learned during the Great War, when acute dependence upon alien sources was revealed and when victory literally hung in the oil scales. Another is the postwar determination summed up in the words "imperial self-sufficiency." Though the empire must reconcile itself eventually to loss of political control of its dominions, it has determined to safeguard the natural resources in them. Since only 2 per cent of the world's oil production comes from within the confines of the empire, other territories, regardless of nationality, have been drawn upon.

The third provocation grows out of the fact that next to the United States, and in normal times Russia, Great Britain is the largest consumer of oil in the world. It is the chief foreign market for refined petroleum products exported from the United States. Finally, in the evolution from a coal to an oil civilization, she is forced to adapt herself to the changing order, more especially since coal has been her chief key export. Henceforth she must try to maintain the equilibrium of commercial forces with oil instead of coal.



A Native Transport Through the Iman Rize Pass, Persia. Above—Donkeys Carrying Crude Oil

Board of Trade Control

BULWARKED by billions in money, with the government a partner in one of the vast aggregations, and with two groups—the Anglo-Persian and the Shell interests—overtopping that one-time American monopoly at the height of its power, the British oil offensive presents one of the most striking phases of the world struggle for oil. Through it runs a strain of human interest as picturesque as that which attaches to the names of Rockefeller, Rogers, Sinclair and Doheny.

Every story of self-made success in oil in America is matched by a British rise equally romantic.

British oil development naturally falls in two sections. One is the little-known production at home, which, it is interesting to note, was started by an all-American staff. The other deals with the campaign abroad that reaches to twenty-seven different countries.

One reason why England has been able to get her hooks into so many potential and producing fields is that her oil companies have 100 per cent support from their government. Save for the advocacy of the open-door policy the reverse is true in the United States. The British Foreign Office is an organized first aid to British trade everywhere. This teamwork functioned admirably before the World War, but the relation is much closer since the Armistice.

The war brought all governments into intimate contact with industry. Stern necessity was the mother of the alliance. In England and France particularly the wartime control for the purchase and distribution of essential war materials and commodities did not terminate with the advent of peace. The oil industry of France, for example, is still nationalized.

England has a conspicuous war hangover, so to speak, which bears directly upon the purpose of this article. I mean the institution officially known as His Majesty's Petroleum Department. It is the successor to Petroleum Control, and owes its inception to the technical knowledge and organizing genius of Sir John Cadman, who was oil controller during the great conflict which shook the world. It is today the mainspring behind much of the British oil advance throughout the globe.

The petroleum department is a branch of the Board of Trade. In the United States a board of trade is usually like the average commercial club in that it is the prize booster of the town in which it happens to be located. The British Board of Trade, on the other hand, is a government ministry, whose president—as he is called—sits in the cabinet, and whose power and authority extend wherever the British flag flies. Among other things it is the overseer of the British merchant marine and sends trade scouts everywhere.

The petroleum department is full mate in commercial exploitation and we may well heed its constructive activities. Its principal functions are to act as adviser in petroleum matters to every branch of the government; to grant concessions for all oil developed within the British Empire; and to advise and to assist British oil companies in procuring concessions and carrying on work and trade in other countries. Under its authority all foreign nationals are debarred from owning or operating oil-producing properties in the British Isles. Furthermore, there can be no prospecting for petroleum in the United Kingdom save for the Board of Trade or the minister of munitions or persons authorized by them. Thus the fine art of exclusion from her domains which England so successfully practices abroad has its beginning on her native heath.

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William Knox D'Arcy

Lord Cowdray's Activities

THE story of oil development in the British Isles, or rather the beginning of it, serves to uncover the existence of various deposits, but mainly to introduce one of the first, as well as one of the greatest, of British oil pioneers overseas, Lord Cowdray.

Oil has been known in England since the seventeenth century. Most of it is in the Midlands, and with the development of coal mining the seepages naturally became more pronounced. Several coal shafts have been submerged with petroleum. Nearly half a century ago a modest attempt was made to distill kerosene from this crude flow, but there was no organized movement to develop the industry until the Great War. Behind this lack of enterprise at home—it is in sharp contrast with British oil initiative overseas—was the manifestation of a peculiarly typical phase of British character.

Any one of the score of surface oil formations such as have existed in England for decades would have launched a real oil boom in the United States and started a rush to the field. John Bull's temperamental equipment seldom admits of such emotion or action. In other words, it is not done. The Midlander said, "This oil has been here always and here it will stay. Why worry?" Besides, landowners were more concerned with coal leases than with oil rights, because coal was an established and traditional thing.

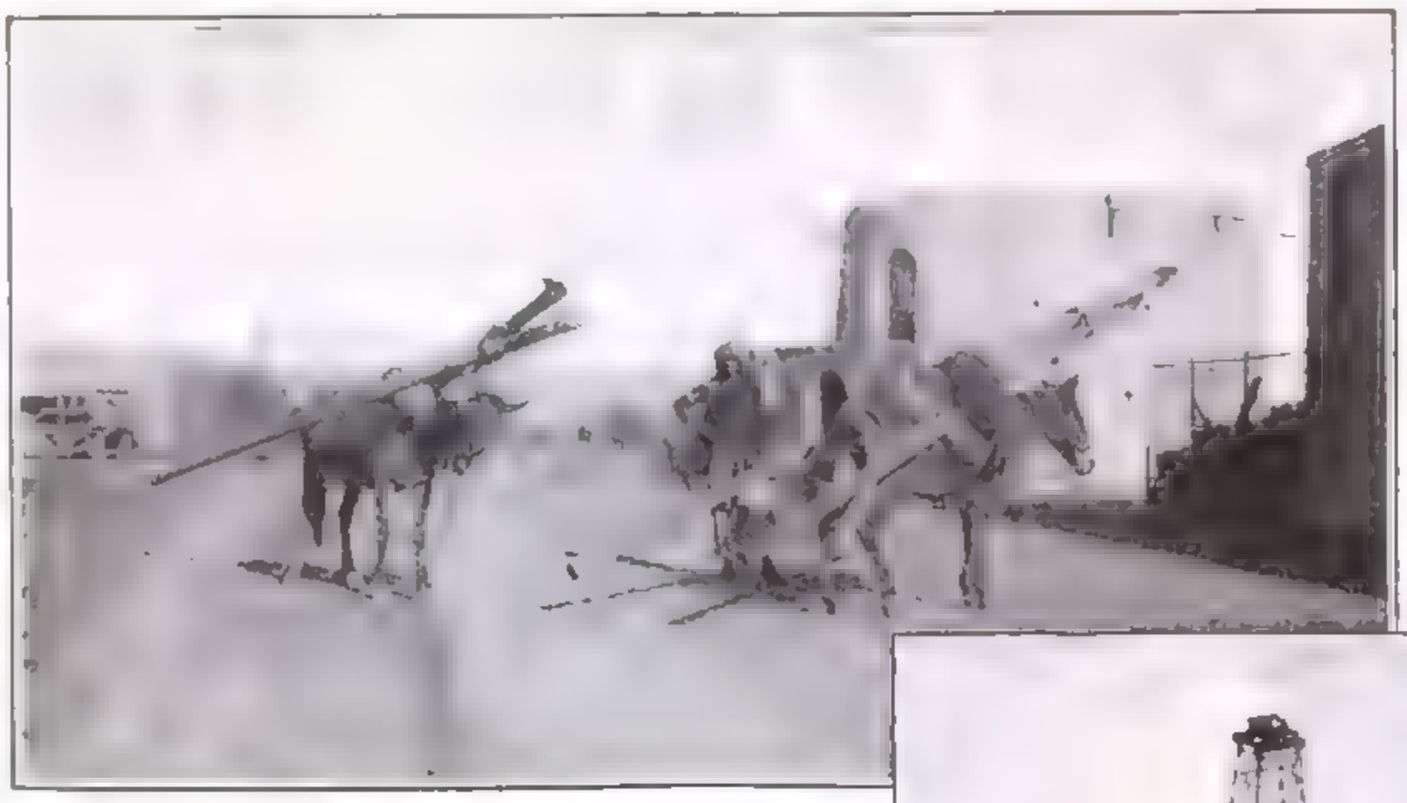
There was another and perhaps more illuminating reason which bears upon the world oil-speculative mania. Though the British practically ignored the commercial possibilities of oil in their midst, they were quick on the trigger to let loose at oil bubbles abroad. The merest mention of an oil field in Abyssinia—I employ the most remote and impossible area—invariably led to an orgy of stock buying. Any enterprise, whether wildcat or legitimate, that involved an expedition or stirred the imagination in some way gulled the British

pocketbook. The only real difference between the British and the American oil victim is that the Yankee requires no distance to lend lure and enchantment to the financial rainbow. He is perfectly willing to get stung at home.

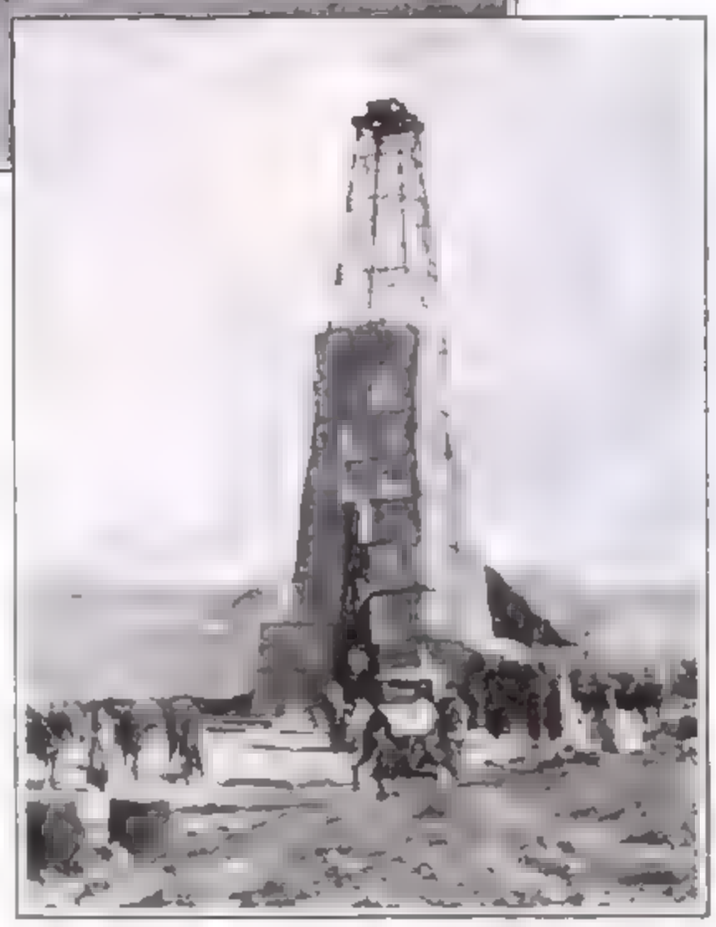
For a full decade prior to the outbreak of the World War Lord Cowdray had been conspicuous in British oil enterprise in Mexico. Credit for the opening up of this field is divided between him and Edward L. Doheny. Although his achievements are fairly well known to Americans, a résumé of them is part of this narrative. He was born Weetman Pearson and is the grandson of the founder of the famous firm of contractors who have installed notable public works in half a dozen different parts of the world, including the East River tunnel at New York. Grandfather Pearson began his business career as a brickmaker and later expanded to building constructions in a small way. It was Lord Cowdray, however, who extended the business to its international proportions and added a whole new oil field as a side line. The way of it was this:

In the early days of the twentieth century Lord Cowdray was rebuilding the Tehuantepec Railroad, which connects the Gulf of Mexico with the Pacific Ocean. The country was rather desolate and the engineers had difficulty in finding fuel. Oil seepages were frequent throughout the section, so Cowdray conceived the idea of utilizing petroleum.

At that time Porfirio Diaz was president—in reality dictator—of Mexico. He had a big vision, and when the British baronet—he was then Sir Weetman Pearson—put the matter of oil development up to him he kindled to the proposition and offered all the territory contiguous to the railroad for exploitation, providing the Mexican Government got 10 per cent of the net profits.



Donkeys Carrying Pipes for Oil From Derei-Khanineh to Maidan-i-Naphtun. At Right—A British Oil Well in Persia



Red Tape and Precedent

UNHAPPILY for Cowdray, no commercial oil was discovered in the area allotted by Diaz. The oil bug, however, was in his system and he leased huge domains to the north. He had expended $10,000,000 before he struck what might be called pay oil. When he did strike it he opened what was at that time probably the greatest gusher area anywhere. The result was the organization of the Mexican Eagle Company, which Cowdray afterwards sold to the Royal Dutch-Shell interests, which means that they are still under the British flag and therefore a part of Britain's oil empire.

While he still owned his vast petroleum interests in Mexico Cowdray attacked the oil problem in the British Isles. The year was 1915. Already the Allies had begun to settle down to the stride of a long war and to feel the petroleum pinch. Lord Cowdray had viewed with regret the long neglect of oil opportunity in the Midlands, so he decided to smash tradition as a business proposition.

The specific field that Cowdray wanted to exploit was on the Duke of Devonshire's property. An oil lease in England was an unheard-of thing. The moment that Cowdray tried to get the right to drill he ran afoul of precedent.

Instead of a man-to-man transaction such as obtains in a similar deal in the United States, a group of solicitors had to be called in. Nearly everybody knows that in England you can scarcely draw your breath without invoking some legal assistance. We think we are long on certain forms of red tape in the United States, but we are infants compared with the British, who call in a solicitor for the enactment of the merest trifle.

Hence you will not be surprised when I say that by the spring of 1918 Lord Cowdray had not yet obtained his oil lease. Even with so long established a document as a coal lease, time is not the essence of the contract. The average period between the agreement on terms and the signing of a coal lease in England is eight years. In 1916 I heard about a certain coal lease on a large estate that had been pending for fifteen years and was still unsigned. Nor is there much likelihood of reform in normal times, because land ownership in England has become more or less a political issue, with the Labor Party and the extreme Radicals protesting against the payment of royalties to landlords on coal.

Meanwhile, to return to Cowdray's ambitions, the war grew on apace and England reached the point where the supply of gasoline was vital to the conduct of hostilities. Cowdray the oil magnate now became Cowdray the patriot. He placed all his resources at the disposal of the nation and asked the government to commandeer the oil areas under the Defense of the Realm Act, which was commonly known as DORA. Under this act the government could go to any extreme in the exploitation of property. The Crown therefore took the land necessary for nine well sites. Seven were in Derbyshire and two in Staffordshire. Subsequently two additional sites were blocked out in Scotland.

Oil at Last

COWDRAY knew what he was talking about when he started his oil campaign. His chief geologist was A. C. Veatch, one of the best-known and most widely traveled of American oil experts. His technical adviser was Roderic Crandall, another American. Cowdray's oil principality in Mexico was made possible by American engineers. Veatch had prospected the whole Midland field, but his favorable report was received with skepticism by many so-called British oil authorities. One of them even went so far as to say that he "would drink every drop of commercial oil found in England."

Cowdray, however, had the government behind him, and in October, 1918—three years had elapsed since the negotiations had started—Veatch started to put down the first well ever bored in England. In December, after the Armistice was signed, oil was discovered.

Again British precedent interfered with traffic. Veatch wanted to shoot the well with nitroglycerin to accelerate the flow, but he was checked by a law which prohibited the transportation of nitroglycerin on the roads of England. I have devoted this space to the pioneer oil well in England to show how exploitation within the United Kingdom has been impeded by delay and regulation.

That first well is still producing a ton of oil a day. In 1921 another well was brought in, as the phrase goes, near Edinburgh by the Pearson interests, acting on behalf of the government. Oil development in the British Isles is not likely to expand on a large scale, because of the interminable legal complications involved. Besides, the Labor and Radical group is opposed to the payment of oil royalties to

(Continued on Page 123)

A British Refinery on the Persian Gulf

View of Well at Sarai-Naftah, Persia

MAGOOFUS GLASS

By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY JARG

"Look Out!" Yelps Classon. "You Nearly Broke That"

IF FLORA SEXTON was to step out some fine afternoon, dressed in sackcloth and sashes, with a dead fish in one hand, a platter of stewed tripe in the other and a trained peccadillo trailing behind on the end of a chain made outta dried noodles, they wouldn't hardly a week go by before the rest of the wrens in this ritzy roost'd be doing likewise—or like-foolish, I should say. That's how strong that plymouth rock is when it comes to hatching out new styles and making the other hanks of hair around here like 'em. In Doughmore-on-the-Sound you gotta follow Flora alla the time or you ain't got no stand-in a-tall.

The way the frau explains it, the Sexton gal's the social arbitrator of the dump, and unless you is took up by her you're in the wrong pew in the wrong church on the wrong street in the wrong town as far as the swell doings in this Long Island joint is concerned.

For about a month we attracts as much attention from Flora as kinky hair does in Africa, and you can easy imagine the joys of the wife when we finally draws an invite to call. The date's for the evening, so we has breakfast early that morning on the account of Kate not having no more than a mere fourteen hours to doll up in.

"I don't see how you're gonna go," I remarks.

"Why not?" she asks.

"You ain't got a thing to wear."

"Who says so?" snaps the bolts and bars. "What do you know about it?"

"That's a fine way," I growls, "to thank a guy that's trying to save time for you by doing some of your stuff."

"I'll pour my own," comes back the frau, huffish. "As a matter of facts, though, I ain't got nothing that don't look tacky."

"Well," says I, "it ain't my fault if you can't pick rags that'll stay in style anyways until you get 'em home. As husbands go ——"

"How soon?" cuts in the wife.

"—— as husbands go," I continues, "they ain't a more generous, big-hearted ——"

"Big-hearted!" sniffs Kate. "Yeh, just like the feller that's offering to make a Christmas present of five thousand dollars to the widow of the unknown soldier. Wanna do me a favor?"

"No," says I. "What is it?"

"Get outta the house," she answers; "take a long walk for yourselfs; lose your way or fall in a faint or something—anything that'll keep you away from here until dinnertime."

"Don't you need me around?" I inquires.

"Like a goldfish needs a shoehorn," trills the wife; "that's how I need you."

"They Ain't Nothing in It, Is They?"

It kinda seeps into me that I ain't so welcome around Second-Mortgage Villa, so I follows my feet out and spends the rest of the morning wandering through Doughmore, commuting with Nature and blowing myselfs to the points of interest along that line. After lunch at my club—don't let that "my" get away from you—I drifts over to the main drag of the village to look up Mart Classon, a scientifical lad that's been pulling some experiments with juniper berries and revenue agents.

As a blind, this boy's been running a secondhand store, a frowzy hole in the wall all clustered up with crippled furniture, crockery that's figured in kitchen debates, heaved glassware and jazzy junk of that sort. The place musta been cleaned up last the first time it was done, if ever. On this visit, though, I finds Mart in the front part of the shop dusting, and I'm so surprised that I almost knocks over a mangy jug that's leaning against a picture of Custard's Last Stand.

"Look out!" yelps Classon. "You nearly broke that."

"What you kicking about?" I comes back. "The 'nearly'? They ain't nothing in it, is they?"

"More'n you think, Dink," says he. "That's a antique."

"So's your grandmother," I returns. "How does it get that way and what do I care?"

"What," asks Mart, "do you think it's worth?"

"Well," I answers, "if it wasn't chipped and both handles was on it, and if I had any use for it, which I ain't, I'd give you ten cents a dozen for 'em, providing you delivered 'em and threw 'em in the ash can yourselfs."

"A lot you know about antiques," sneers Classon.

"I suppose you knows a whole subdivision worth," I sneers right back.

"You gotta remember, bo, that I ain't had no experience making eight-year-old hooch in a half an hour. If you ——"

"Don't worry," cuts in Mart; "you'll never have to turn on the lights in the middle of the night to see if your eyes are still working on account of anything you'll get here from now and on."

"You mean you're through?" I asks.

"I'll give you eight more guesses," says Classon; "but you don't need 'em."

"How come?" I inquires.

"Well," returns Mart, "I thought it all out a coupla weeks ago. 'Which shall it be?' says I to myself. 'Here I is making about fifty fish per the day, violating the law and worrying about the John Bulls giving me a rap 'most any time. Shall I stick to it, I argues, or shall I get into a honest business in the which I can easy clean up a hundred smackers a day?'"

"That musta been a hell of a struggle," I remarks.

"I finally decided," goes on Classon, "to take the hundred."

"Some sacrifice," says I. "I suppose if some baby'd offer you the choice between a wallop in the jaw and a ten-case note you'd have to call a family conference. What is this honest business you is talking about? Peddling this junk?"

"It ain't no junk," comes back Mart, dignified, "and I ain't peddling nothing. Them is all antiques and it almost breaks my heart when I has to let any of 'em go. They is a part of my life, you might say."

"I might," says I, "but I ain't gonna. Save that blahney for the minus-minded hens that come pecking around here. Is they really any first-division jack in this stuff you got laying around?"

"I'll tell I they is," answers Classon. "You don't think I'd quit the aged-in-wood business for the aged-wood line if they wasn't, do you? Right now, antiques is the heavy wow, and any matrons that ain't got a few of 'em mixed around careless with the installment furniture and the truck she got in exchange for the wedding presents is just camping out. What'd you say if I told you I got twenty-seven iron men for that jug?"

"For that and what else?" I inquires.

"By its lonesomeness," returns Mart. "A jane from up on the hill just naturally begged it offa me for that this morning. I coulda easy got forty-seven, but I'm kinda outa practice."

"Ain't you gonna fix the nicks," I asks, "and clean it up?"

"Fix the nicks, nix," scoffs Classon. "How'd you know it was a antique if it was in good shape?"

"What do you call antiques?" I wants to know. "I sorta had the idea they was them things that is dug up outta the ground in Egypt and them hysterical places. When did a busted ten-cent-store jug get to be a antique?"

"Along about now," says Mart. "Today, my boy, a antique is nearly anything that's wabbly, outta shape, uncomfortable and useless. That's how we fix prices on the stuff. The more useless the stronger the tap, and worser versa. That's why I only charged twenty-seven fish for the jug."

"I don't get you," I tells him.

"The jug," explains Classon, "ain't absolutely useless. You could use it to catch rain water leaking through the ceiling or maybe

"I Wants the Sextons to Get the Idea That You Was Picked by a Lady of Cultures"

to criticize a back-fence cat concert. On account of them jobs it could do it ain't a perfect antique. That's why I let it go so cheap."

"Cut the kid," I growls, "and talk sense."

"On the square, Dink," says Mart, "I'm giving you the up and up on this lay. Remember that junk the frills tinned outta the house twenty or thirty years ago because it made 'em laugh every time they looked at it horsehair sofas, whatnits, the old man's phiz on the easel in the dark parlor that was only used for funerals and swell company, them chunky highboys and lowboys, models of ships, boats stuck in bottles and such? Well, them's all spiffy antiques now, and the same janes that slipped the ragman a coupla bucks to haul 'em away is now running theirselves ragged trying to buy 'em back. Ain't you noticed it?"

"Well," I replies, "I has seen some of the gals lately with them parsley shawls all the old ladies used to wear when I was a kid, but ——"

"That's the tip-off," cuts in Classon. "Of course they has always been a little run on antiques, but the springing of them parsley shawls was the start of the grand rush we is now having."

"Don't you have to know something about this game to get by?" I asks.

"I does," says Mart. "Oncet I worked around one of them interior-desecrating joints. Listen, bo, they is some real classy antiques and folks that knows what they is buying; but the average come-on that trips into a place like this don't know the difference between a game-leg table a coupla hundred years old and one that was made in Grand Rapids last week and got smeared up in a freight wreck."

"Is they any?" I inquires.

"Two hundred years, bo," answers Classon, "and in this business we charges by the year."

II

NOT having nothing to do that's nearly so important as nothing, I sticks around with Mart the rest of the afternoon, watching him go through his antique antics with the wrens that come in to have their bank rolls bobbed. Before I beats it Classon pulls a flagon outta his private shock and I starts home feeling pretty hail-fellow-well-wet. I finds the wife dressed up within a inch of my credit and all set for the crash at the Sextons'.

"Where you been?" she asks.

"Oh," says I, "playing around with Hank Chippendale and Pete Sheraton."

"Who's they?" Kate wants to know.

"A coupla lads in the furniture business," I explains.

"You sure," inquires the misses, sniffing, "it ain't the furniture-polish business?"

"Smell my breath," says I, backing away. "Like newborn hay, ain't it?"

"More like newborn rye," returns the misses; "but I ain't gonna argue with you now."

"Why not?" I inquires. "We got a hour yet. How we gonna kill it if you ——"

"Listen here, Zero," cuts in the frau, "you gonna behave yourselfs tonight?"

"Don't I always?" I comes back. "Don't you want me to be the life of the party as per usual?"

"No," answers Kate. "I wants you to act like you was my husband instead of me being your wife."

"Deal 'em again, partner," says I. "I didn't get a hand that time."

"What I means," comes back the frau, "is that I wants the Sextons to get the idea that you was picked by a lady of cultures and refinements instead of me having got stuck with a low-dome that ——"

"So you're the class of the family, is you?" I sneers.

"Of course," replies Kate, looking kinda surprised. "Where's the argument?"

"How should I know?" I answers, sarcastic. "Didn't you put it away with the rest of 'em last night? Think I can run around after you picking up arguments all the time?"

Well, one word leads right smack into another and we don't have no trouble a-tall filling up the time we got before the Sexton date's due. In facts the wife ain't got no further than the cousins on my mother's side and I ain't barely touched on the jail record of her sister-in-law's first husband when we arrives at where we is going.

All of 'Em Had Trick Ways

The Sexton place is the flashiest in Doughmore, which ain't damning it with no faint phrases when you considers that haughty

"Notice a Kinda Classy Taste?" I Asks

huts in this deadfall is as thick as flies in a fish store. We is let in by a bird dressed up in velvet cut-offs that matches the wall paper in the living room, and pretty soon the lady and gent of the house comes down to see what they gotta put up with for a coupla hours.

Flora Sexton's a jane around forty, with about a pound a year more on her than she needs and which that husband of hers could easy use. He's a thin, watery-eyed, ingrown-chested lad that looks like he'd climb a waterspout if somebody mumbled boo through the radio down the next block. But you can't always sometimes tell. From what I hears of this boy, every time he slams his desk real hard down in Wall Street six bank presidents break down and cry and forty-seven brokers rush to phone to cancel orders for sparklers promised to glorified young gals.

For a while we sits around feeling each other out about the weather, but nothing radical don't develop. We all agrees that we is gonna have a lotta weather this winter, and it begins to look like we has talked ourselves out, when I happens to look into the dining room. There on the sideboard is Mart Classon's jug!

"Hello," says I, "where'd you get that?"

"It just came before dinner," answers Mrs. Sexton. "I picked it up down the village this morning."

"Quite a fine piece of Bristol," I remarks.

"Is it?" asks Flora, eager. "Do you know antiques, Mr. O'Day?"

"A bit," I admits, modest. "It's a kinda hobble of mine," and I gives the wife a look.

She hands me back a glare, but that don't stop me none. I'm all full of the antique hop Mart spilled at me in the afternoon and I sees a chance to show the frau who's what in cultures and refinements in the O'Day family.

"Do you care," I asks Mrs. Sexton, "if I look at it?"

"I'd love to have you," she comes back, and brings the jug over to me.

I handles the piece of junk gentle like it was made outta soap bubbles, holds it up to the light, taps my finger nails against it and a lotta other goofy stunts. Finally I takes my handkerchief outta my pocket, wets a end of it and rubs the bottom of the jug. Then I shakes my head.

"It looks like Bristol," I remarks, "but it really ain't. It's Magoofus glass. You can tell by the way that spot dried out. We calls that the Gimmig test and ——"

"Has I been cheated?" cuts in Mrs. Sexton.

"Well," says I, "that depends. Was it peddled to you as Bristol or Magoofus?"

"Bristol," she answers.

"You got the best of the bargain then," I tells her. "A jug like this outta Bristol ain't worth a cent more than twenty-seven dollars ——"

"That's exactly what I paid for it," interrupts the Sexton frill, all excited.

"While a sample of colonial Magoofus," I goes on, "will easy bring a hundred fish."

That gets me the cakes with the lady of the house. They ain't nothing that'll give a honest gal more pleasures than to put over a gyp like this; but at that, she ain't getting nearly the pleasures that I is. Ever since Kate and her side-kickers, the Magruders, bulldazed me into coming to this Doughmore dump I been trying my damnedest to start somethings that'll finish up by getting us razzed outta the place; but so far I ain't had no more luck than a guy going out on a limb against three winners with pat fulls. Now I sees my chance.

Flora Sexton's, of course, gonna get hep that I been kidding her, and kidding the social arbitrator of Doughmore-on-the-Sound is just the same as telling the Queen of England, the first time you meets her, the story of the traveling salesman and the nervous bride. Besides the which, like I said before, all the rest of the hens around here follows Flora and it's a cinch they'll be a run on Magoofus glass just as soon as it gets booted about she's got a piece. After which the blow-off.

"I got a few other things I'd like you to look at," says Mrs. Sexton. "It must be wonderful," she goes on, turning to the wife, "to have a husband that is a expert, now that antiques is all the rages."

"Yeh," mumbles Kate.

"John," continues the heavy, "ain't got no interest in things like furniture and arts."

"No, I ain't," admits Sexton; "I can't see no hundred dollars in a piece of glass that looks like the stuff they makes beer bottles outta."

"But," I comes back, pained, "this is Magoofus work."

"I wouldn't doubt it," says Sexton; "but how much more'll a Magoofus jug hold than one of the same size made ——"

"Art," I interrupts, "ain't sold by the quart. You gotta understand that they ain't no Magoofus ware been made for two hundred years at the leastest. They was only one family that knew the secret of turning it out, and when old Elisha Q. Magoofus shoved off at the Battle of Buncombe Hill the secret climbed into the grave with him. You know what Washington said to Elisha, don't you?"

"What did he say?" end-mans Flora.

"He said," I answers, 'Elisha, to be the father of your country is a accident, but you gotta have a design to make Magoofus ware.'"

I don't care how far I goes. From the stuff the Sexton double-chins pulled to date I can see that she don't know nothing about antiques and nothing else no more'n me. She's just like the rest of the gilded eggs around Doughmore. The whole kitty and caboodle of 'em is nouveau reachers, and they ain't a one of 'em that's had ranking jack long enough to talk back to a head waiter excepting me, and I'm still mistering the bus boy's helper.

Sexton's not such a fluff-dome, but he ain't got no interest in nothing that don't draw some regular. He pays hardly no attentions to the rich blah I'm spreading in front of his wife, only busting in here and then with sarcastic cracks to the effects that antiques is the bunk. In facts the lad ain't got no uses for none of them fads the frills is flopping for these flapper days.

"They used to be a time," says he, "when women folks'd talk about children and cooking and churches. Now all I hears is my gin, mah jongg and my junk."

However, Flora gulps down everything I hands out without even chewing it. In about a hour I got her to thinking that I knows more about pottery and furniture and pictures than a duck does about diving. Even Kate's giving me the loose-jaw. It ain't no trick a-tall putting on the

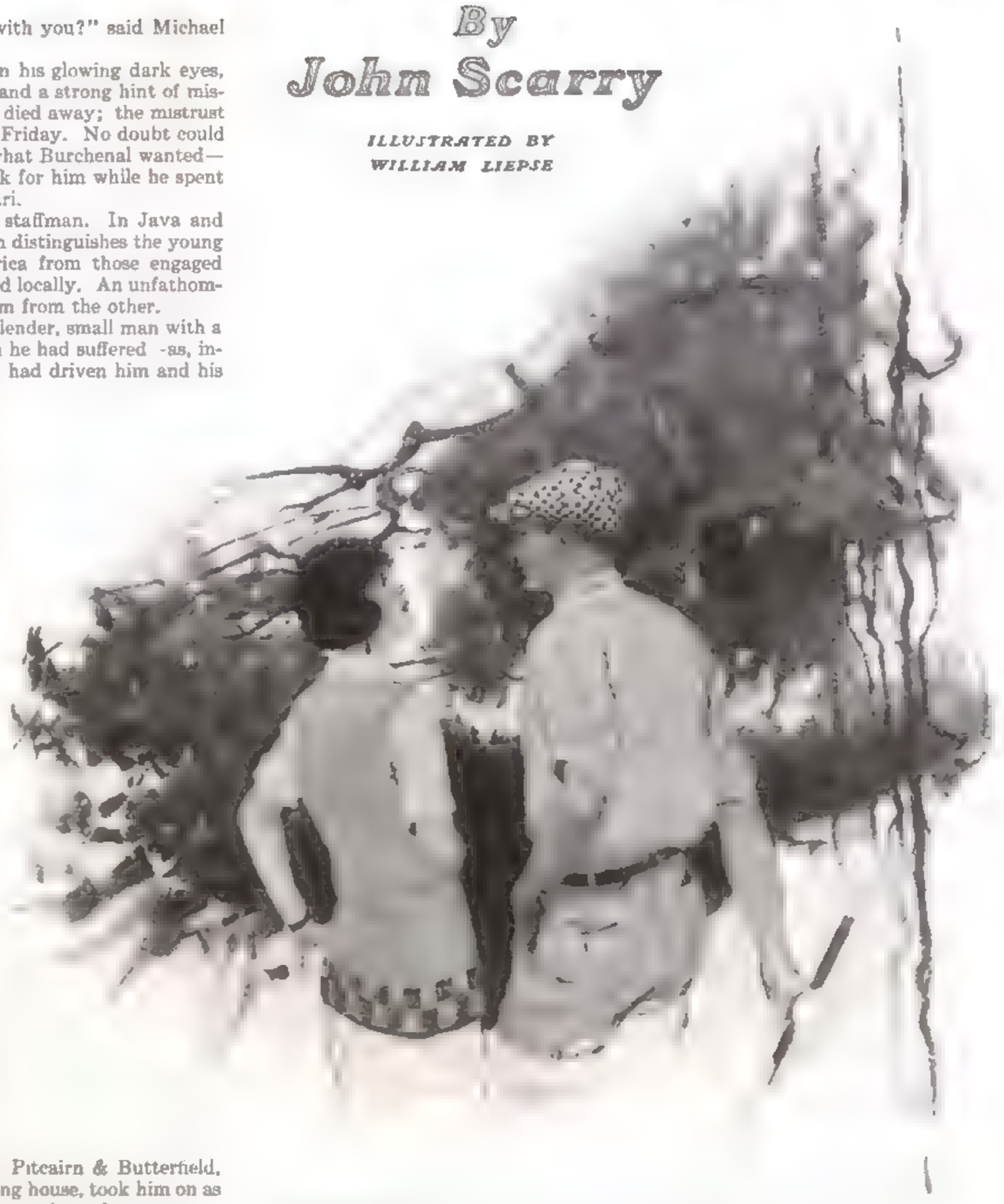
(Continued on Page 145)

The Bird's Still Laughing When I Leaves With the Plastered-Up Junk

RAHBIN'S SISTER

By John Scarry

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE



They Seemed to be Completely Taken Up With Each Other—More So Than He Had Ever Noticed Before

"YOU ask me to take tiffin with you?" said Michael Rahbin. "Why?"

There was no friendliness in his glowing dark eyes, nor in his tone; surprise rather, and a strong hint of mistrust. Then quickly the surprise died away; the mistrust hardened into certainty. It was Friday. No doubt could survive in Rahbin's mind as to what Burchenal wanted—Rahbin to do his Saturday's work for him while he spent the week-end in the hills at Tosari.

Cecil James Burchenal was a staffman. In Java and throughout the Far East the term distinguishes the young men hired in England or America from those engaged locally. Rahbin had been engaged locally. An unfathomable gulf, therefore, separated him from the other.

Rahbin was a Russian Jew, a slender, small man with a look around his mouth as though he had suffered -as, indeed, he had. A furious pogrom had driven him and his sister Gerda out of Odessa with little more than their lives. Gerda subsequently had found employment of sorts in Constantinople; but Michael had drifted East in search of wider opportunity. At long last he had got to Surabaya, which lies at the eastern end of Java on the narrow Strait of Madura. That was about as far as he could go without crossing the Pacific.

Memory of that trip from seaport to seaport of Southern Asia was destined never to leave Rahbin. It had taught him the meaning of poverty. Not the poverty that Westerners know—a trampling swift executioner; but something infinitely worse; poverty in a mild climate that nourishes its victims with beggars' scraps, preserving them to expose their sores and nakedness to the public view—shameful poverty. The agony of those months still lived as a gaping wound in Rahbin's soul.

In Surabaya, by doing coolie work he got together money enough to buy a cheap suit of white clothes and a pair of shoes. Thus was he able to apply for a situation more suited to his slight-made frame. Pitcairn & Butterfield, an English importing and exporting house, took him on as assistant to Ah Kiat, their Chinese godown foreman.

Such ability as Rahbin's, however, could not long stay hidden. He possessed a full share of the energy and ambition for which his race is noted. His brain had an acid quality, eating through the shell that makes business details hopelessly difficult for some to master. In three months he spoke English and Malay with a certain fluency. In six months he jumped out of the godown into the office. Now, after two years, he was Pitcairn & Butterfield's chief clerk—and likely so to remain.

For, having risen thus far, he stood blocked by the wall of caste and custom. He had been engaged locally. A staffman, by virtue of his nationality, would in time become a manager or a branch manager—unless, of course, he succeeded in drinking himself to death beforehand. But Rahbin's prospects of other advancement than biennial twenty-five guilder raises in his monthly wage were practically nonexistent.

Complete understanding of the system did not come to him at once; and when it did, he stayed where he was. His chances, he knew by now, would be no better in another house, nor anywhere else in Asia. He chafed raw under it all, but he stayed. And inevitably—for such was his nature—he began to hate all staffmen with an undying hatred. Because Pitcairn & Butterfield was a British firm, it was not long before Rahbin's bitterness expanded to include all Britishers.

This hatred bulked big in the chief clerk's life. He cherished it; fed it on imagined slights until it became as much an obsession as his fear and horror of poverty. But Rahbin never allowed it to break its bonds. A sense of caution kept him from quarreling with men who would one day be his bosses. He did his work quickly and quietly, and he did it well. When the staffmen took their vacations he substituted for them. If one of them failed to appear at the office by reason of golf or overindulgence at the Simpang Bar, Rahbin added that man's stint to his own.

Nor did he grumble while doing it. Unpromising as his case seemed to be, Rahbin sought hard work and extra work as an addict seeks a drug. There was little about the importing and exporting business he did not know. In the last two years opportunities had arisen for him to try his hand at accounting, and produce buying, and shipping, and selling to Chinese, Arabs and Hollanders. Good fortune had thrown him in the way of a customer for a vacant charter party, thus earning for him a word of praise from old Mr. Pitcairn himself.

All this in addition to his regular work; and gladly, for all he hated the men he was helping. But somehow it was different where Burchenal was concerned.

Not that Rahbin had any more actual grievance against Burchenal than against the others. It was simply that Burchenal was the biggest of the lot, and the blondest, and the drawliest, the most typically British. In Rahbin's opinion he was the most stupid and the most dissolute. It made the chief clerk's gorge rise to think of such a one ever becoming a manager.

Today Burchenal had come in long after ten o'clock. He bore all the earmarks of having been on a heavy party the night before. What letters the office boys had placed on his desk remained untouched; himself sat in a sort of daze, until an almost obvious stray idea sent him across to Rahbin. His walk was slow and heavy, for all there was not an ounce of superfluous flesh on his massive body. He stilled the trembling of his hands only by leaning on them on Rahbin's desk. And yet, to all appearances, no depression weighted his mind. Burchenal grinned; probably, Rahbin realized, to conceal his embarrassment.

"Why do you ask me to take tiffin with you?"

"Why—I'd like a bit of a chat, Rahbin. I thought if you could, we'd drop over to the club and have a small snack together. Talk a lot better over steak and chips, what? Suppose you can make it?"

Blind anger swept Rahbin's whole being. That offer of tiffin was crude. It was bad enough to be called thus casually to Burchenal's assistance without being bribed. Only by an effort did the chief clerk check a hot refusal. But he did check it; and having done so, Rahbin felt his seething consciousness come under the sway of cooler judgment.

"I may take it for granted," he said, "that you have some business to discuss?"

"Business? Oh, yes. Jolly important too. You'll make it? Good lad! About oneish, what? The boys'll give us a lift over on their way home. See you later then, Rahbin." And Burchenal, without waiting for a definite answer, returned to his desk for another hour of inactivity.

At one o'clock Rahbin put his desk in order, donned his sun helmet and went downstairs. The habit being fixed upon him by daily repetition, he involuntarily swung around to take his bicycle from the rack along the godown wall. At once a hail from Burchenal reminded him of his tiffin engagement, which, in reality, Rahbin had not forgotten.

Fresh anger followed on the heels of this unimportant slip. Every fiber of Rahbin's slim body was taut as he climbed into the waiting motor car. Burchenal pushed over, made place for his guest between himself and Porter, who had charge of Pitcairn & Butterfield's shipping.

Rahbin looked straight ahead through a red mist, for, as a matter of fact, the slip was not unimportant to him. That bicycle typified in his mind his subordinate position. It warned him he was still close to the poverty he abhorred. He pedaled it every morning through the fetid mists of Lower Surabaya, while these young dullards were motoring in from the cool suburbs. Every morning he shoved it viciously into the rack between those of Ah Kiat, his former superior, and Mimi Mossel, one of the half-caste stenographers. Ten years from now—yes, and twenty—he very likely would be doing the same thing.

In silence, therefore, brooding, he permitted complete resentment to possess him. There were four young Britishers in the car. They chaffed one another immoderately about matters of which Rahbin had no knowledge, and he mentally labeled them utter asses. If they spoke to him, they were patronizing; if they did not, they were snobs.

The Malay chauffeur tooted with maddening insolence, hurled incredible maledictions at the drivers of bullock carts which obstructed his passage. Then the car swung out of the traffic riot in Chinese Front Street, crossed the bridge and turned south through Pasar Besar. At last it pulled up under the arched entrance to the Simpang Club. Rahbin got out, followed by Burchenal. As the chief clerk looked through to the cool darkness of the marble-slabbed bar the feeling came to him that he was only exchanging one discomfort for another. The bar was crowded with Britishers, and Rahbin shrank from it.

"I don't drink," he answered flatly in response to Burchenal's query.

"Oh, right you are," said Burchenal. "You don't mind if I have a spot? Clear my head, what? *Pait satoe*, boy," he said to a besaronged native, who came promptly with a chit book. "And steak and chips for two. You'll have steak and chips, Rahbin? Best we've got here. Everything else is Dutch *makan*. Dish it up *lekasnya bisa*, boy; and let us have a table in the corner of the veranda. Let's push in, Rahbin."

They went through to a breeze-swept shady veranda. Rahbin, instantly comparing this luxury with the bare whitewashed walls of his own room, had no eye for the beauty of the wooded slope beyond. His absorbing envy was too great for him to see the sun-polished Kalimas gleam golden between the trees. Presently Burchenal had his *pait*—which is gin and bitters—and the two men sat down.

At first there was a silence; a silence that rather pleased Rahbin, for he figured the clumsy Englishman was uncomfortably casting about for words. But Burchenal started talking while yet busy with his steak. He kept his eyes on his food; he spoke jerkily, and wandered now and then into unnecessary detail. But his points, as he made them, were clear. Nor was his subject at all what Rahbin had expected.

"Tell you why I got you over here, Rahbin," he began. "It's like this: Remember once we were talking in the office? You said you could run up a fortune here in Surabaya from a capital of fifty thousand guilders."

"I believe I did say that," answered Rahbin after careful consideration.

"Well, I believe you. And I've got it—fifty thousand."

Rahbin said nothing

"Got it last night," Burchenal went on. "Got it on a frightful binge, but it's mine all right. Remember, I haven't told the others. Happened at Malang. I went up to the race meeting, and they've tremendous baccarat nights at those affairs. Couple of Chinese there from Pasuruan with stacks of the filthy—couple of lakhs at least. Well, I played. Tossed on a hundred guilders just for the fun of it. And then—you know how it is—I couldn't quit. I won from the start. Slathers of liquor too. I was jolly enough to begin; but at the end, four o'clock this morning—Lord, blotto! My *knecht* got me out to the car; drove me home, too, I recollect. Gad, I'm a bally ass, what? But I had fifty thousand guilders wrapped up in a waiter's headcloth, and I've got it now."

Rahbin still was silent. He could not believe that this Arabian Nights tale was any concern of his, yet Burchenal seemed to be telling it with a purpose.

"So," he next heard, "we'll just make a jolly old fortune together."

"What?" said Rahbin sharply.

"You and I—or you, rather. I'm an awful dud at business. I'd lose the whole pot in a week."

Rahbin could not believe his ears; nevertheless, his heart pounded into his throat and his breath came faster and faster.

"You're joking!" he managed at last.

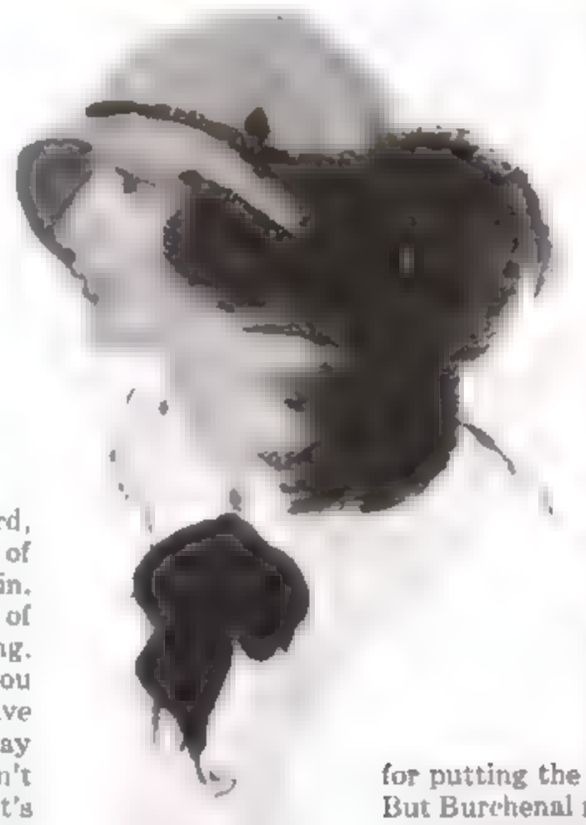
Whereupon Burchenal reached for an inside pocket, produced a more or less unclean *ikat kapala*, which, according to him, had graced the head of a Malang Club bar boy. Opening the cloth revealed a thick packet of Netherlands India bills. Rahbin's eyes went wide.

"Fifty thousand guilders!" Burchenal announced. "We'll go into business."

"Why do you come to me?" harshly.

"Why"—Burchenal leaned forward, spoke for the first time with an air of seriousness—"you're a shark, Rahbin. I've been watching you for a couple of years. You're clever at that sort of thing. I'm not, and none of my pals are. You see, here's the one chance I'll ever have in my life. If I lose it, I'll have to stay in this blazing hole till I rot. I don't want to, so I'm coming to you. That's the story, Rahbin; your brains and my money in an equal partnership. What do you say?"

Rahbin said yes in an awed whisper. His mind had leaped wildly ahead. This was the one chance he, too, would ever have. But any thought of making a fortune was vague and distant. It never occurred to him that he might some day be rich. All he knew was that he would not be poor. Of a sudden the haunting specters of hunger and destitution and disease fell back.



Gerda

Yet neither at that moment nor later did Rahbin feel any gratitude toward the Englishman. Burchenal had made the point that theirs would be an equal partnership of brains and capital. True enough; so Rahbin was contributing as much as the other. He said yes, and for the rest of the afternoon the two men sat planning the launching of the Surabaya Importing Company. Swiftly it seemed unjust to Rahbin that such a dull-wit as Burchenal should profit through no merit of his own.

Entirely as an afterthought—although it gave him distinct satisfaction—Rahbin reflected that he would soon be in a position to rescue Gerda out of her drudgery in Constantinople. Michael Rahbin's sister must not live in privation.

II

THOSE were boom days. Sugar was high; and when sugar is high, wealth walks abroad in Java. Fifty thousand guilders in cash, deposited in one of the gambling Dutch banks, meant a borrowing capacity up to ten times that amount. And Rahbin often worked as long as eighteen hours a day. Burchenal let him alone. Heeding Rahbin's sound advice, the big Englishman retained his position with Pitcairn & Butterfield.

Boom days. At the end of the first year Rahbin could show a clean profit of one hundred thousand guilders. Whereupon he went blind for a space; argued strongly for putting the full amount back into the business. But Burchenal refused. Burchenal seemed to forget his earlier determination to provide for his return to England. He was now ready to play, and he needed twenty-five thousand guilders to play with.

Nor would he hear of Rahbin putting back a cent more than he himself would spare; the partnership must be kept equal. So Rahbin found himself with an idle twenty-five thousand guilders on his hands.

Came, suddenly, clear vision. It must remain idle safe! The whole show was a desperate gamble. The only wise course was to lay aside all he could. Then, if things went to smash, as was often the case with sugar, there would be a barrier between himself and poverty. Safe! No bonds then; no securities. Rahbin took his twenty-five thousand guilders to the Chartered Bank of India and Java. A British institution, and Rahbin's hatred of all things British still raged; but he knew what was safe.

Burchenal gave up his position, bought a new motor car and began to entertain joyously at the Simpang Club. He never even suggested coming into the office with Rahbin; and if he had, Rahbin would have begged him to keep away.

(Continued on Page 66)

The Old Chinese, Yellow as a Leaf, Wrinkled, With the Crafty Wisdom of Countless Ages in His Almond Eyes, Just Sat There With a Crooked Smile on His Thin Lips

"FOR YOU A ROSE IN PORTLAND GROWS"

By Anne Cameron

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

"Red Shoes? Red? She's Not Going to Get Them." "Well, She Is." She Lowered Her Voice. "You Saw Who Came to Camp This Morning"

BACK in the year 1900 B. F. before Ford or thereabouts, when women wore yards of chiffon veiling over their Merry Widow hats, and their men wore leather caps and goggles, automobile touring was the pastime of the upper classes. In a thick cloud of dust and envy they used to careen along country roads in the old red one-cylinder that was so lavishly trimmed with gleaming brass. Sometimes they would slow down at a farm gate and call to the farmer's gaping boy, "Say, kid, which is the road to Brunersburg?" And the boy, seeing how gol-darn smart they thought they were, would direct them the wrong way with painful particularity. "I'll have one of those automobiles some day myself," he would resolve.

His father, plowing, would stop his horse in the middle of a furrow to watch the snorting car plunging along the pike. "Here I am, shoving this pesky plow, while that man sets up there and just steers the wheel of that horseless carriage. Look at them! They must be going twenty miles an hour if they're going one! I'm going to buy one of the damfool things as soon as I get the mortgage paid off."

When the panting red brute drew up in front of the village ice-cream parlor the yokels poked the cushion tires, honked the horn, wrote their initials on the dusty paint and daringly crawled under its greasy belly. And each and every one of them resolved that he was going to have a car of his own in which to go around the country.

And they've got them now. From June to September they hie them forth, north, east, south, west; but principally west. Father lays off for a month or six weeks, mother puts the kids into overalls and buys khaki pants to go with her old georgette waist; they nail a kitchenette made of a packing case on one running board, tie the old mattress and blankets on the other. They may, and do, travel from Indiana to New Iowa, which is that portion of California centering around Los Angeles, without ever enriching an innkeeper.

They move from one auto park to another with striking gregariousness. An auto park is the very apotheosis of democracy. For a fee varying from nothing at all to fifty cents a day, parking space, water, laundry accommodations, heat, light, fuel, baths and society are provided. Acquaintances ripen, and often rot, quickly. How delightful, after having camped next to those nice people in the Dodge at Topeka, to run into them again at Boisé! "Ain't the world small!"

The George Lutzes, after a month on the road, had got as far as the Portland Auto Camp. Aggie, the oldest girl, rose at six one foggy July morning and softly lifted the flap of the tent, so as not to disturb her sisters. From a twin tent on the opposite side of the car came the snores of her father and mother, nicely antiphonal.

"Funny how they can sleep so late," she thought. "I'm so used to getting up first at home that I can't sleep late, even now when I have the chance."

She stood barefooted in the ubiquitous dust, savoring the morning, then remembered her flannelette nightgown, and scrambled modestly into the car to dress. She came out in incredibly quick time, clad in the regimentals of the motor camper: Cotton khaki trousers buttoned slightly below the knee, brown cotton stockings and Oxfords and a brown woolen shirt—a costume with much to recommend it, but no charm to the eye. Her sister wore it but seldom, and then softened it by such subtle feminine touches as a pale-blue beaded waist, her second-best stockings and pumps, and dangling beads and earrings.

Mrs. Lutz, like Aggie, wore it constantly, with such slight modifications as would naturally suggest themselves to a woman whose intimate testimonials for patent medicine, with her picture, had appeared in the press for years. She usually added canvas leggings, a knitted jacket and a boudoir cap to her khaki.

But it was characteristic of Aggie to wear the khaki plain. It was handier and neater that way. She took a bath towel and a toothbrush in her hand and crossed the camp ground to the community wash room. There she soaped her wholesome, pleasant face till it shone.

The woman at the next washbasin turned around dripping, and with her eyes shut groped for a towel rack which wasn't there.

"No towels!" she said aggrievedly. "In the auto camp at Wichita they have fine towels. Would you mind letting me use yours?"

"No-o."

"I want to tell you there's an awful difference in some of these camps. You notice it when you've come as far as we have."

"Where are you from?" asked Aggie.

"Jackson, Michigan. Where you from?"

"Myrtle Creek, Iowa. We live on a farm five miles out."

"How far you going?"

"Los Angeles. Perhaps if we like it we'll stay."

"I don't know just where we're going or how long we'll stay. It depends on how long our dough lasts. When it gives out my husband gets a job for a while till we get enough to move on. Thanks for your towel."

"You're welcome," said Aggie, and took it back with the tips of her fingers.

"You're in that Hudson over by the store, ain't you? I saw you cooking dinner last night. My husband said it was the pretty one that was doing it, but I said no, that was your sister."

"Yes."

"What's her name?"

"Thelma."

"Seems like in every family there's a pretty one and a useful one. You've got a little sister too; about twelve."

"Yes. Her name is Mary Pickford."

"Well, I'm real glad to know you." Her mouth worked in an obvious effort to dislodge a blackberry seed, perhaps, from a back tooth. "My toothbrush got down at the bottom of the flour sack somehow, and I just told my husband that I wasn't going to pick over all that flour, not for fifty toothbrushes."

(Continued on Page 131)

BILL BROCK'S GOOD TURN

By Henry Williamson

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

MANY years ago, long before the great boar badger withstood the last terrier-and spade assault on his underground home in Rookhurst Forest, there was the greatest fight in the wild history of the wood. It is still told in the Cat and Gnatfly, where after the field labor of the day men sit on wooden forms and drink ale.

In those days before the Great War there were trees in Rookhurst Forest; there are none now; the autumn rains bring scarlet, buff and orange fungi on the rotten stump circles of the felled trees. The Brock holt, with its maze of corridors, kitchens and sleeping chambers tunneled into the hillside—the work of many centuries—is fallen in; in summer the entrances are hidden by the pink spires of foxgloves which have risen where the autumn beech mast crackled under the feet of swine. Rabbits burrow where once Fang-over-Lip the fox crept for sanctuary; thistle and bramble cover the approaches trodden by the five-clawed pads of the badgers. And the pack that chased Fang-over-Lip makes music no more; other huntsmen listen to the sharp bell-like tang of Clarion, Conqueror and Firefly; to the mellow and clamorous notes of thirteen couples so identical in pitch and quality; to the deep tongues of Nimrod and Solway, Thunderer and Doomsday. Nimrod the faultless! How his baying used to roll back from the wooded hillside of Rookhurst when he spoke to the scent of Fang-over-Lip, his old enemy of many seasons!

Fang-over-Lip, whose mask, when he turned in his tracks, grinned at hounds - but never from wall of huntsman's parlor or squire's hall. But to the story of how the forty-pound boar badger saved Fang-over-Lip's mask, and nearly lost his own:

One winter morning Fang-over-Lip lay out in the middle of the Big Wheatfield, which was dry and ridged with furrows. His chin rested on his paws, his eyes were shut, he was sleeping, and his nose was stroked by the wind that passed up the field to Crowstarver's Spinney in the middle. The sun was on his left. It was nearly noon, and the cold air was quiet.

Suddenly his ears were cocked, and his eyes were open, but he did not move otherwise. He heard a sound of rattled iron, the sound of a distant gate fastener being lifted by the huntsman's whip handle. He heard the voice of the whipper-in as in sharp authority he bade one of the hounds drop a rabbit skin it had found in a ditch. "'Ware riot, Baronet!" He heard the jingle of bits and the soft thuds of hoofs on furrow. The pack, led by Nimrod the faultless, the true fox teller, had entered the north side of the Big Wheatfield and was spreading to the huntsman's cast, noses to ground and sterns a-waver. Fang-over-Lip waited for the voice of Nimrod, and as he waited a flea bit him under the ear. He scratched with a hind foot, and shook his head. He was concerned more with the flea than with Nimrod at that moment.

After a second of stillness he felt it moving down his neck, so he scratched again, balancing himself on the thigh of the other hind leg. He was still scratching when he heard a whimper, and then another whimper. The hounds were pressing round Nimrod, and their sterns were feathering. Before sunrise that morning Fang-over-Lip had walked that way to his sleeping place among the furrows; hounds were three hundred yards away. He scratched no more. Nimrod was running towards him, the pack following. Fang-over-Lip waited, for that morning he had not run straight to his bed, but down the wind, along the western hedge, and after a drink in the brook he had gone towards the eastern hedge, changed direction, and run diagonally across the wind until he reached his dry kennel.

He waited, and Nimrod turned, feathering. The hound was mute, and his jealous rival, Captain the babbler, threw his tongue and bounded before Nimrod.

Horses tossed their heads and opened their nostrils: some were impatient, and fought against curbs, plunging into the crusty furrows. The huntsman took his horn from where it was thrust between the second and third brass buttons of his red coat; the pack loped down the field.

Seeing them, Fang-over-Lip knew that it was time to go, and he stole up a furrow, brush low and ears laid back; but no hound or horseman saw Fang-over-Lip. He heard the tongue of Captain the babbler, and knew that he was not speaking to his scent; the note that came from his throat was not full and mellow; he was telling lies, and the huntsman knew it, too, but he trusted Nimrod, and said nothing.

The master halted, and the field of about forty riders waited behind him, the old hands remaining by the gate to see which way the fox would run. Farther down the slope went red-coated huntsman and whipper-in, but still Nimrod did not speak. He worked steadily along the western hedge. The dew had dried off the earth, and scent was weak. Captain had turned north and the young hounds straggled after him; Captain threw his tongue again, that lying tongue, and several hounds whimpered. Lying among young hounds is infectious. The huntsman watched Nimrod when he came to a shallow in the brook, and seeing his stern furiously a-feather he knew that he was working true. Still and upright on his bay mare he sat, horn in whip hand.

By the pebbly shallow Nimrod whimpered, and leaping up the bank he ran straight and true the line that Fang-over-Lip had traveled that morning. He threw a deep hollow note; the huntsman cried "Hark to Nimrod! Mark him there!" The young hounds deserted Captain and followed Nimrod as he loped along a furrow. Captain gave tongue and followed as well. At that moment a farmer on an old black cob by the gate stood up in his stirrups, took off his hat, roared out "Tally yo, maister!" and holding it aloft pointed to Crowstarver's Spinney. He had seen the fox as it stole through the clump of hornbeam and fir. Immediately the horn of the huntsman sounded short and urgent notes, followed by little sharp ones that were like small beads of sound threaded on the morning air.

The pack responded to the Gone Away; the light notes of Clarion, Conqueror and Firefly seemed to rebound from the solid clamor of the matched twenty-six; the tongues of Thunderer and Doomsday and Solway smote out their triple peal behind Nimrod, now mute and earnest.

They stopped at the bed of Fang-over-Lip, a solid wheel of black and white and tan, nose-hubbed and compact; the wheel broke and became hounds that streamed up to the spinney and through the trees, past the dugout of the crowstarver and through the eastern edge to the ridge and furrow again. *(Continued on Page 91)*

His Gaze Returned to Nimrod; He Yawned; and Then He Came Forward, His Gray Squat Body Low on the Ground

A WANDERER'S NOTEBOOK

By Kenneth L. Roberts

A View of Rome From the American Methodist College. In Oval—The Versailles Fountain, the Mecca of All Tourists

Foreign Travel at Home

SOME of the keenest pleasures of summer travel in Europe may easily be obtained without leaving the United States, and at a considerable saving in coin of the realm. For example, construct a large box containing two seats, each seat long enough to hold three persons. Mount the box on cam shafts and connect the shafts with a donkey engine so that it can be bumped, jerked and rocked with great violence. Then place eighteen or twenty bulky pieces of luggage in it, climb into it yourself in company with five tired and fretty people, and set the engine to work rocking the box. Inject large quantities of dust, smoke, cinders and dried-fish odors at frequent intervals, and keep the interior of the box at a temperature of eighty-five degrees. After five or eight hours of this, get out of the box with all the luggage and stand in a stuffy room for two hours while a foreigner with soiled hands takes all the clean clothes out of your satchels and rubs his hands on them, and then stand in front of another disagreeable-looking man for another hour waiting for him to examine your passport suspiciously.

The familiar European sensation of spending half a day trying vainly to get accommodations at crowded hotels may easily be duplicated by going to New York and spending an equal amount of time trying to persuade the occupants of private houses on Fifth Avenue to rent a guest room to you for a day or so. A familiar European touch may be added by carelessly removing a hundred-dollar bill from the roll every five or six hours and throwing it away.

The Return of the Gadders

THE happiest Americans in Europe are almost invariably the ones that are going home. The moment when they climb aboard the train that takes them to their ship is the absolute high-water mark, emotionally, of their travels. Strong, honest, God-fearing men, who have been foaming at the mouth with rage at the necessity of having to pay the equivalent of two dollars for a seven-mile taxi ride in Paris, grow hoarse with delight at the prospect of returning to their native heath where a two-mile taxi ride from the boat to the station costs ten dollars. Beautiful women who have dallied for weeks with the finest and most unpronounceable sauces of the world's greatest chefs become misty-eyed at the mere mention of baked beans and lemon-meringue pie. After one has heard and seen a boatload of Americans sailing for New York one realizes that Europe's greatest mystery is its power of attracting Americans who would be far happier if they stayed at home. Incidentally, the Americans who emit the loudest whoops of thanksgiving when leaving Europe will generally be found in Europe again the following summer.

A Source of Distress

ONE of the greatest sources of anguish in Europe is the American passport. Americans find it difficult to understand why they should be obliged to carry passports costing ten dollars and pay an additional ten dollars for a visa almost every time they cross a European frontier. England has so arranged matters that British subjects need no visas to enter most European countries, and so the traveling American is distressed to see British citizens entering countries without formalities or questions while Americans are subjected to expense, delay and close scrutiny. The American's inability to fathom the reason why he should be put to all this trouble and expense is due to the fact that there is no reason. European countries make things difficult for American tourists because America makes it hard for European immigrants. When the United States Government distinguishes between European tourists who travel in America for pleasure and European immigrants who come to America to take American jobs, European governments will have to follow suit.

It is probably futile to expect rapid action on this matter from Congress; for all congressmen who travel in Europe receive free passports from the United States and free visas from European countries, and so they can work up no excitement over the matter. If some of the congressional investigators last summer had been paying for passports and visas they would have been ruined before they ever had a chance to start for Europe, which would have been an excellent thing for both places.

Prominent Eaters

THE Danes are hearty and indefatigable eaters of butter, cream and mayonnaise dressing. Fish, meat and most vegetables are considered unsavory and insipid unless covered with a cupful of mayonnaise or great dabs of beaten butter—known to the Danes as butter batty. No Dane would be at all surprised if he were to be served with orange sherbet or mince pie covered with mayonnaise, or if mayonnaise were to be liberally spooned into his tea. On arriving in Denmark from Germany or Poland one is quickly convinced that at least three cows must keep constantly at work in order to produce the daily quota of butter, cream and mayonnaise that he is expected to consume. Resident Americans usually add thirty pounds to their weight during the first six months of their stay in the country, and are apt to have an unfavorable opinion of Denmark because of the fact that they constantly overeat and consequently have a gloomy and depressed outlook.

The Inhuman Race

TO ONE who is unfamiliar with the various hates and peculiarities of the human race, there are various aspects of Europe that are provocative of boredom and even of illness. A man from Mars, for example, traveling from Italy into Germany or from Denmark into Poland or from Czecho-Slovakia into Austria or from Sweden into Russia, or from Holland or France or Denmark into Germany, crosses an imaginary line between the two countries. The same sun shines on both sides of the line; the same sky covers both sides; fleecy clouds drift from one side to the other without alterations in shape, size or texture; birds fly across freely, nesting on one side of the line and gathering worms and insects on the other. Exactly the same sorts of potatoes and cabbages grow on both sides of the line, requiring the same length of time and the same amount of human endeavor to be brought to perfection. People on both sides of the line worship the same God in the same way; they have the same love for children and for their homes.

PHOTO BY KADEL & HERBERT, N. Y. C.

One might as well be traveling from Pennsylvania into New Jersey or from New Hampshire into Vermont. Yet on one side of the line is plenty, and on the other side is want; on one side the people are thrifty and happy, and on the other side they cannot save money and are in constant fear of the morrow; on one side money is the same today, next week and next month, and on the other side the money of today may not be worth the paper on which it is printed in another twenty-four hours; on one side a traveler pays a dollar and a half or two dollars for a meal in a dining car, and on the other side he pays twenty or thirty cents; on one side he has all the butter and milk that he wants, and on the other side these things are almost unknown; on one side life is normal, and on the other side it is a constant struggle against starvation and pauperization. All this

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UNWRITTEN HISTORY

By COSMO HAMILTON

Charles Frohman

IT IS, I think, pretty generally agreed that Jonah exercises an unhappy influence over certain men, women and ships. It is difficult otherwise to account for the persistent bad luck that dogs the heels of the particular members of this trio, who strike all the rocks that others miss and bring a series of eager efforts to an end among the flotsam and jetsam of a restless tide. We have all known that most unlucky man, honest sometimes, but always far more willing than the general run, whose distant swans approach invariably as geese, whose absolute certainties are always to be found among the also-rans, and whose hundredth visit for the purpose of another touch brings forth the agonized cry that he may be sent away because his tragic story breaks one's heart.

There are certain houses, too—deceptively pleasant houses, apparently worthy of all the stilted praise of auctioneering words—in which the most devoted couples never can agree, the most admirable servants go hopelessly to seed and the nicest children run the gamut of complaints. Also, there are theaters in nearly every city whose histories show a record of deplorable fiascos for the more and more obvious reason that they live under the hoodoo of Jonah's malignant hand. With one of these, built on the drafty corner of Northumberland Avenue, blurred by the mists that rose up from the Thames and shaken by the rush of trains that passed out from and duly returned to Charing Cross, I was briefly but expensively connected in the good old days. It was called the Avenue Theater, but if it had been known by any other name it would have smelled as dank.

George Bernard Shaw's first play, Arms and the Man, was produced under its melancholy roof; and, after sending a momentary shudder down the mid-Victorian spine, slipped into the limbo of forgotten things. At a time when Shaw had burst into the full glory of intellectual favor and become a cult—the volatile, garrulous, explosive G. B. S., happiest of men, greatest of living Christians and most astounding of dramatists—this sly and witty play came into its own among the more mature but not more delightful Man and Superman, Major Barbara, Candida, The Devil's Disciple, John Bull's Other Island, and the rest.

An Iconoclast at Large

NOT so much, perhaps, because it was small and cheap to run as because it stood in the very heart of the respectability that the ever-green Irishman took such a diabolical joy in jarring, the Court Theater in Sloane Square was chosen as the Shavian shrine; and it was there, as all earnest students of the drama are well aware, that, with the devoted assistance of the businesslike Vedrenne and the apostle Barker, who, although he shaved, became more and more like Shaw, the master waved his magic wand and did more to undermine the constitution of Great Britain than any other subtle force before the war.

Like a naughty god sent down from the Elysian fields for the destruction of their ancient shibboleths, Shaw thoroughly enjoyed himself in this little theater, going from play to play with the gorgeous effervescence which is occasioned only by Irish fermentation, a process which causes the extrication of an aëriform fluid as in the mixture of an acid with a carbonated alkali. He chose his actors, designed his scenery, directed his director, pressed his press agent; and, after the course of all rehearsals, dashed off letters of the most charming abuse and the most impertinent criticism to the members of his cast.

Always in the highest spirits and the strangest clothes, that might quite easily have been made at home, bilious in color, and in pattern vegetarian like his diet, his red hair and beard crackling with electricity, his quick wit sparkling like running water in the sun, he was then, in middle age, the *enfant terrible* of London, who put his fingers to his nose at all the stodgy critics, brought down the Albert Memorial with a gibe, and broke out in torrential diatribes against the dear hypocrisies of that hitherto unstartled time. He ran a sort of intellectual coconut shy in which he flung his devastating missives not at the hairy succulent fruit that was so convenient to the Swiss Family Robinson, but at the outraged heads of politics and religion, art and science, medicine and moonshine, society and snobbery, everything and anybody.

George Bernard Shaw

He knew every line of all his work by heart, and woe betide the type of slipshod actor who dropped a word or stumbled on a comma. And if any American manager, unable to break his emasculating habit of cutting dialogue and transplanting scenes, ventured to use the blue pencil upon his sacred manuscript the cables burned with scorn and anger and the play was instantly withdrawn. No other playwright since the world began has had all his own way like Bernard Shaw, been so well served under such delightful conditions or placed so many volumes on the bookshelves of posterity, with the possible exception of Shakspere, his only rival. When the under dogs of the world, as we know it, assisted by the housebreaking communists and socialists, ignorant of the inexorable laws of heredity, have brought about the downfall of this civilization, the theater guilds of the new civilization will inevitably mislead their audiences in 2924 as to the people and the thought of today and yesterday with Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant, by G. B. S.

Returning to the matter of the theater, which, I now remember, had another name, The Sea Gull's Rest, a six months' lease had been entered into by a young adventurous actress, backed, as she thought, by a little syndicate. Among a company of first-rate actors who were gathered together to interpret a rather feeble play, there was the ubiquitous Earl of Rosslyn, who had gone upon the stage as James Erskine while he recovered from his various heroic attempts to break the bank at Monte Carlo. The hoodoo on the theater, the lack of enthusiasm on the part of the critics and the hacking away of the backers after the cold first night brought this venture to the ground.

My wife, Beryl Faber, who was the actress, and as good an actress as she was a beautiful girl, had undertaken the responsibilities of this season with little knowledge of theatrical business and a childlike faith in human nature. The shock of finding herself left high and dry with a six months' contract, and all the bills for the abortive play, brought about a nervous breakdown and the very natural threat of bankruptcy. The former misfortune was for her doctor to put right; the latter was a problem which, of course, I had to grapple with. And so, very anxious on these two counts, and with nothing much to make a rattle in my pockets except a bunch of keys, I called a meeting of the creditors and spoke them fair. I asked for two things—time and confidence. Such was the ugly total of this indebtedness that the period of time could not be fixed. There were moments, indeed, when, in spite of the precious gift of optimism, without which life is hardly worth the chance, I saw myself staggering into old age with this burden on my back. The possibility of being paid in full, even if the dividends were tiny, appealed to dressmakers, scene makers, billposters, the theater owner and the cast. There was a shaking of hands, an air of friendliness, one or two polite expressions of sympathy, the introduction of my lawyer, and a parting, all on a sunny day. Frank Curzon, the lessee of the theater, was very kind. And I went home and started on a book appropriately entitled Adam's Clay.

Field Marshal Lord Roberts

My Home

HOME consisted of a very charming Queen Anne house with ghost and powder closets, hoof marks on the stairs, a large and airy den which once had been a kitchen, yew trees, ancient barns and gardens, orchards and a tennis court, a dog, a horse or two and pigeons. It once had been the property of the Macready family, known to fame by at least two of its members—the great actor, and the gallant general who added distinction to his name and division in the war. Later I made it the house in which the Rev. Harry Pemberton enacted the scenes of a play of mine, The Blindness of Virtue, which gave me an excuse to visit America in 1912.

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THE BURDEN BEARER

By Grace Sartwell Mason

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

From His Type and the Pleading Way the Woman Looked Up at Him, Eddie Breen Knew He Was a Collector

NOTHING happens suddenly. I mean to say, no event which a man wills. Back in his life, far back, it has been preparing behind the thick curtain of his consciousness. Strand by tiny strand he has been braiding the fuse leading up to the event that finally explodes, and he says, "All in a minute this thing happened. It was the last thing in the world I expected."

Thus Eddie Breen talked to himself. He told himself that he had never once, in the seven years he had been married, suspected his wife of being an impostor. And yet, within twenty-four hours of the implanting of this seed in his mind, he was taking certain steps that had all the appearance of having long ago been planned.

Eddie Breen was a bond salesman who by inheritance, by nature and by heavenly gift was a grocer. Back in his native New England town where he and his wife, Diantha, had been born, he had inherited from his father a grocery store. He had loved it. He still often dreamed about it at night. He would wake up smelling its heavenly clean fragrance of coffee and spices and apples and Ceylon tea. He had cherished ever since he gave it up a hope—which he never got up courage to express to Diantha—that one day he and she would move back home and he would once more be a grocer—be himself.

But now he knew that was not to be. He would never see his cherished, shining store again. He had to wipe his eyes furtively as he wrote the letter to Job Henderson accepting his long-standing offer to buy the store. He wrote this letter with a sense of fate upon him; and yet he persisted in telling himself that his whole life had crashed suddenly, without warning. He was not at that stage capable of looking back and recognizing the many warnings he had received, nor of admitting that he himself might be to blame for what Diantha had become. It merely seemed to him that with blinding suddenness his failure was lighted up, and he could not bear to look at it.

It was Diantha's newest specialist who subjected him to this disillusionment.

Most of his wife's specialists had ignored him, except when it came to sending in their staggering bills; but this one had sent for Diantha's husband after a second talk with the invalid.

"Mr. Breen," he said to Eddie, who sat humble and a little frightened, with his eyes imploring the great specialist not to tell him Diantha had something incurable—"Mr. Breen, I find your wife a quite average, able-bodied woman. There is nothing the matter with her. Nothing whatever, except—you."

"Me? Doctor, what do you mean? I've done everything ——"

"Too much. That's the trouble. She had a good deal of ego to start with and you've fed it by overdevotion." The great man flicked over the pages of a notebook. "Um-m—yes. Small-town belle. Father big man of the place. Died. Left her alone and unexpectedly poor. She promptly took to her couch—in the center of the stage, of course. She was to have had a career as a singer, I understand. Instead, there being no money to go on with, she adopted the career of invalid. Then she married you, and you"—the famous man looked across his desk at Diantha's husband with a smile slightly cruel—"and you proceeded to wrap her up in cotton wool. You fed her ego by devotion until it became like the liver of a Strasburg goose, when what she needed was hardship."

"Hardship!"

Eddie Breen's kind face was distorted with bewilderment, with protest. The specialist closed the notebook with a snap and made a disagreeable sound through his nose. Then he looked across the desk at his visitor and his eyes softened.

"Mr. Breen, I should like to know something about yourself."

Eddie Breen blinked. The astounded indignation died out of his eyes and gave place to incredulity. No one had ever wanted to know anything about himself. He could not believe his ears, and he had nothing to say. The specialist made curlicues on the cover of the notebook.

"What was your business in your home town, Mr. Breen?"

"I had a grocery store."

Eddie mumbled these words, automatically thinking that Diantha wouldn't like his admitting it to this stylish specialist.

"Your own store? And you gave it up and came to the city—why?"

Eddie Breen made no answer. He drooped his head and turned his brown derby hat around and around in his stubby hands. One of life's remarkable and scorching moments was upon him. It showed him himself, driving his father's grocery wagon around to the back door of Diantha's home, an ordinary friendly boy, humbly adoring an inaccessible maiden; it showed him his own tremendous sense of pity and tenderness after her loss; it showed him his seven years of service; it showed him his whole life, beginning in early boyhood—one long adoration of a woman who had fooled him.

He was aware of a curious trembling inside him. It was the gathering anger of a patient man. And alongside this anger was forming a staggering, sorrowful intuition—he was a failure. He had lived by one light, one ambition, for years to make Diantha well so that she could fulfil what he had always believed to be her glorious destiny. Her voice, her lovely voice

Eddie Breen stood up abruptly, a strange glint, all out of character, in his eyes. The specialist was dealing out words—"neuroses," "complexes," "fixations"—but they meant nothing to Diantha's husband.

As if he heard nothing, he interrupted. "You mean that she'd have amounted to something if it hadn't been for me?"

"I mean that she would have got well faster if she had had to face things. Even now, if she had to swim or sink—well, she would strike out. I don't doubt, Mr. Breen, that you meant well ——"

Eddie Breen jammed on the brown derby, stumbled over a chair and got himself out into the street. There was an astounding ache within him, and a slow, dreadful anger choking him. It was that night that he wrote the letter accepting Henderson's offer for the grocery store.

A day or two later he followed the letter to his home town, settled various details in regard to the agreement with Henderson, and on the way back took a run out on Cape Cod. Soon after his return to New York he walked one day into the office of old Thomas Grantland, who had been his father's lawyer in the days of Breen & Son.

"Hello, Eddie, my boy! Haven't seen you in a dog's age. Have a chair. Smoke?" The old gentleman peered at Eddie Breen over the top of his glasses. Then his gaze sharpened. "What's the matter, Eddie? You been sick, or something?"

For since he saw him last, Eddie Breen appeared to have withered bleakly. A sort of gray detachment had wiped off his face its customary almost innocent friendliness. And particularly different were his eyes. They appeared to have receded somewhat; they sat in their sockets with a certain blank aloofness most strange to see, as if Eddie Breen had stepped out of a procession and stood looking on, without interest and without hope.

"How's Diantha?" asked the lawyer hastily, as if to change the subject. "Still doctoring?"

"It's about Diantha I wanted to speak to you. I—I haven't been feeling quite A 1 lately myself, and I got to thinking what would Diantha do if I should—shuffle off. Fellow has to think of things like that sometimes."

"Sho, Eddie, you're still nothing but a youngster."

"Thirty-one, and I'm not well." He seemed insistent on this point. "If I should die—suddenly—someone ought to advise Diantha. Now I've got an agreement here—sold my store up home ——"

"So? I always thought you'd go back. You made a success of the business, didn't you, Eddie?"

A gleam lightened Eddie's eyes and went out again.

"Best grocery store in the county today. But about this agreement ——" He took a long envelope from his pocket. "I wanted to ask if you will put it in your safe and—if anything should happen to me—see that Henderson makes his payments to my wife. You better read it."

The old lawyer adjusted his glasses after a long stare at Eddie Breen, because he felt there was something not quite normal about all this, and read over the agreement.

"Then She Married You, and You Proceeded to Wrap Her Up in Cotton Wool"

"H'm-m, that's all right," he said presently. "Only it seems to me the terms are pretty easy for Henderson—one thousand down and the remainder at the rate of sixteen hundred a year and interest. If, as you say, anything should happen to you, sixteen hundred would not be much of an income for your wife, an invalid, would it, Eddie?"

"She isn't an invalid." A pause.

"No? Well, well, glad to hear it."

"Only last month she was offered a good choir position."

"Good enough! So she's actually singing ——"

"She isn't." Eddie Breen's tone was for him strangely grim. "But she will," he added.

The lawyer peered sharply at his visitor; he shuffled papers, opened and closed a drawer.

"I suppose, if necessary, the payments could be increased ——" he began.

But Eddie interrupted him sharply.

"I want those payments made exactly like I've stipulated in the agreement, not one cent changed. Will you do that for me, Mr. Grantland, or not?"

"Why, of course, Eddie, if you say so, my boy."

It was shortly afterward that Eddie Breen, with a bag in his hand, made his way toward the docks and the night boat to Boston. He felt very queer indeed—benumbed, frozen; and he had an odd conviction that he was invisible, like a ghost; like a homeless ghost, as, indeed, in a way he was, for in a few hours now he would be a dead man—dead without the comfort of oblivion.

On the upper deck he leaned against the rail and watched the shadowed cañons wheel past as the boat rounded into the East River, watched the cross-town streets opening up and slipping past. At last he looked along a street in the far distance of which was—had been—his home. Through the numbness that had inwrapped him for days shot a frightful pain. Must he go on with this? Crazy, that's what he was. What was the matter with him? Why couldn't he go on, sink comfortably back and let her make a slave of him to the end of their days?

He was not accustomed to probing his own mind and it bewildered him painfully. Besides, he had been all through it, over and over, through sleepless nights ever since his visit to the specialist. He only knew that something deep in him had changed.

It was like a belated growing up. That was it. He had been a fool boy all his life up to now. He had actually believed that love can work miracles.

Well, it can't. He clamped his hands tight on the rail, and a sense of complete failure, intolerably dreary, washed over him, as if already he had let himself down into the chill blackness of the water. He saw Diantha becoming a flabby woman, querulous and exacting, her lovely voice rusting, her life a futility, strewn with empty medicine bottles; and himself, fetching and carrying, conciliatory, humbly cheerful, tiptoeing in and out of rooms, always hoping for the best.

No! He struck his hand on the rail, while a steely look sat strangely on his round face. No, not that. He had failed, but there was one more thing he could do, and he would do it, though it meant the end of Eddie Breen.

He shivered and turned away from the rail, for it seemed to him that across the black water, between him and the shore, he saw the lighted window of his store, the orange and crimson of fruit and the clean shine of preserve bottles. An absurd vision for a man about to taste oblivion. But it brought the tears to Eddie Breen's eyes. He turned and plunged blindly toward his stateroom. In his room he took from his bag envelopes and writing paper. One envelope he addressed to the lawyer, Grantland, and on the inner one wrote, "For my wife."

Sitting on the side of his bed in his shirt sleeves and stocking feet, he looked like a salesman making out his report to the firm. And staring intently at the paper he wrote:

Dear Diantha: I can't go on any longer. I am discouraged and tired of life. Mr. Grantland will tell you about the money from the sale of the store. There will not be enough to keep you the way we have lived. You will have to do something for yourself. But that church-choir man said he would give you a chance. Go to him right away. For my sake, try—try ——

He found that he was shivering so violently he could not write any more. This was not the letter he had meant to write, but it was no use. A sudden exhaustion came over him and he lay back upon the pillow. The eternal tramping of feet on the deck over his head became far off and unreal. A profound indifference settled over him.

In the black and starless half hour before dawn the boat began to feel its way toward the entrance to the Cape Cod Canal.

Eddie Breen took one last look about the cabin. The envelope addressed to Grantland lay conspicuously on the washstand. He stole out and began to edge along the deck in the shadow of the staterooms. The boat was in the canal now, barely moving. On this side the decks were deserted. He could look across a brief stretch of water to the farther side of the canal and make out dimly the low sand dunes beyond. Moving noiselessly in his stockinged feet, he went to the rail, took off his coat and dropped it overboard.

No sound of discovery came up to him from the deck below, and after listening for an instant he climbed over the rail, slid down a post to the lower deck rail, crouched there for a moment. No one was in sight, although he could hear voices on the other side of the boat shouting to someone on shore.

He hung there for an instant, a sickening dread at the pit of his stomach, and then with a slight plop he slid into the oily blackness of the water.

By the time he came out of the water on the inland side of the canal the boat's lights were receding and all about him was darkness. He rested for a moment to give his heart a chance to stop chugging. Then he stood up to get his bearings. A quarter of a mile inland was the shell of a cabin in which a week before he had hidden under the floor boards a few articles of necessary clothing, and presently, dripping and shivering, he began to plod through the sandy fields toward it.

Sixteen hours later he was waiting in a Boston station, dressed in a new cheap suit of clothes, with a cap pulled low over his eyes. Before he boarded his train he bought an evening paper or two. In one of them, in the position assigned to unimportant news, were a dozen lines to the effect that a passenger was missing when the boat from New York docked that morning. It was believed he had fallen overboard some time during the night, either accidentally or intentionally. His name was mentioned and that was practically all. The obituary of a man of no importance. The enormous and terrible hour of a lifetime compressed into twelve indifferent lines. Eddie read it and closed his eyes, feeling a dreadful forlornness creeping over him.

(Continued on Page 74)

"Now Tell Me About It, Dear; and Whatever Is Right for You, I'll Help You to Do"

Does Opportunity Still Find the Little Fellow?—By James H. Collins

DOES opportunity still knock on the little fellow's door, in these days of billion-dollar business? If so, how would you prove it?

I took the simple method of asking several dozen men in big business what they thought about it, and in most cases they not only said "Yes," but added "Now there's John Blank, who started in such-and-such an enterprise just the other day—why don't you go and see him?"

So this is the story of half a dozen or more John Blanks, mostly right around New York, where business is biggest, and if that many examples can be found in such a chance way around the metropolis, the rest of the country must be about right for the fellow who wants to get into business for himself.

The first place was down on the lower East Side, and it smelt of fish.

"But that isn't fish you smell," explained John Blank the First, when he finally found it possible to tear away from a busy extempore office and show a visitor around. "It's these," he said, pointing to some empty burlap-topped barrels in which fish had come. "Those barrels get stale, but the fish is absolutely fresh."

We went into a concrete room where fifteen or twenty men were cleaning ocean fish—it may be worth while knowing that a fisherman scales a fish with a currycomb. There were flounders, and weakfish, and halibut, and little pan fish; and they were being cleaned, the bones taken out, and the meat cut into filets, steaks and sides, ready for cooking, and then put away in a refrigerator to chill—not freeze. Some of those filets were cooked the following week in places as far off as Denver.

A Fishing Boat With a Catch of Herring. At Right—A Disciple of Izaak Walton, Snapped on Barnegat Bay

Fixed Prices

"IN THE fish business?" echoed John Blank the First. "No! Not until about eighteen months ago. I'm a biologist! Spent quite a few years with Uncle Sam trapping wolves, poisoning coyotes and ground squirrels, and trying to restore Nature's balance where somebody had upset it and let varmints get the upper hand. Then I went up to Labrador and opened a fur station, trading with the Eskimos, and eventually had a string of posts. But I came out the year after the war began, and went back to Washington while we were in it, and finally started this business. Things look a little rough here now, but we've just increased our capital, and next time you come down we'll be in better quarters and you'll see all this cleaning done by machinery."

"What sort of business have you got into?" I asked.

"Delivering shore dinners to the Corn Belt!" was the reply, and he proceeded to explain a business started by a fellow who hadn't very much money, but did have a good idea.

Ocean fish heretofore obtainable any distance inland have been shipped frozen because there was no other way. The belief that no ocean fish on an inland menu can be fresh is so ingrained in the inlander's mind that John Blank the First has found it necessary to send a little explanatory leaflet along with every piece of fish, to be served with it at the table.

But wait a minute! I've got things a little twisted. There was a way to ship fresh fish several days' journey from the ocean, but it cost too much. You could chill them, and put them in a balsa-wood box, and that wood is such a remarkable insulator that they would arrive in good condition. But a balsa box costs about six dollars! And every other kind of package that had been tried cost enough to make its return necessary. That was the difficulty—the container. And John Blank overcame it by inventing a fiber-board package so cheap that it does not have to come back. He invented it one night on a suburban train; he says commuting gives lots of time for invention. The fish are fresh caught, the surplus left every morning after New York's requirements have been supplied by the boats that go out daily, chiefly off Long Island and the Jersey shore. Within twenty-four hours after catching, they are cleaned and cut into boneless pieces, and after being chilled will arrive cool in the fiber container even with four or five days' travel in midsummer. He has built up a business with hotels, restaurants and clubs in pretty much every inland state, partly with his own money and partly with capital invested by friends who believe in his idea and in him.

There is one other thing in this business that makes for success. If a hotel chef in Chicago wanted filet of sole on his Friday menu, formerly he had to send for a hundred pounds of cold-storage flounders, go to all the expense of cleaning them, and would get thirty pounds of cookable fish—for various kinds of fish waste 30 to 70 per cent in the cleaning. When they are cleaned and cut up at the ocean-side and come wrapped in a box ready to cook, he saves all that labor and trouble and gets the fish for less money. Besides, the by-products are left where they can be turned into something, and Blank believes that eventually they will pay for the fish, because he is applying the meat-packing idea to the fish business. Other concerns are doing this same thing, but he says he does it better. Also, he has simplified his selling and shipping by charging the same price per pound for fish all year round. The prices of three different groups of fish vary, but not the price on each group, throughout the year. Thus a steward or chef can place a standing order for so many pounds of fish to arrive on a certain day each week, and will know exactly what it is going to cost him.

John Blank the Second was over in Jersey City, and hard to find, for he had no sign on the factory building in which his business is located. He, too, had got hold of an idea like meat packing applied to the fish business. He was cleaning and repairing watches for jewelers on the principle by which a tin lizzie is put together in the automobile assembling line.

"We make watches that way," said John Blank the Second; "and American watches are both excellent and cheap. But while the watches have been getting better and better, the repair work has been getting worse and worse. The well-trained all-around watch repairer is not as common as he used to be. Usually he came from Europe, having learned his craft in the watchmaking schools of Switzerland or Germany. The war cut off many of these men, and others have gone into the watch factories. Things became so bad that the Horological Institute of America has been organized to provide instruction in watch repairing, and issue certificates to students who systematically learn this craft and pass an examination.

Quantity Methods

"YOU buy a good watch and take it to a jeweler when it needs repair. It may fall into the hands of a repairman who does a botch job. You complain to the jeweler, and probably tell your troubles to the watch manufacturer as well. So, you see, watch repairing has become a manufacturing problem, and I have built up this business by putting it on a manufacturing basis. Without any advertising, or even a sign, four or five thousand watches come in here weekly from jewelers all over the country, and we do the repairing and cleaning, and send them back."

We went out into his factory and followed the work from end to end of this novel quantity-production line. There were between forty and fifty watchmakers employed in it, as well as a good many helpers. At one end the out-of-kilter watch was taken apart by workmen who do nothing else. Each part of the timepiece was laid on a tray, and the tray tagged with the name of the owner, the jeweler who sent it, and the case and movement numbers. This tray then went to an examiner, who carefully inspected each part and listed the repair work to be done. Every defective part was thrown out and a new one put on the tray.

"Very often the individual repairman lacks a new part and mends the old one," explained Blank the Second. "But that's false economy and bad repairing."

The tray then went to a girl who washes all the assembled parts in benzine, dries them in hardwood dust and places them under a hood where the sawdust is removed by vacuum. Then the actual repair work began, and for each kind of trouble there was a specialist. A broken mainspring would be replaced by a workman who does nothing else,

(Continued on Page 140)

America's First Horseless Carriage Race, 1895—By H. H. Kohlsaat

IN MAY, 1895, in the Chicago Club, I picked up a copy of L'Illustration, of Paris, containing an account, with illustrations, of an automobile race between Paris and Bordeaux which had taken place a few weeks before. It gave me an idea. On my return to The Times Herald office I purchased a copy of L'Illustration and called into my room Frederick U. Adams, known to the newspaper profession as Grizzly Adams. Mr. Adams had a mechanical twist of mind, rare in a reporter. I showed him the report of the French race and suggested that The Times Herald get up a contest in Chicago of horseless vehicles. Adams was enthusiastic and at once drew up a plan which I indorsed and published. The Times Herald offered five thousand dollars in prizes and five thousand dollars to pay the preliminary expenses.

The race was to be run July 4, 1895. Some sixty contestants entered the lists. The interest of inventors was great. Most of them were without financial means and made my life a burden, showing me their drawings and asking for money to develop their ideas, so I asked President Cleveland to have the War Department take charge of the experiments and race. He instructed General Miles to appoint someone to supervise the contest.

My appeal to Mr. Cleveland was based on the belief that the greatest use of the motor wagon would be for army and commercial trucks. The Times Herald made the prediction that in twenty years horses would be used for pleasure vehicles only.

The President approved of General Miles' appointment of Gen. Wesley Merritt. He came to Chicago and I turned over the management to him. General Merritt chose Henry Timken, a carriage manufacturer, and Prof. John P. Barrett, head of the Electricity Department of Chicago, to act as judges with him; and as assistant judges, Leland L. Summers and John Lundie, civil engineers; Col. M. J. Ludington, United States Army; Dr. Allan Hornsby, and C. F. Kimball, carriage manufacturer of Chicago.

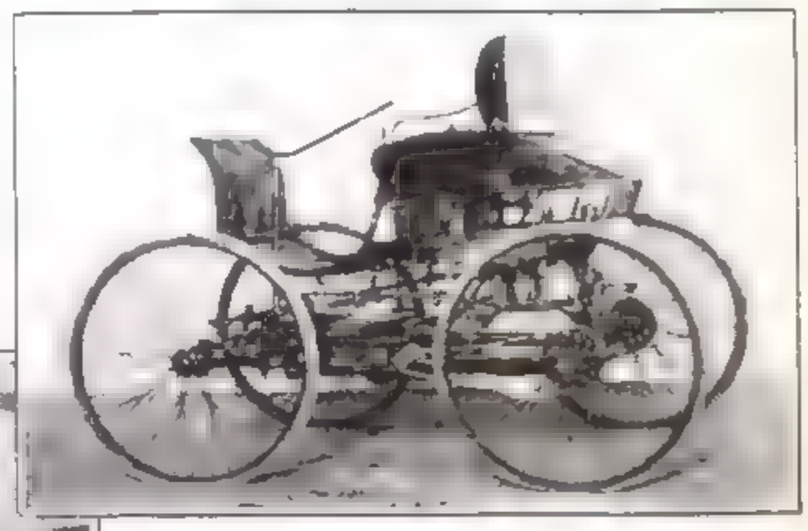
A testing apparatus was set up. It was unique from the fact that the result to be obtained had never been sought anywhere else in the world. It was designed by Leland L. Summers, the twenty-six-year-old editor of Electrical Engineering, and John Lundie, a young Englishman. Upon the two young men fell the bulk of the work of showing the consumption of fuel and the efficiency of the machines. A platform with a 15 per cent incline was built and each machine entering was subject to the test.

Ditched by a Nervous Farmer

WHEN July Fourth arrived there was only one machine ready—the Haynes-Apperson, of Kokomo, Indiana. As it was impossible to have a contest with one machine, the time was extended to Labor Day, in September. In August I was again requested to postpone the date, so fixed Thanksgiving Day, November twenty-eighth.

There was considerable opposition to calling the horseless carriage "automobile," as the name was too Frenchy, so The Times Herald offered five hundred dollars for a name, and "motocycle" was awarded the prize.

October 15, 1895, two ambitious young men started a magazine, calling it the Motocycle. It was the first of its kind published in America. The Horseless Age, of New York, was started November first, fifteen days later. The Motocycle issued two numbers only, October and November, and gave up the ghost. There was so little general interest in the new motive power, outside of the manufacturers of carriages and buggies, that the subscribers were few, and advertising nil.



Duryea Wagon Motor, Winner of The Times Herald First Prize
Above—An Early Haynes

A purse of five hundred dollars was, while waiting for the Thanksgiving Day event, put up for a race between the H. Mueller Benz Gasoline Motor, of Decatur, Illinois, and the Duryea Gasoline Motor Wagon, of Springfield, Massachusetts. The course was to Waukegan, Illinois, and back, a distance of ninety-two miles, with a time limit of thirteen hours. The start was made November second, from Washington Park. The race ended at the Grant Monument in Lincoln Park. Mr. Mueller was awarded the prize, making the round trip in nine and a half hours.

The Duryea motor ran into a ditch to avoid a farmer who turned his horses to the left instead of the right. He said he was so scared to see a buggy without any horses hitched to it coming up the road behind him, he did not know what he was doing. To avoid a collision Mr. Duryea, who was driving this motor, drove into the ditch, hoping to climb up the slight embankment, but broke a wheel and gave up the race. He hauled his machine to the nearest depot and shipped it to Chicago, where it was repaired.

This car entered the real contest on Thanksgiving Day, winning the first prize, two thousand dollars.

The night before Thanksgiving, two or three inches of snow fell, making a severe test for the motors. The Times Herald arranged with the park commissioners to give the machines the right of way, as up to that time they had been barred from the boulevards to avoid frightening the horses. The official course was from the World's Fair German Building, in Jackson Park, to Evanston and return, fifty-three and a half miles.

The evening before the race eleven competitors out of the sixty-odd entrants declared they would start, but when the motors were sent on their fifty-three-and-a-half-mile run only six reached the starting point, the others breaking down en route.

The six lined up at the post were:

The Duryea Wagon Motor Company, Springfield, Massachusetts, using gasoline;

The De La Vergne Refrigerator Machine Company, gasoline;

The Morris and Salom, Philadelphia, electric;

H. Mueller & Co., Decatur, Illinois, gasoline;

R. H. Macy, New York, gasoline;

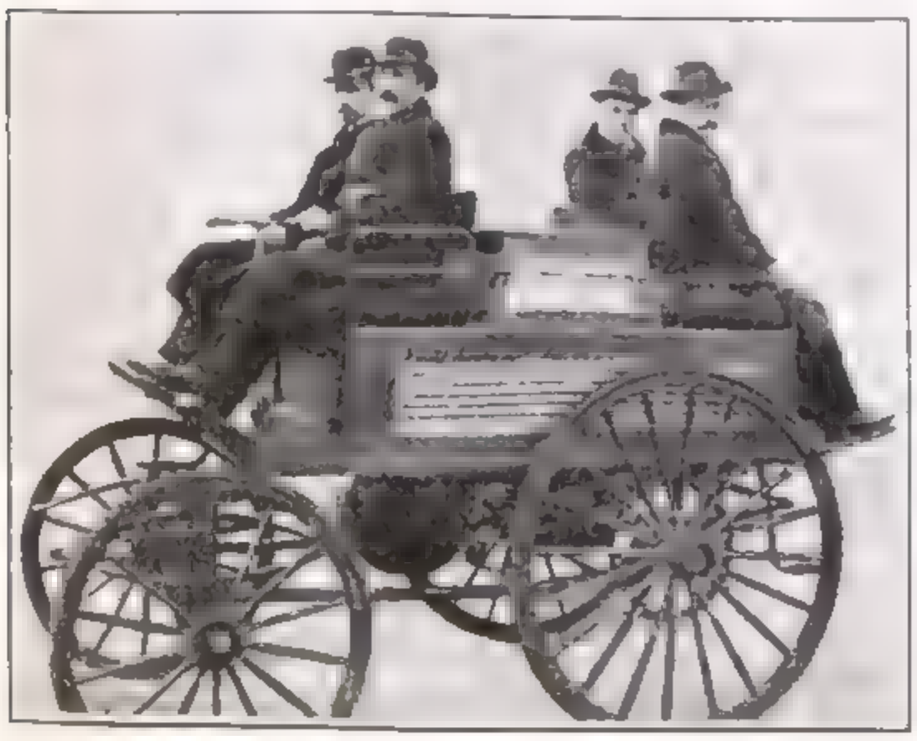
The Sturges Electric, of Chicago.

Racing at Five Miles an Hour

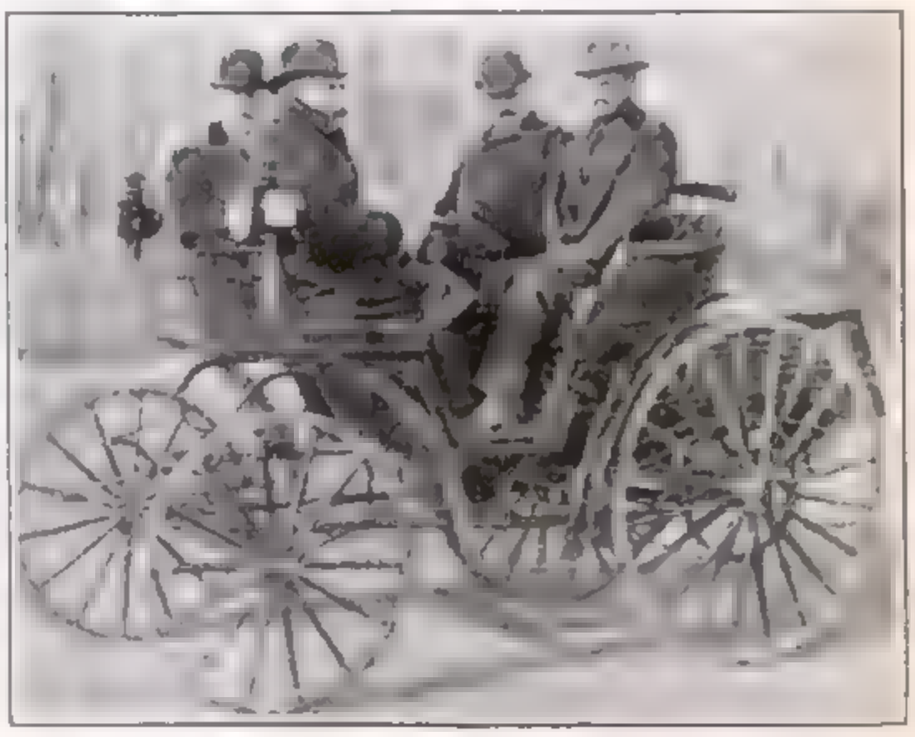
THE Haynes-Apperson machine, now in the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, as America's first horseless carriage, started for Jackson Park early in the morning, fully intending to be in the race. In making a turn at Indiana Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street to avoid a street car, it smashed a front wheel and had to give up entering the race. At 8:30 A.M. several thousand people were waiting at Jackson Park and the Midway to watch the contest. Gasoline engines were to be pitted against electric motors. The boulevards were crowded with rigs and cutters, dashing up and down, looking for the horseless carriages. At 8:35 the word "go" was given by Judge Kimball, and J. F. Duryea jumped into his wagon and passed through the crowd. It won the first prize by returning to the starting point at 7:18 P.M., doing the fifty-three and a half miles in ten hours and twenty-three minutes, an average of five and a quarter miles an hour.

A few minutes after the Duryea machine left for Evanston the Mueller was cheered by the crowd as it started. It returned to the starting post at 8:53 P.M., crossing the line second in the race, and winning second prize.

(Continued on Page 89)



De La Vergne Hunting Trap



Mueller Benz Motor

THE PRICELESS PEARL

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

II

THE following Thursday afternoon Pearl stepped from the fast train to the platform of the Southampton station. Since the train reached Quogue she had been agreeably aware of the damp saltness in the air, which comes only from proximity to the open ocean. But now, on the platform, she smelled nothing but the fumes of innumerable exhausts, saw nothing but masses of automobiles crowding toward the station like a flock of party-colored elephants. She stood dazed for a minute by the noise of self-starters and the crowd of arrivals, until, darting in and out under the elbows of chauffeurs and passengers, she saw a little bareheaded, barefooted figure in a dirty white dress edged with the finest Valenciennes lace. Pearl felt an instant conviction that this was her future charge.

"Antonia," she said in her deep voice, and the child made a rush for her.

"Are you Miss Exeter?" she exclaimed, and she gave a little boyish shake to her head. "I must say I think you are much more than pleasing. My mother said you'd be much less. She drew me a picture of what she thought you'd look like. Mother doesn't draw very well. I'm glad you're not like that. If I'd taken that as a guide I'd never have found you at all."

She beckoned to a large green touring car, and having arranged about Pearl's trunk and seen the bags put into the car, she herself sank beside Pearl on the wide back seat, while to steady herself on the slippery leather she raised one leg and clutched the back of the front seat with her bare flexible toes.

"How do you like Southampton?" she said.

If they had gone down the main street Pearl would have seen some old gray-shingled houses and elm trees that she would have honestly admired, but they had turned eastward and were now driving down a perfectly straight road at the end of which, through a dip in the dunes, the deep blue of the afternoon sea could be seen. The country was flat in every direction except the north, where a wooded rise in the ground cut off the horizon. To be candid, Pearl did not greatly admire the prospect, but she said tactfully, "I love the sea."

"Can you swim?"

"Yes."

"Can you play tennis?"

"Yes."

"Can you drive a car?"

"No."

"Good!" said the child with her friendly smile. "I'm glad I've found something you can't do. Beckett," she said, leaning forward and shouting in the ear of the chauffeur, "I mean to teach Miss Exeter to drive."

"Maybe it'd be as well to learn yourself first, miss," said the man coldly.

Antonia sighed.

"Beckett's cross," she said, "because I bent the fender coming up. My legs are too short to reach the foot brake in a hurry. Beckett knows that, but he doesn't make allowances."

"Is it safe for you to drive, then?" asked Pearl.

"Well, if you ask me, no," said Antonia candidly; "but as long as mother lets me do it, of course I'm going to. I wonder if you're going to like us. I don't see how anyone could like Dolly."

"What's the matter with Dolly?"

"Oh, about everything," answered Antonia. "I'll tell you the kind of person she is: If you forget something she asks you to do she treats you as if you were a moron to have forgotten it, and if she forgets something you ask her to do she treats you as if you were a moron to have asked her to do it."

Hundreds of Women Had Said That to Him. Even the Lovely Caroline Temple—His Former Love

"There must be something to be said for her," Pearl suggested.

Antonia considered the question. She was, as her uncle had said, the justest of created beings.

"I suppose there must be, but I don't know what it is. Then there's Durland—he's great—only he doesn't notice me much. I wish I were a boy. I want to wear trousers and be free."

"You seem to me pretty fairly free."

Antonia laughed.

"That's funny," she said. "I mean it's funny that you said that exactly the way Uncle Anthony talks—that gentle tone that makes you feel like nothing at all. Do you like Uncle Anthony? Do you think he's handsome?"

"Yes, indeed I do," answered Pearl, with the modest enthusiasm which she thought under the circumstances Augusta would have allowed herself.

"So do I," said Antonia. "So does Miss Wellington, whose mother has the house next us. She took it before she knew Uncle Anthony was going to be away all summer—at least that's what mother and I think. Miss Wellington told me she thought him handsome and she said 'And you can tell him I said so,' but I didn't—for rather a spiteful reason; I thought she wanted me to."

"It sounds that way to me, too," said Pearl.

"I'm glad you like him," Antonia went on. "He likes you too. He telephoned mother about you. He said he had found a pearl—wasn't that funny?" It was funnier than Antonia knew. "So now mother always speaks of you as the priceless pearl. Mother's rather amusing, like that. He said you were not so much on looks—just pleasing, he said. But I think you are perfectly beautiful. Do you think you're beautiful, Miss Exeter?"

This was the first crisis. Pearl knew that if she said no Antonia would distrust her honesty, and if she said yes it might be used against her. So she compromised.

"I'll answer that question the day I leave," she said.

"I'll tell you something funny about that," said Antonia. "Perhaps I oughtn't to, but I'm going to. Uncle Anthony made mother promise not to send you away until he came back, no matter what happened; but mother says she knows a way to get round that if the worst comes to the worst. You see, I don't want to hurt your feelings; but we all felt it was rather hard on us to have to have a governess at all in summer. Mother thinks it's hard too. She says it's just one of Uncle Anthony's ideas. She says a man can't take an interest in anything unless he thinks he's running it. So she just lets him think he runs the family, and then when he's away she does what she thinks best. This is our gate now. What do you think of the house? We only rent it. There's Durland going in for a swim before dinner. I wonder if he'd wait for us. Durland! Durland!"

It was quite extraordinary the volume of sound that could issue from so small a person as Antonia. She sprang out of the car over the closed door and ran round the house toward the ocean, while Pearl entered the front door alone.

A slim, gray-haired figure in delft blue came out of a neighboring room and said "Good heavens, you are not Miss Exeter, are you?"

Pearl smiled her most winning smile.

"Won't I do?" she said.

But merriment did not seem quite in order. Mrs. Conway's manners were perfect, but she was not going to begin by being any more friendly than she could help.

She answered politely, "Oh, perfectly, I feel sure. Only you do not look quite as my brother's description led me to expect; but then men are not very good at describing women."

Her hair, prematurely gray, gave more the effect of powder. Her brows were arched so much that she seemed to be looking up from under a thatch. They were blue eyes; not quite China blue, as Pearl had heard the family eyes described; they were sad, appealing eyes, which kept veiling themselves in an effort to seem dignified and remote. Yes, Pearl thought, there was something pathetic about Mrs. Conway—something that made her feel just a little bit as Alfred's lost paw made her feel; so she beamed gently down upon her new employer while that lady continued:

"I don't see how Antonia ever found you—from his account. Fortunately the child is wonderfully quick or you would be waiting at the station still. Where is she, by the way?"

Pearl explained that she had dashed down to the beach to ask her brother to wait for them, and would it be all right if she went swimming too? Over Mrs. Conway's shoulder Pearl could catch a glimpse of the piazza, and beyond that the faultless blue rim of the horizon; and as she talked she could hear close by the thud and hiss as a a wave went up the beach. She longed to be in the water.

"Oh, yes, go if you want to," said Mrs. Conway. She was not exactly cordial. Gentle, friendly people like Edna Conway always go too far when they try to be cold; they have no experience in the rôle. "But try not to keep them waiting too long. My children hate to be kept waiting."

"I do myself," answered Pearl gayly.

"Really?" said Mrs. Conway, and the arched eyebrows went up under the gray thatch.

Pearl saw she had said the wrong thing; but whether it was wrong for a governess to dislike being kept waiting, or presumptuous to put herself into the same interesting group

as the Conway children, she had no idea. She did not much care either. The smooth blue sea was waiting for her, and she went springing upstairs, slinging off a string of beads—translucent pearl-gray glass, the color of her eyes—and thinking to herself that it was a mercy she had had sense enough to put her bathing dress in her bag. She tore it out from the lower layers so violently that shoes and brushes flew into the air like stones from a volcano; and in a surprisingly short time she was running through the deserted sitting room, out across the piazza, down the steep wooden steps to the beach

At the edge of the water Durland was standing with his back to her. Although he was a thin boy of fifteen in a striped red-and-blue bathing suit, he was standing with one knee advanced, his hand on his hip and a cigarette dangling from his lip, as if he were the late King Edward VII at Homburg. Beside him, Antonia was digging a hole like a dog—possibly her sleeping hole for the evening—and talking all the time. She was talking about Miss Exeter.

Durland was deeply opposed to the idea of Miss Exeter. In the first place he was opposed to women, as a prisoner is opposed to stone walls. He was surrounded by them, dominated by them. His mother, his mother's maid, who had been with them forever, his sister Dorothy—they all bullied him and cut him off from his fellow men. Sometimes, with disgust, he heard himself using the feminized vocabulary of the women about him, and though he was as masculine as possible—smoked and everything—he could not shake off their influence. Then he hated governesses as representing that most emasculated form of that most emasculated thing—learning. His friends had already made fun of him about it. It had been said on the beach, "I hear they're getting a governess to keep you in order, Durlie." He had decided to make it clear that he had nothing to do with the woman. He doubted if he even allowed her to teach him algebra, though as a matter of fact he wanted to pass his examination. And then, last but not least of his reasons, he felt opposed to anything that Antonia so wildly recommended, because that was one way of keeping her in the complete subjection to him in which she lived

So while she chattered of Miss Exeter and her beauty and her youngness and the sort of niceness of the way in which she looked at you, he stood gazing out to sea as if the best he could do for his little sister was just not to hear her at all.

Then Antonia cried "Here she is!" and executed a four-footed leap on finger tips and toes; and then Durland was aware of a circular motion of white arms and long white legs whirling past his shoulder, and the new governess had plunged into the Atlantic.

This really wouldn't do at all—governess doing handsprings. It looked peculiar, and yet it did pique the curiosity. He sauntered a step nearer with a slow, sophisticated, loose-kneed walk. Miss Exeter and Antonia were behaving foolishly, and noisily, too—splashing each other and laughing. He himself went in as if the object of a swim were not to disturb one unnecessary drop of water. He swam a stroke or two under the surface, and coming up out of a wave found himself face to face with Pearl. The wonderful radiance of those gray eyes came to rest on his, and his heart melted within him like a pat of butter. It wasn't just her beauty, though that would probably have been enough; but it was the immense, generous friendliness toward all the world when the world would allow her to be friendly that warmed and comforted his young spirit. He gazed at her, and suddenly the gaze was cut short by Pearl's decision to stand on her head. Two white feet clapped together in front of Durland's nose.

If she had been less beautiful he would have said to himself that she really did not know how to behave. As it was, he thought that she would certainly lay herself open to unkind criticism. He wanted to protect her, and he was not without tact. He said, when she came to the surface, blinking the water from her long, matted eyelashes, "It's nice to have our own beach, isn't it?—to be able to do what we like—stand on our heads or anything without being talked about."

She did not seem to get it at all.

"Let's swim out," she said, and laid her ear upon the face of the sea as if she were a baby listening to the ticking of a watch. He swam beside her, looking into her face, and she gave him a friendly little beam every now and then. It was wonderful to be under no necessity of suppressing her cheerful kindness of heart. "Let it do its deadly work" was her feeling.

They had a good long swim, and when they came in were met by Mrs. Conway at the head of the steps. She was dressed for dinner in a faint pink tea gown with pearls

She said civilly, but all on one note, "Dinner is ready, Miss Exeter."

Yes, she who had so often waited uncomplainingly for hours for her children, pretending that the clocks were wrong, or the dinner hour changed, or that the mistake had been hers, was now feeling outraged at being obliged to wait ten minutes for this governess her brother had so obstinately insisted on engaging.

"Oh, I won't be a minute, Mrs. Conway," said Pearl, feeling genuinely sorry to have inconvenienced anyone, but not feeling at all guilty as Mrs. Conway wanted her to feel.

"Yes, I do hope you'll contrive not to be very long," she said, and could not understand the cause for a dark look her son gave her as he pursued his shivering way upstairs.

She went into the sitting room, where her daughter Dorothy was already waiting. It was not a miracle that Dolly was ready on time, but a phenomenon to be explained by the fact that she had a bridge engagement immediately after dinner.

She was a pretty, round-faced girl, rather like her mother, except that her hair was still a natural light brown, and her eyes were brown too. She did not raise her head, as her mother entered, from the fashion paper which she was languidly studying.

"Not a very promising beginning, is it?" said Mrs. Conway. She knew Dolly would be annoyed and she wished to cut herself off completely from the guilty one. "Do you suppose she's going to keep us waiting for dinner half an hour every evening?"

Dolly bent her head to examine a picture of an ermine wrap.

"Oh, well, mother," she said, "what can you expect if you give in to every whim of Uncle Anthony's?"

Mrs. Conway made a pathetic little grimace—pathetic because it was so obviously intended to win Dolly to her side to make the girl feel that she and her mother had a secret alliance against the world at large.

"You'll find, my dear," she said, "that in dealing with men it's easier to yield at the moment and find a way out at leisure."

But Dolly, who had not even looked up long enough to see the grimace, answered with a bitter little laugh, "It may be easier for you, but not for us. We have to suffer. That's the trouble with you, mother—you think of no one in the world but yourself."

Her mother did not answer—she could not. Tears rose in her blue eyes. She had enormous capacity for being hurt. Strangely enough, there was something in her that drove those she loved to say exactly the thing that would hurt her most. It had always been so with her husband, and now it was so with her children.

A misplaced fortitude always led her to hide the fact that she was hurt.

She said now with false gayety, "Well, my dear, I hope some day you will find someone who loves you even better than I do, then."

"I'm sure I hope so," said Dolly, turning the page.

Her manner suggested that if she could not do that much her life would indeed be a failure.

Mrs. Conway stepped out on the piazza. That was the way—you gave up your life to making your children happy, to shielding them from grief and anxiety, and then they blamed you and hurt you horribly for something that was not at all your fault. She felt a moment of resentment toward her brother. Why had Anthony insisted on this silly plan? She had been too considerate of Anthony's feelings; she ought to have refused to have a governess at all. It was much wiser in this world to be stern and cruel. She decided to be stern and to begin with Miss Exeter, who entered the sitting room at this moment. She was wearing a plain cream-colored dress out of which her lovely head—all brown and rose color and gold—seemed strangely bright colored.

"I suppose you're Dolly," she said in her deep warm voice, and held out an open hand.

Dolly, like most young people, estimated beauty as the best of gifts. She might have been almost as much captured by Pearl's as her brother had been, except that her ego was taken up with the outrage of her being kept waiting—she, the most important person in the house, who had taken the trouble not only to order dinner on time but—what did not always happen—to be on time herself.

She rose, and allowing a limp hand to pass rapidly through Miss Exeter's, she said, "Do let's go in to dinner, mother."

"Yes, indeed," said her mother, coming in rapidly from the piazza. "We dine at eight, Miss Exeter. Another evening I'm sure you will be on time."

This was not perhaps a very terrible beginning to a régime of sternness; but to Durland, just getting down, it appeared one of the most

(Continued on Page 96)

To Durland She Said, "Shall We Go In Now?" His Shoulder Was Turned to Caroline and He Did Not Shift It as He Replied, "You Can If You Like"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentine, Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and Uruguay, $2.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft payable in U. S. Funds.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.00 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

Other Foreign Countries in the Postal Union: Subscriptions, $6.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 5, 1924

What the Doctor Orders

THE war proved that we could, at a pinch and for a time, bear a tax burden that was undreamed of in 1913; but it has become increasingly apparent that long-continued and excessive taxation is arresting the development of the country and is seriously affecting our national well-being. The saving of $323,000,000 that will result if Mr. Mellon's program is adopted would be like the removal of that last straw which broke the back of the fabled camel—meaning not much to the driver, but a lot to the camel. It would produce a beneficial effect quite out of proportion to the sum immediately involved. In other words, it is for Congress to decide whether we shall go on with 323,000,000 grains of sand cutting our national bearings or the same number of drops of oil conserving them and making them run cool and sweet.

The direct savings proposed by Mr. Mellon are almost insignificant in comparison with the indirect benefits that would accrue through lowered commodity prices, lessened costs of living, and the abolition of those surcharges added in detail by every middleman and dumped in a lump upon the ultimate consumer. Of still greater importance would be the tidal wave of optimism that would oversweep the nation if men of ability now standing on the sidelines were given this incentive to plunge into the game of business and industry. This they will not do while they read between the lines of our internal-revenue acts the existing rule of heads I win, tails you lose.

The government actuary figures that persons with incomes of $10,000 and under would be the direct beneficiaries of 70 per cent of the proposed reductions. Almost anyone can figure on the back of an envelope just how much this would lop off his tax bill for the year 1924; but very few of us possess sufficient data upon which to compute the invisible savings we should have a right to count upon under the Mellon plan.

Consider the typical case of a young man with a wife, two children and an earned income of $4000 a year. He is paying a Federal income tax of $28. Mr. Mellon proposes to let him off for $15.75. Perhaps he is not especially thrilled to find that the precise sum Mr. Mellon desires to save him in spot cash is $12.25. Possibly he is unaware that the statistical Mr. Babson has computed that a $4000 salaried man, though he has no wife or family to maintain, may credit himself with certain indirect savings amounting to no less than $80; and if this statement leaves him cold, perhaps he may experience a pleasant glow when told that the same authority has estimated that lowered commodity prices will save even a $4000 bachelor some $200 a year.

Here are three items in the lowest taxable bracket that add up to $292.25. Plainly, if any $4000 man with a wife and two children regards this as a sum too trifling to engage his attention, the chances are his wife monopolizes whatever business brains there may be in the family.

If we go a step higher and apply our figures to the live young executive who is too busy earning his $10,000 a year to marry and bring up a family, we find that the Treasury Department desires to save him $285. Mr. Babson sweetens this not undignified economy with indirect benefits which he appraises at $200, and gives him a further estimated credit of $500 on commodity prices. Here is a total of $985, or a sum nearly equivalent to a 10 per cent raise in salary.

We have no certain means of checking the estimated figures here quoted; but they do not appear incredible in view of the fact that nearly every important business man who has indorsed Mr. Mellon's plan in the press has given his own set of reasons for so doing, and the benefits enumerated cover the whole field of business, trade, industry and finance from top to bottom.

The recommendation that surtaxes begin at $10,000 instead of at $5000, and that they be limited to 25 per cent instead of to 50 per cent, as under the existing law, will be fought tooth and nail by those who are still unaware that if the income of every very rich man were confiscated in its entirety, the total would be insufficient to lighten materially the burden of the financial middle class. Even the railroad men, in a decade in which they did not understand economic law as well as they do today, discovered that when rates were more than the traffic would bear the road lost the business. The same rule applies to taxes, and the Government is today losing good and profitable business hand over fist for the same reason. This, at least, is the conclusion the Treasury experts have arrived at after exhaustive study of oceans of figures covering the entire period during which the income tax has been in force. They may be wrong, but we are not aware that anyone has successfully challenged their conclusions.

The adoption of Mr. Mellon's proposals would do more to break the nation-wide strike of capital, executive ability and other constructive forces than any program that has hitherto been brought forward. The strike of these elements is not chronicled in newspaper headlines from day to day, as the coal strike was last autumn; but its effects are in no way diminished because it operates silently and invisibly.

Few persons not in touch with industry realize how many men in the prime of life and in the fullness of their powers have followed the example of a certain successful textile manufacturer who some time ago closed his mill, liquidated his working capital and put the proceeds into tax-exempt bonds. He divides his time between hunting, fishing, golf and travel. "I have no desire to make money," he tells his friends. "What's the use? Why should I keep factory hours, subject my capital to the risks of business, wear myself out in the daily grind and then hand over 58 per cent of my profits, if there are any, to the Federal Government, and another large slice to state and local tax collectors? My tax-free bonds yield me more dollars that I can really call my own than my business did before I gave it up. The Government that penalized me when I was a useful and productive citizen now puts a premium on my idleness. Existing laws invite me to sit in a business game in which all the cards are stacked against me."

This man is typical of many thousands, who, in the aggregate, control hundreds of millions of capital, and who have power to say whether it shall go adventuring in the productive but often perilous fields of industry, or whether it shall seek freedom in tax-free securities.

Trade and industry are losing not only the capital of the strikers but also their executive ability, their driving power and their genius for organization and development. The resulting situation is anything but wholesome, and yet it is only added proof of the memorable saying of Chief Justice Marshall that the power to tax is the power to destroy.

Mr. Mellon, with the assistance of Treasury experts, has written a clear and definite prescription for what ails the country. The best thought of the nation has approved it. The patient clamors for it. The President urges it. And yet a section of Congress is planning to thin and water this tonic so as to rob it of most of its virtue.

This, of course, is not good business. We doubt if it is even good politics, for new millions of little taxpayers are beginning to wake up and to comprehend the trickeries of taxation as they never did before.

The Problem of Wheat Export

OUT of the months of controversy over the wheat situation two proposals for relief in the direction of exports are apparently developing.

It seems agreed on both sides that export wheat must be marketed separately from wheat for domestic consumption if the domestic price is not to be tied down to the world price. Under what organization might it be possible to separate the marketing of the two lots of wheat, the one designed for home consumption, the other to pass into export trade? According to the argument urged on both sides, the wheat passing into export trade must be sold at the lower world price, but the wheat remaining on the home market would be sold at a higher price. Using arbitrary figures, if we had a crop of 800,000,000 bushels, 75,000,000 bushels would be retained for seed, some 600,000,000 bushels for home consumption at the higher price, while some 100,000,000 bushels would be sold abroad at the lower world price. In this manner it is proposed to raise the price of wheat to the American growers.

The one proposal calls for the organization of a wheat growers' coöperative association. The wheat of the country would be pooled according to some prearranged plan. So much would be set aside for export after the needs of the country had been determined. The export wheat would from time to time be sold on the world market for what it would bring. With the free export market obliterated, the price on the home market would rise, presumably to a point approximating the sum of the world price and the duty of the protective tariff. The marketing organization would hope to see the price rise to the relative level of other farm products, or to the prewar relative level or to the level of prices in general. Index numbers might be used as guides. The returns from the sale in domestic markets at the higher price and in export markets at the lower price would be pooled and each grower would be paid what would be computed as his share. The loss on the export transaction—that might or might not be called a dumping—would fall on the growers and reduce their returns on the transactions in domestic markets. Such a plan would represent a private undertaking, the coördinated operations of a number of business men engaged in wheat growing. If it were to succeed it would be a strictly business success; if it were to fail it would be a business failure.

The second proposal contemplates a government organization. This would operate with government capital. The losses attending the export of the surplus of wheat would be charged back to the growers of the following crop. If the official agricultural export commission had charge of domestic as well as export marketing of wheat, the actual operations would be the same as under the first plan, except for the use of government capital and organization. But if the agricultural export commission were only to be intrusted with the export fraction of wheat trading, how the Government would charge the losses back to the growers is difficult to see. How could the losses on the export business be charged back on the following crop? And according to what equity would the losses be charged back to the growers in proportion to their shares in the outturn of export wheat? Once started, where will this theory of action end? What is wanted is not the easiest solution of the moment, but the correct solution. With due consideration of the conditions of wheat growers in some states, there must be some other way of getting them out of trouble than by getting the Government into trouble.

As the Jones Family Sees It

By WILL PAYNE

MY FRIEND'S name is Jones. He is junior partner in a firm of New York patent lawyers and he lives in Greenwich, Connecticut. He will tell you it is a dog's life—rushing through breakfast and driving a mile and three-quarters to the station to catch the 8:18 train to the city, then breaking his neck every afternoon trying to get through in time to catch the 5:22 home, and usually getting the 6:08.

But he is compelled to live that way, shunting back and forth on suburban trains, because it is simply impossible to bring up four children in a city flat; they've got to have country space and fresh air. In summer he rarely goes to town on Saturday. The day is spent in a rustic debauch. He rises early, putting on a pair of ancient trousers and a faded shirt without a collar. Until dinnertime he digs and prunes and tinkers, building stone fence being a vice to which he seems especially addicted. Nature, unfortunately, inclined him to girth and perspiration. Long before noon he is the sweatiest and dirtiest man in Connecticut and probably the happiest. Often in the frenzy of gardening or fence building his luncheon consists of a hand-out at the kitchen door, for his wife has laid down a law that he must not eat with the family unless he bathes and changes his clothes, which would ruin the day. After dinner, in reputable clothes and solaced by a pipe, he surveys his beloved four and a half acres from the back veranda and confesses that the life of a commuter has its compensations In fact, the children are only an alibi; he wouldn't live in a city flat except under sentence of a court.

In the legal Baedeker of New York, Jones' firm is not distinguished by double stars; comparatively few people ever heard of it. But it is a well-established and reasonably prosperous concern all the same. One year with another Jones has a surplus of about $10,000 to salt down in investments. His wife inherited from her father a little bundle of stock in the Rowley Manufacturing Company, whose sole product is the Natty Bumpo Air Rifle, a toy with which three generations of youngsters have hunted the family cat and broken the neighbors' windows. Under the management of her Uncle Amos Rowley, this company appears to be endowed with a tough Yankee conservatism which enables it to defy the common law that everything must either grow or decay. For many years it has done neither to any appreciable extent, but just held its ground—much like Uncle Amos himself, who, at seventy-two, seems just about where he was at forty-two.

Mrs. Jones' stock yields her around $6000 a year. She puts aside half of it, more particularly for the three girls. She hopes her daughters will marry and that their husbands will be able to support them; but she has an old-fashioned notion that a girl may think all the better of herself if she brings her husband, in addition to the usual romantic goods, some hard cash. She remembers how substantially her Natty Bumpo dividends smoothed the rough places in the early years when Henry was striving for a law practice and an income. Her brother Sam also derives an income of about $6000 from the air rifle; but that business never much interested him. He once entertained some indefinite leanings toward plastic art, then took up photography in an amateur way. Perhaps his Rowley blood doomed him from the start. At any rate, he presently found himself engaged in photography as a business—not photography for art, however, but photography for advertising. In this strictly commercial venture he was fated to make a very respectable success. When he casts up the accounts at the end of the year there will usually be $15,000 or so of surplus to invest. And at seventy-two Uncle Amos himself is still tucking a few bonds away in his venerable stocking at New Year's.

This family, you will observe, is a hopelessly bourgeois New England clan of the middling type which seems to deserve no consideration from anybody. They do not engage in bold creative—or predatory—enterprises, thereby rolling up great wealth and letting themselves in for radical reprobation. On the other hand, they are not subway-and-cafeteria bourgeois in whose behalf rent laws and the like are passed. There seems nothing to do with them except just turn one's back. Even in politics they incline to that middling position which gets the bricks from

Continued on Page 48

"FAIR ENOUGH"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Presidential Zoo

(A Collie Has Just Been Added to the White House Menagerie, Which Already Includes Laddie Buck, Peter Pan, a Cat and a Bear

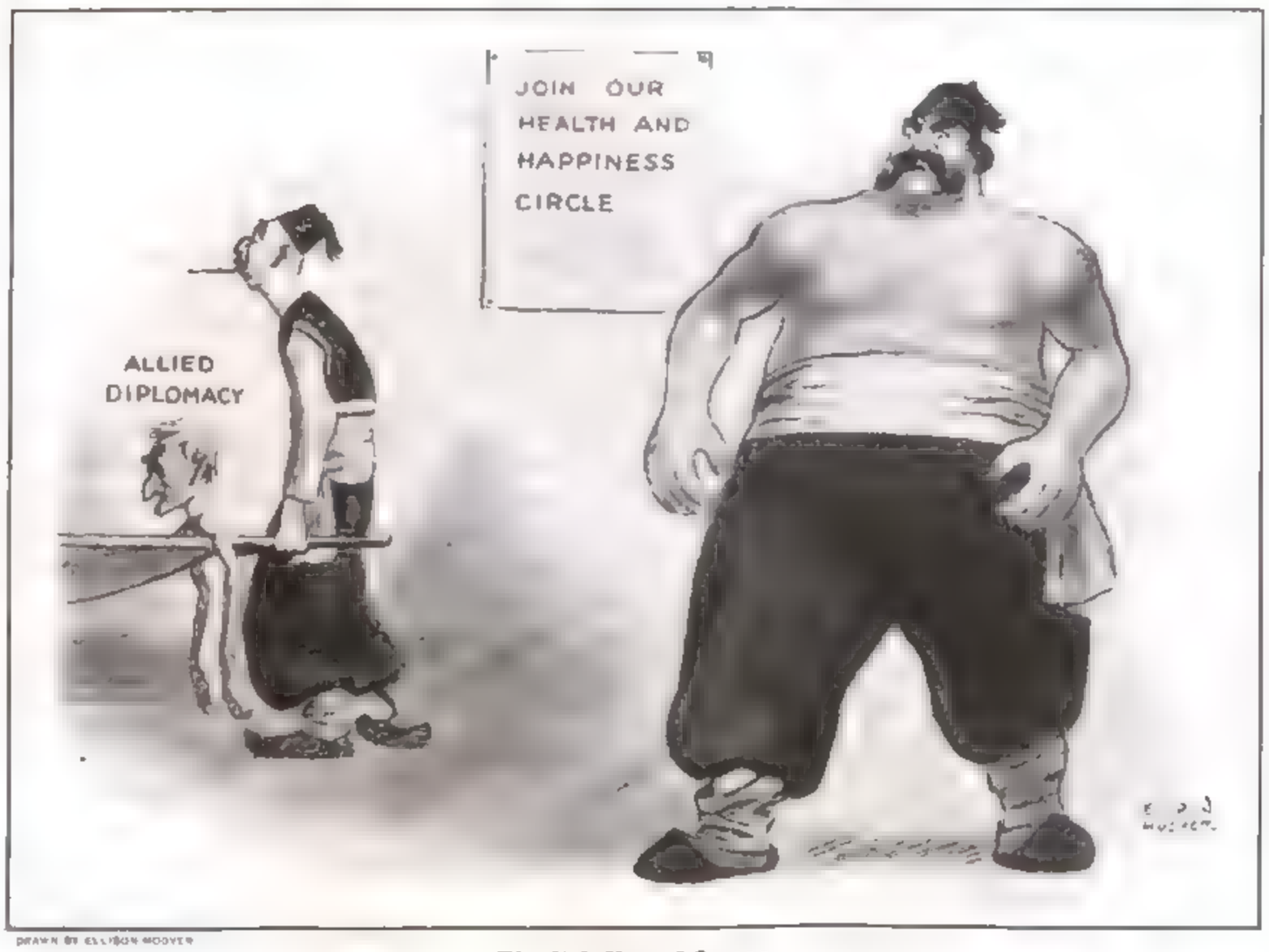
I HAVE caught Australian dingoes and flamingos
And a Spanish abalone and an auk;
I have lured the Lima llamas, I have scoured the Bahamas.
And I've even captured sparrows in New York.
I have mounted Montezuma for a puma,
I have dodoes from the Patagonian wood,
And a ringtail blue gorilla from the region of Manila—
For the best, I always say, is none too good.

I have fitted expeditions with provisions
And dispatched them to Tasmania and Tibet;
I have spared no foreign nations in extensive explorations
For another kind of presidential pet.
I have hunted from Siberia to Algeria
In search of something sensible and new,
To make the White House merrier by adding to the terrier
A whale or an orang-utan or two.

I have cast off all the trammels of the mammals,
And I've tackled Evolution at the roots;
I have sought the Vertebrata of the Tertiary strata
In my paleontological pursuits.
I have charming protozoa from Samoa,
And a cunning germ I found in Timbuktu;
And I'll send the whole collection to a rotogravure section
Before they join the Coolidge private zoo.

I have ravaged the Rumanians and Albanians,
I've had the Congo country in my grasp;
I've caught a Bengal tiger and a fierce Jamaica jaguar,
And a wapiti, a weasel and a wasp.
I have drowsy dromedaries and canaries,
And a jackal, a jerboa and a jennet;
And if these should prove abundant and the pets become redundant,
We could get the country started on the Senate.

-Corey Ford.



The Sick Man of Europe

Giuseppe on Golf

THEES game a da golf, eet getta my goat. My seester's litla boy, Alfredo, nota yet seexteen, hava work as cadda on a thee public leenks two, t'ree year. He braga aroun' da house verra much about how gooda he is at a da game. He one day aska me to go out weeth heem an' letta heem teacha me to play thees a game. I theenk mebbe so I taka heem down one, mebbe so two peg, so I go.

He hav beega bag fulla da club, an' plenta litla white a ball. He maka litla pile a sand an' placa da litla ball on a hees top. Then he taka a verra longa club an' sweeng at heem. Cr-r-rack! The litla ball he fly lika da bird, hundred feefty yard, then he run ona da ground, lika da rab' feefty yard a more.

Then, litla Alfredo, he fixa da sanda pile for me, an' handa to me hees club, an' he say, "See can you driva heem so far as me." I hava to laugh to myself. Alfredo, litla skeeny fella, arms lika da pipa stem; but me, I beega man, beega da ches', beega da leg, beega da arm, plenty da mus'; I know I can hit theesa ball a mile an' lose heem for litla Alfredo. So I swing at heem, an' believa me, I sweeng hard. I sweeng so hard I no can stan' still but speen roun' lika da top, two, t'ree time. When I hava stop, I say: "Dida you see heem go?"

An' Alfredo say, "He no go, you mees heem, he still seet on his sanda pile, an' a look at you." An' he seet there, as eef he would say: "You beega da boob, you no can heet me."

"I show you, you litla white devil," I say, an' once a more I sweeng, but once a more I mees.

"Keepa da eye on da ball, eef you wanta heet heem," says Alfredo.

"You keepa da tongue in da mout," I tella heem, "eef you no wanta I should a heet you." Then I try heem once more. I hava begeen to feel much a da mad. I mad at litla Alfredo, I mad at a da litla ball, I mad at a da whole worl', but my mind I hava made up, to heet thatta ball or busta myself wide a open.

Thees time I walk up to heem slow, I theenk, mebbe so, the otha times I hava been too queeck. I draw backa da club verra slow, verra careful, then I shutta my eye an' breeng a heem down with all a da mus' what I got, an' thees time I heet something—but notta da ball. Eet ees the grounda what I heet, an' I heet heem so hard I maka da dirt fly alla da same lika dynamite blast. Eet a rain on Alfredo an' me, an' leave beega hole in a da groun'.

But the litla ball hava gone an' I saya to Alfredo, "Anyway I heet heem thees a time." But Alfredo pointa hees feenger atta heem, five, seexa yard to one side an' he say, "No, you no heet heem, but when you heet thatta ground he theenk eet a earthaquake an' runa to one a side to getta away."

Then I queet; I not so beega fool notta to know when I hava enough. To Alfredo I giva back hees club, an' to heem I say: "Taka back thees a club, an' thees a ball, an' feenish thees a game without a me. Eet mebbe so nice a game for cheeldren," I say, "but notta for beega growna man lika me. To hella weeth such a game!" I say.

—C. A. Moreno.

Comment of a Country Editor

ECK GOODSPEED, who had been standing on the corner of Main and Fifth streets for thirty-five years, has changed his location and will hereafter be found in front of the Farmers and Mechanics' National Bank. "I hated to give up the old place," Mr. Goodspeed has explained to his friends, "but since the old hotel was torn down and the trees in front of it taken out it offered no shade in summer and very little protection from the wind in winter. And so, as a matter of both comfort and precaution, I moved."

Bart Kinney, who made some inquiries when he was down there last summer, says Hon. Mortimer Judd, who has represented this district in Congress since 1907, has never been heard of in Washington.

If you have no opinions of your own which you care to express, this country probably is as free as any other.

(Continued on Page 84)

Mr. and Mrs. Beans

Mr. Beans:
"It Does Seem to Me, Violet——"

"With Coolidge, Lodge, Weeks, Moses and All That New England Bunch Down in Washington——"

"That it Should be an Easy Matter to Land One of Our Family in That White House Job"

America's favorite beans!

People know that Campbell's label always assures them of Quality. They know it means a food product that can always be trusted for the goodness of its ingredients and its temptation to the appetite. When they buy beans, they buy Campbell's. Beans are one of the nation's favorite foods. Campbell's are the nation's favorite beans!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Slow-cooked **Digestible**

THE LANTERN ON THE PLOW

"What's the Matter?" She Asked Between Chattering Teeth. "What Happened, Bob?" "Lock Your Hands Around My Neck," He Ordered

XXXIV

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

OF ALL those who frequented Rattling Run Fields at different times in the year, but especially during the summer months, there were two who seemed freer from the house, in the sense of being disjointed, than any of the others. But the paths of these two, in fact all their ways, were diametrically divergent. Jimmy Mattis pulled away from the homestead through a persistent desire to draw Io from the midst of friends among whom he never ceased to feel awkward. In the case of Robert Colter, motive and manner were as different from Jimmy's conduct as the open sea is from swamp water.

Colter made himself a man of mystery to others for his own comfort. He came to Rattling Run Fields when he felt like it and left without a word even to Drake. While there, he was always busy, but never with anybody else's business.

He seldom danced, though he would play for hours for others to dance, waiting until they were exhausted to drift off into fantasies of music for which they had ears only when their feet were tired. Aside from this limited association, he took little part in the activities of Drake's classmates or of Io and her friends

In a certain way he possessed the whole farm more broadly than did Drake, for there was one section to which its owner never wandered—the cliff where great blasts of dynamite from time to time were blowing away the core of Rattling Run Fields. In fact Drake was almost a stranger even to the pasture, sentineled with cedars, where the continuous thunder of the mills throbbed its undertone to every sound and scene, by night as well as by day.

Colter, however, was not averse to this mighty rumble which suggested to his thoughts and feelings gigantic chords. To him the blot of shade thrown by the upland cedar, which permits few familiarities from other trees, was the coolest of all shadows, because it was wind-swept by every moving air. Lying beneath such a tree, he would fasten his eyes on its distant mate, his head propped on a hummock, with his back to the quarry, and keep his gaze fixed interminably.

To the youth who could find fun in watching an oak grow, there were depths in the blackness of a cedar thrown against an empty sky as profound as the depths beyond the stars on a moonless night. Soon vision would become confused as to whether it was gazing at a plume of inky smoke, magically static, or was lost in the stillness of a century, compressed within the compact veins of a single tree.

From the far boundary of the pasture down past the swimming hole, and along the brook to the point where Rattling Run crept beneath the bridge and away toward the Cohansey, there was no spot which Colter did not love and frequent, searching not only for a solution of Drake Sherborne, the unreadable, but for the answer to the question of himself. So many questions that, it seemed to him, were being more forcibly pressed by the passing day than ever before—what to do and what to believe; what to take and what to leave untouched; whither to go amid the myriad pathways of life and come out eventually among the upland cedars. And here was Drake, knowing for himself all answers!

Through these thoughts, almost against his will, played a flashing intermittent vision of Io, not objectively, but as a restive beam plays amid moving shadows. Her actual relations with him were casual; limited for the most part to a wave of the hand and calls of "'Lo, Bob!" and "Hello, Io!" when she ran across him during her wanderings, bringing a half-rueful, half-amused twist to his lips. He believed, rightly, that she never really saw him. Perhaps this was due to the seniority of eight years, which makes such a vast difference to a girl still in her teens, or perhaps merely to his habit of keeping out of the way of other people's minds. Then there was the possibility that the constant intrusion of Jimmy's bulky body obstructed her view.

Dismissed by Drake from the living room, Io went out to talk to Tom for lack of anything else to do. There had been a time when the old man could be loquacious on a variety of subjects; but ever since Alexander had died his talk was limited to one of two lines. He would discuss plans for the improvement of Rattling Run Fields from sunrise to sunset; failing that, he fell back on tales of Alexander, all of which Io had heard many times, ending up invariably and inevitably with the historical account of the only animal to die standing up and keep his feet thereafter Drake, some time since, had begun experiments with such fruit as flourishes in a light soil, and Tom's subject on this day was a pessimistic discourse on the plantation of a group of fig trees.

"Figs in Jersey, Io!" he concluded at last. "What do you think of that?"

"I don't think anything about it," replied Io listlessly. "But if Drake plants them they will grow."

She left him, went to her room and put on a wisp of a bathing suit, to wander barefoot through the orchard and the woods toward the swimming hole. In a scallop of the rise to the left she saw Colter lying with his back against the log where the judge had imparted memorable advice, the same log where, years later, he learned from the lips of Colter the result of his counsel to Drake.

"'Lo Robert," called Io with a wave of her hand.

"Hello, Io," he replied.

She continued for a few paces, then her steps slackened; she paused, turned, and with head dropped in thought, came to sit down cross-legged in front of him.

"Do you mind?" she asked.

"Mind!" exclaimed Colter. "I should say not! Why should I mind?"

"Oh, I don't know. You always seem to want to be alone."

"I'm never alone. I can't stand it."

"You must mean something by that," said Io, throwing up her head and smiling. "I give it up. Tell me."

"I'm always with something or someone every minute," complied Colter, smiling back at her. "I get a lot of fun out of listening to trees; I take walks on my back that

(Continued on Page 30)

Swift's Premium Bacon

SO regular has its use become, so definitely has the choice of *kind* been fixed, that the purchase of bacon in thousands of homes is a whole piece at a time —and always Swift's Premium.

The cost per pound is lower this way and, more important, there is perfect assurance that one really *has* the finest of bacon, buying it thus in the original parchment wrapper so plainly marked Swift's Premium.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Another way to buy it

For convenience many prefer to buy this bacon in the cartons—one pound or one-half pound sliced uniformly, rind all removed, ready for the pan

Continued from Page 28

I took long ago on my feet, and revisit the friends I made I spend hours with Drake when he isn't around, and hours with you."

"With me?" cried Io, her eyes suddenly alight to the eternal lure of any particle of oneself in the eyes of another. "What do you see?" she asked. "What do we talk about?"

"Ah, what do we talk about? Well, so far you haven't said a great deal, Io. I just watch you and think, 'Here's a straight young tree out for a walk; let's see what she'll do.'"

"And what do I do?"

"Never the same thing twice."

A slow flush mounted to his cheeks. He was wondering why she had stopped to speak to him, but he would not ask He did not even wish to know, for he was being assailed by the temptation to break through her unconscious wall of impersonality. He had summed her up in talking to the judge as being all question. Why should he, Robert Colter, remain forever outside the range of her demanding mind? In the pause their eyes met and held until he became aware of a peculiar sense of immersion.

"I could tell you," he said recklessly, "something you did once which you will never remember and I shall never forget."

"Tell me," begged Io gravely.

"I don't think I could, after all," said Colter, "because you've never seen a field of California yellow daisies."

"Don't you mean poppies?"

"No, I don't," he replied almost gruffly. "I mean daisies. Not orange; yellow—solid even—laid on like golden butter on a fresh slice of the earth."

"You make my mouth water," murmured Io "Please tell me, Bob. Please."

"Shall I?"

"Yes"

"Listen.

'Said Io's mother to her girl's sweetheart,
One lovely March-blown day,
'Just pick the daisies from Ridgefold Acre,
And then you may go and play.'"

Colter's eyes sparkled into hers; his lips were half laughing, half serious before the absorption in her eager face, solemnly intent.

"More?" he asked.

"Of course," said Io impatiently; "and please don't stop again."

He continued

The boy climbed up to the high hilltop,
Alas for his day of play!
Like a yellow carpet, a thick yellow carpet,
The flood of daisies lay

"'Oh, Io dear, so far, so near,
Across the daisies fey,
Wait but a moment or wait but a year;
I'll pluck the field away!'

"He kneeled him down on the soft lush ground
And reached forth fingers two;
Each flower cried out as his hand drew near
I'm Io; I live for you.'

"The sun climbed up, the sun went down,
And still the daft boy kneeled,
Till a soft air swept the day quite out
And rustled the bright gold field

"The lips of the wind were on his mouth,
The stars were in his eyes,
When the maiden moon tossed up her horns
And stepped from the sloping skies

"Like a snow-white heifer, a milk-white heifer,
She walked on the cloth of gold;
The flowers cried out at the kiss of her feet,
'Up, lad, and pluck her; be bold!'

"But Io's mother snatched his cap from his head
And threw it far away;
'With never a flower for my dear girl's dower,
Alone you shall go and play.'"

There was a tense, smiling moment of silence, and then Io cried sharply, "Bob, how did you know?"

"How did I know?"

"Ah, of course," she said, with a falling gesture of her hands. "Everyone may know about Io and the crescent moon without my telling. They can read it in books"

"Only part of it, Io."

"Is there more, Bob?" she asked eagerly.

"You mean of the Ballad of Yellow Daisies? No; there isn't any more to that—at present. Did you like it?"

"You know without my saying," she replied. "Only mother would never have snatched the boy's cap and thrown it away—not that boy's"

"Perhaps not," said Colter; "but, just the same, I'm never going to wear a cap."

Io glanced up as if she had been startled into seeing him, and a faint color glowed for an instant deep beneath the surface of her cheeks. She was truly aware of him for the first time in her life, and it made her restless. She arose, stood for a moment, still wholly unconscious of her body, and then started toward the swimming hole. Halfway down the slope she paused to turn and look at him as one looks at an interesting stranger

XXXV

ON THE day following Io's visit to explain when a lie is not a lie, Colter came to the window of the living room and called to Drake

"Come out," he said; "there is something in the pasture I wish you to see"

"I never go to the pasture," replied Drake.

"You'd better come today, Drake," persisted Colter. "You needn't come all the way in. Just stand at the fence and look across. I'll tell you. Something has wandered from Bedloe's Island."

Drake was persuaded. He tossed aside his book and went with Colter along the edge of the wood, pausing from time to time to examine his fruit trees and make mental notes of how they were doing and of what they seemed to require

Three years, all but a few weeks, had slipped by since he had come into his patrimony, and a glance was enough to show how he had been spending his money and time In the triangle formed by the irregular line of the wood, the easterly fence of the pasture and the private road which bifurcated the farm, he had erected stretches of high brick wall set at varying angles to establish the merits of different exposures. Against these walls were trellised peach, apple, nectarine and pear trees. In one corner was a plot given over to experimenting with different varieties of fig trees. These had been recently released from winter coverings and the columns of their brown branches, freshly in leaf, were loaded with weights to pull them open.

(Continued on Page 102)

"That's You!" She Gasped at Drake "That's You and That, and That, and That!"

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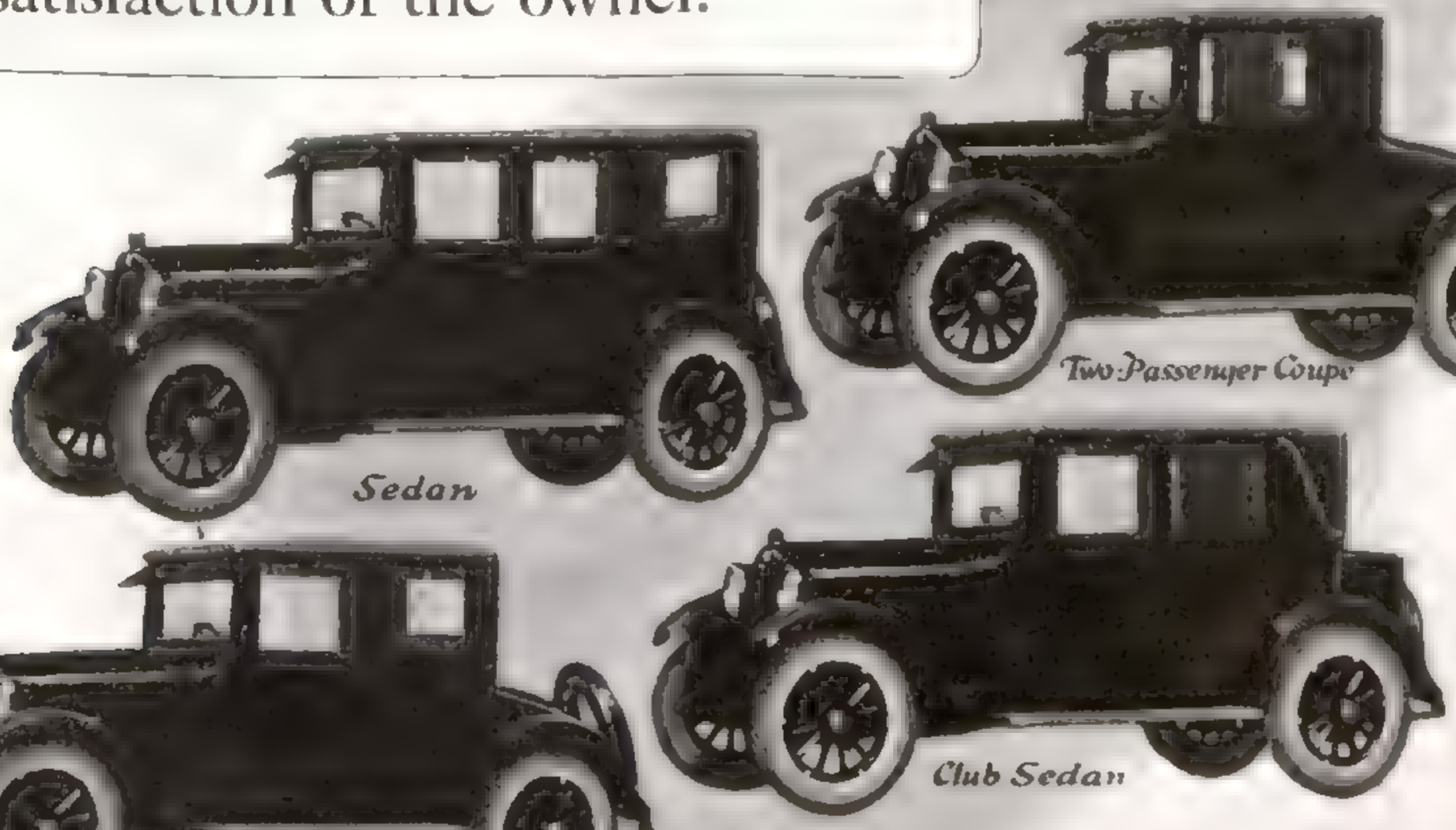

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THE DANGER OF EUROPE

A Monarchist Reaction in Germany—By Philip Gibbs

IT IS impossible to forecast with any certainty the immediate future of Germany, now that all the forces of hunger, political chaos, financial bankruptcy and disintegration are at work in that unhappy country, under a régime which is insecure.

It is easier to forecast the general tendency of German political evolution, which in my opinion is clearly marked through all these currents and cross currents. It is a tide running strongly to the Right; that is to say, a reaction towards the old monarchist and militarist traditions which existed before 1914. It is probable that Germany will reestablish a limited monarchy or a disguised monarchy at no far distant date by means of a military dictatorship, with Bavaria, as its stronghold, holding the imperial crown in trust. That is likely to happen after widespread civil strife in which communists and separatists will be finally crushed by republican forces, who will then await their opportunity to proclaim a new kaiser.

The only possibility of checking that reaction and maintaining the republic is a French acceptance of terms to Germany which will enable the German people to preserve their national life without intolerable conditions, so that it is worth their while to fulfill their obligations under a revised treaty and to preserve a republican state. Even then it will be, I think, merely a waiting policy.

Not only in Germany but in Austria and Hungary the reaction to monarchist sentiment is growing with their hopes of a return to the old order in Central Europe. One day, unless there is an entire revision of frontiers not only on the map of Europe but in the minds of its peoples, opening a new chapter in European history in a spirit of peace and coöperation—one sees no sign of it yet—those races will rush together, gathering again the minorities which are now under alien rule, and defy that Treaty of Versailles which forced them apart, overturned the ancient dynasties and struck their weapons from their hands. All sorts of artificial and unnatural divisions, like the Dantzic corridor, the partition of Upper Silesia, the surrender of the Austrian Tyrol to Italy, the possession of Transylvania by Rumania, will be overwhelmed in a spate of racial rage for old possessions and old communities of blood relationship.

The German State of Mind

FOR some time before the end of the war, when the failure of their military plans and the suffering, the bitter and bloody agony, of the people were no longer tolerable, there was in Germany a strong wave of democratic and revolutionary thought. It existed for a little time after the war. The German people, brought to ruin by their political leaders and their war lords, disgusted with their Kaiser and his Crown Prince, sickened by the stench of blood, stricken by the immense numbers of their dead, were not only ready but eager to cast away their militarism and their monarchies and to ally themselves with a new democratic spirit in the world. They saw, for a few days or weeks, a new charter of humanity in the Fourteen Points. The humiliation of defeat and surrender was softened by the hope that all nations together, both vanquished and victors, would rise above the madness that had possessed them all and start on a new plane of policy which would give justice and security to common folk and prevent a repetition of world strife.

It is, of course, easy to sneer at this sentiment in a people who proclaimed pacifist ideals after losing in a ruthless war. It is tempting to accuse them of cowardly hypocrisy, trying to escape their punishment by lip service to the brotherhood of man. I am not one who makes that accusation. I believe that for a time the main body of the German people, apart from their Junkers and militarists who had retired into the background sulky and unrepentant, were honestly inspired with democratic enthusiasm and were ready to pay immense penalties as the price of defeat provided they were given a chance of restoration, the liberties of their economic life, and national integrity.

There was an immediate revulsion of feeling when the Treaty of Versailles was published. It seemed to them then, as it seems to them now, not an instrument of justice in keeping with the Fourteen Points, but a vindictive pact designed to keep them forever under the heel of France, to prevent them from ever paying off their debts—the more they paid, the more they would have to pay—and to hold them in Europe as an enslaved people, whose labor would be without profit, and whose military annihilation would be followed by the military domination of France. From that moment reaction set in, and gradually, as the years have passed, it has been intensified in the minds of the German people by the refusal of France to settle any possible sum by which Germany may clear herself, by French efforts to strengthen her grip on German territory and economic life, by the use of colored troops among her citizens, by a consistent policy of pressure to keep Germany humiliated, poverty-stricken, hopeless.

That is the German point of view, and no amount of argument, no explanation of French motives and claims, no reminder of her own evasions, financial follies—that mad policy of inflation—will ever persuade Germany that she is wrong. I should be dishonest if I did not add that it has always been my opinion that Germany has a good deal of justification for her charges of injustice, or at least unfairness, in regard to some of these things.

It was natural, and is in any case a fact, that goaded into feelings of desperation by the failure of their government to avert their ruin and release them from bondage, the German people began to hark back in their minds to the old order of things, based on monarchy and militarism, upon which they might build their hopes of the future. The idealism of the League of Nations left them cold and cynical when they were refused admittance, still more when a committee of the League, in the name of justice, divided Upper Silesia with the Poles on terms which seemed an outrage to Germany, whose industry and wealth had developed that region.

All talk of a demobilized Europe and the substitution of international justice for armed force was to them sheer sickening hypocrisy when France and her Continental allies backed their diplomacy and their pressure on Germany with armies stronger by a million and a half than the whole armed power of Europe in 1914. The Fascisti movement in Italy, the tearing up of the Turkish peace treaties by Mustapha Kemal, and other events proving that might is right and that against that law there is no appeal, it seems, to the conscience of the world, had a profound effect on German minds already disposed to the reaction which followed the disillusionment of idealism in Europe after a few weeks of spiritual emotion in which many peoples stricken by war looked forward to a new charter of peace and democracy.

The German mind is not democratic. It believes in discipline from above, and likes it. It believes in authority, and is obsequious to rank.

Its middle classes have a reverence for law and order imposed upon the individual, a hatred of that easy-going individualism which in England is the most precious heritage of the private person, who is often a rebel against authority, a crank and a nonconformist.

Doctor Stresemann's Admission

I REMEMBER having a long talk with Doctor Stresemann, before he became chancellor, and in the course of it alluded to the spirit of German democracy. He burst out scornfully. "It's no use talking to me about democracy," he said. "I don't believe in it, and I have no use for it in Germany. I am a monarchist, and the instinct of the German people is for monarchy or dictatorship, for authority and discipline."

He spoke rashly, thrown off his guard, and as chancellor of the Republican Reich he would not have used those words, but they were revealing.

I think those words were true as regards the psychology of the majority of the German people in the well-to-do classes as they existed before the downfall for a time of all welfare in that country. It is for that reason that in my opinion the forces of communism and anarchy have never had a dog's chance in the long run against the instinctive tradition of loyalty to moderate government and, failing that, to dictatorship, military or monarchical.

I was in the Ruhr immediately before the surrender of passive resistance, when food conditions were getting bad and the condition of the workers was desperate and deplorable. In many countries—I think in almost every country but Germany—those conditions would have created a passion of revolt, a wild outburst of anarchy, and red terror would have lighted many fires. But at that time the workers themselves assured me that in the whole of the Rhineland there were not more than a hundred thousand communists, and although they would make trouble leading to riot and

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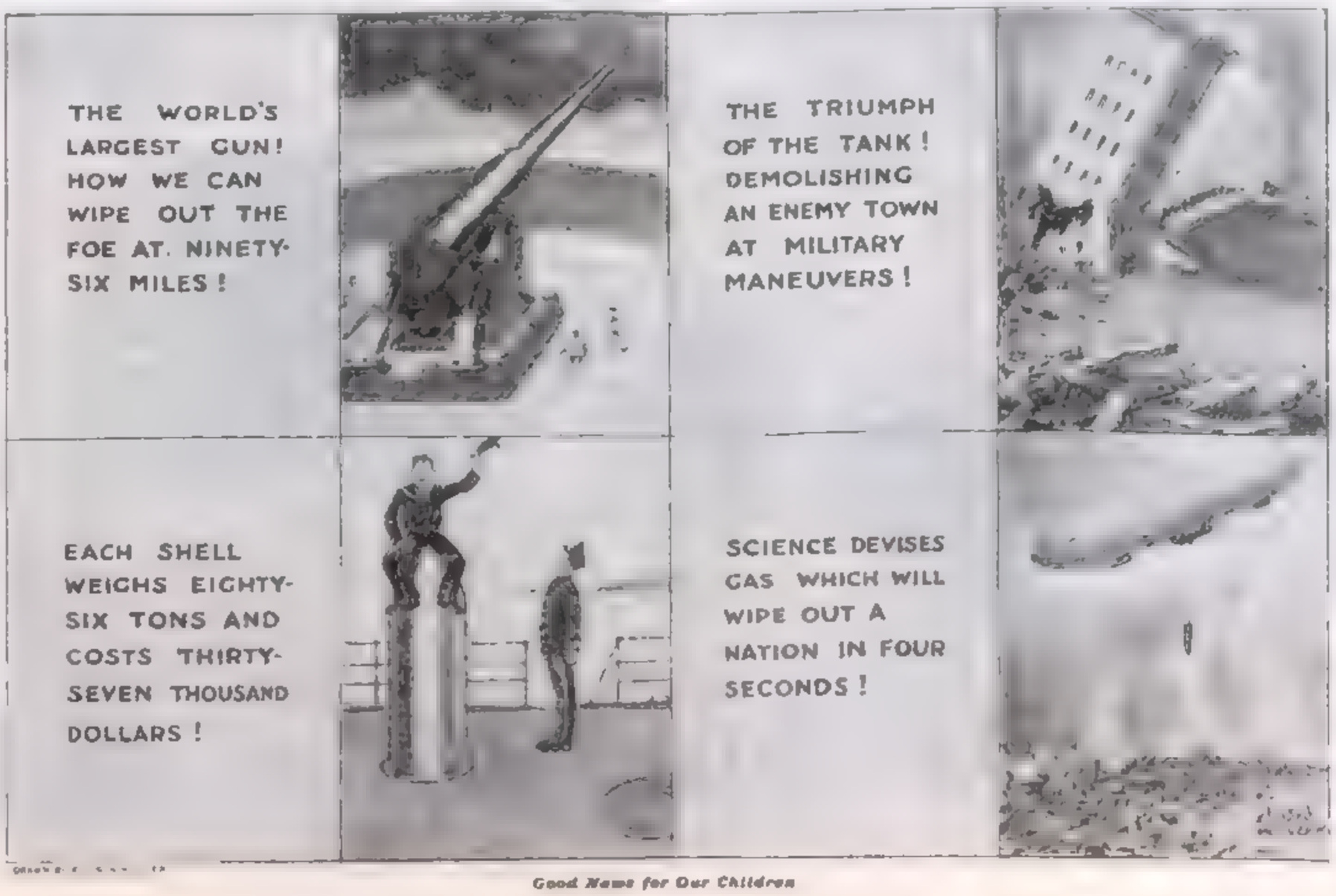
THE WORLD'S LARGEST GUN! HOW WE CAN WIPE OUT THE FOE AT NINETY-SIX MILES!
THE TRIUMPH OF THE TANK! DEMOLISHING AN ENEMY TOWN AT MILITARY MANEUVERS!
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THE RUHR IN RETROSPECT

THE decision of the German Government to surrender on the Ruhr was not sudden or unpremeditated. The change of cabinets was preliminary to surrender. Cuno had made surrender impossible for himself. Stresemann went into office as part of the program of surrender. The actions of the two prime ministers were just the opposite of what might have been expected from their temperaments. Cuno was first a civil servant and later an expert business administrator; Stresemann was a corporation lawyer and a fire eater. Nevertheless, Cuno was the figurehead of resistance, while Stresemann became the mouthpiece of surrender. It was a development, almost a program, the resistance of Cuno and the submission of Stresemann, not a reflection of personalities.

Behind the policy of governmental encouragement of resistance lay what reasonings and motives? In the beginning the Germans seemed completely convinced of the success of the policy of passive resistance. What they called passive resistance included sabotage and obstruction up to the point of active and forcible resistance. The passive resistance in the Ruhr was something of the same type as the passive occupation of Belgium during the war. The German Government and the people were as firmly convinced that the French would fail in the Ruhr as they were persuaded in 1914 that the Emperor would take his Christmas dinner in Paris. This indicates that one of the chief characteristics of the German psychology, faith in obsession, still remains a dominant characteristic

Germany counted on three sets of factors to bring about the collapse of the French policy: Unemployment of labor, disturbance of business and political unrest in Great Britain: a similar set of circumstances in the United States; and the collapse of the French franc.

It was believed that unemployment, disturbance of business, loss of trade and decline of shipping would probably be greatly augmented in the United Kingdom as the result of the general strike in the Ruhr. As a whole, the occupation of the Ruhr injured industries in the United Kingdom, but the losses were less than anticipated. The British budget report for the fiscal year ending March thirty-first presented an unexpectedly favorable showing. Revenues were higher than anticipated, expenditures lower, and the government was able to announce a surplus of practically $500,000,000. Internally analyzed, this did not justify a conclusion one way or another as to the effect of occupation of the Ruhr on British business, but it did serve partially to negate the doleful predictions that had been made. In Germany the report produced quite as profound an impression as in England.

Doctor Stresemann Chatting With a Correspondent in the Garden of the Reichstag

Germany's Bad Guessing

THE Germans had counted on the development of a strong anti-French sentiment in the United Kingdom. As the months passed it became apparent that opinion in the United Kingdom was divided. The practical British business man realized that disturbance in manufacture, transportation and trade anywhere in Europe represented an injury to the chief trading nation and tended to postpone the stabilization of exchanges, prices and markets. At the same time there were larger considerations than the immediately pressing needs of trade. Many realized that if there was unemployment in factories as the result of lack of German orders, there might be still greater unemployment in factories following a settlement that imposed on Germany the necessity of exporting large masses of goods to pay reparations. The close student of world trade knew that the factories of the United Kingdom were in for a period of readjustment, and that such readjustment as would be contingent on German competition following settlement might be more intense and prolonged than the temporary readjustment imposed by the sudden cessation of orders from Germany. Thus, mercantile opinion was divided.

Politically the public of the United Kingdom seemed divided between two views. The liberal view, represented by the group of the Manchester Guardian, which often expounded liberal views in a dogmatic and illiberal manner—witness the spectacle of Lord Curzon standing as the apostle of liberalism!—was strongly pro-German and sometimes viciously anti-French from the beginning of the controversy over the Ruhr. Against this stood a large body of more or less silent but nevertheless effective public opinion that was pro-French in the longer view, though unsympathetic to the particular action of the French in occupying the Ruhr.

Early in the war Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg remarked that so long as Great Britain occupied in Europe her position of splendid isolation a general European war was impossible; but so soon as she joined with either faction a general European war became inevitable. The most substantial body of public opinion in the United Kingdom holds today that the aëroplane has made British isolation impossible and that the only possible ally is France. Under these circumstances, though disapproving of the occupation of the Ruhr, conservative British opinion did not wish a break with France and was prepared considerately to temporize with the situation. It is illuminating to realize that liberal, almost pacifistic, opinion in Great Britain encouraged Germany to resist, while conservative opinion advised her to submit. As time passed, the Germans became convinced that out of Great Britain no effective support was to be expected, despite the political invectives of Curzon and the business arguments of Baldwin. The visit of Prime Minister Baldwin to Paris in September was generally interpreted as a diplomatic hedge.

Germany placed high hopes on the reactions of commercial interests in the United States. Our failure to ratify the Treaty of Versailles had convinced Germany that our war alliance with her enemies did not express a deep-seated policy. The business outlook following 1920, and in particular the depression in agriculture, had been carefully studied by German experts. Germany recalled the protests of President Wilson and Secretary Lansing against British interference with the foreign trade of the United States prior to our entrance into the war. She counted on corresponding protests from President Harding and Secretary Hughes against the French occupation of the Ruhr. Wheat farmers, cotton growers and copper producers were supposed to march on Congress and the White House, demanding action that would result in maintaining German demand for these and other American commodities.

The German politicians apparently took the American politicians seriously. How in this day and age one set of politicians is able to take another set of politicians seriously passes comprehension, but it seems that our agricultural bloc found in the politicians in Germany a 100 per cent gullible audience. Failure of action in Congress and lack of any sign from the Administration, outside of the academic speech of Secretary Hughes, provoked profound disappointment in Germany.

The revival of business in the spring of 1923, the general indications of prosperity and good times despite the agricultural depression, served to convince the observant Germans that they had overestimated the momentary importance of their trade to the world. The prosperity in the United States in the first six months of this year served to controvert the faith of at least the internationally trained German in the success of the policy of resistance.

An Unstable Coalition

THE Germans were fully aware of the dangerous position of French finance. They knew that the huge sums needed for reconstruction and payment of interest on internal debt were being covered by further sale of national bonds. They were advised that everyone in France was fearful of further depreciation of the currency. The Germans had correctly forecast the fall in the franc that has occurred. They knew the franc would fall in sympathy with the inevitable collapse of the mark; they expected British financial interests to express disapproval of the French policy by selling francs; they hoped the British Government would further depress the franc by requesting payment of interest; they expected French foreign trade to be disorganized, exports depressed and imports augmented by lack of German coal and coke, which would contribute to the decline of the franc. From numerous directions, therefore, they anticipated influences tending to drive the franc down. This fall in the franc was expected to frighten the peasant and small investor and lead to collapse of the sale of national bonds on which many of the daily expenditures of the French Government depended. This would have produced an immediate crisis in French finance. The franc did fall heavily, but the hoped-for fright and stampede of the peasant and investor did not come to pass. It was also the hope of the Germans that, following settlement of the terms of repayment of the British debt to the United States, pressure would be applied to France in the direction of settlement, and the failure of our Government to put such pressure on France removed one prop from under the German edifice of hope.

The background of the surrender on the Ruhr was loss of German faith in the success of the policy of passive resistance. The specific causes of surrender were two—one political, one economic.

The political cause lay inherent in the bloc system of politics of Germany. The cabinet of Cuno was a coalition cabinet and could endure only so long as the parties to the coalition stood together. Practically speaking, the several parties to the coalition were agreed only on the subject of the Ruhr; they disagreed on every other subject. The policy of resistance in the Ruhr could not be expected to supersede all other political questions. Each one of the several parties had particular political policies of its own, upon which its future was believed to be dependent. It was easy to plead for country before party, but difficult to subordinate practical policy of party to theoretical policy for country. A profound sentiment on the subject existed only in monarchic and agrarian circles: the Junker believed in resistance to any extent and at any price.

In the beginning it seemed as though French occupation of the Ruhr had reunited the different factions of the German people into something resembling the homogeneous Pan-Germanism of prewar times. Latterly, however, it became more and more apparent that a great deal of the patriotism was founded on self-interest. Manufacturers outside of the Ruhr found it advantageous to have factories in the occupied area shut down. Workmen in the Ruhr found it not unpleasant to draw good wages in idleness. The industrialists were able to turn the circumstances of the occupation to their financial advantage.

(Continued on Page 40)

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KIDS OF THE CAGES

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

THE circus was in the cracker-neck district; out at the front gates there was quarreling and bickering, as time after time the inner ticket takers stretched a hand toward some scrawny woman with a gangly boy in her arms and exclaimed: "Hey, leddy, two bits fer thet kid. An', leddy, 'tain't polite no more for gents to let women carry 'em aroun'."

This was the district of stair steps, of thin, narrow shouldered women, trailed by processions of children, five and six in a line, thin-cheeked, narrow-necked, illy nurtured, and illy prepared, through too fast procreation, for a chance in life. More than once the manager personally ushered some gaunt family through the gates when the frightened glance of the mother told all too plainly that there were no funds to take care of the progeny which she had hoped to slip past the ticket takers. For us of the circus there was something pitiable about it all—the big show likes to take misery only for itself—with the result that the owner lost more than one quarter that day because of persons admitted without a charge. While in the menagerie ——

"Don't need many ladders aroun' this country," said a facetious animal man. "All they have t' do is line up the kids and walk on their heads. Ever see so many stair-steppers?"

Shorty Alispaw, menagerie superintendent, nodded.

"Reminds me," he said, "I've got to be getting rid of a few of my own. Better be advertising 'em pretty quick. Some carnival outfit may want 'em."

He jerked a thumb toward a gilded cage in which romped what appeared to be three rather thin but otherwise healthy leonine youngsters. I stepped closer.

"They look all right. What's wrong with 'em?"

Duke's Cubs

SHORTY glanced again toward the cage, then looked out toward the crowded menagerie, where mothers still were herding their numerous broods along the sawdust pathways.

"Same as them," came his announcement. "Stair-steppers. Second litter in a year. Not much difference between them and the humans. Bring 'em into the world too fast and they'll be on the bum somehow. Something always showing up after they get grown. Now you'd say those were perfectly healthy cubs, wouldn't you?"

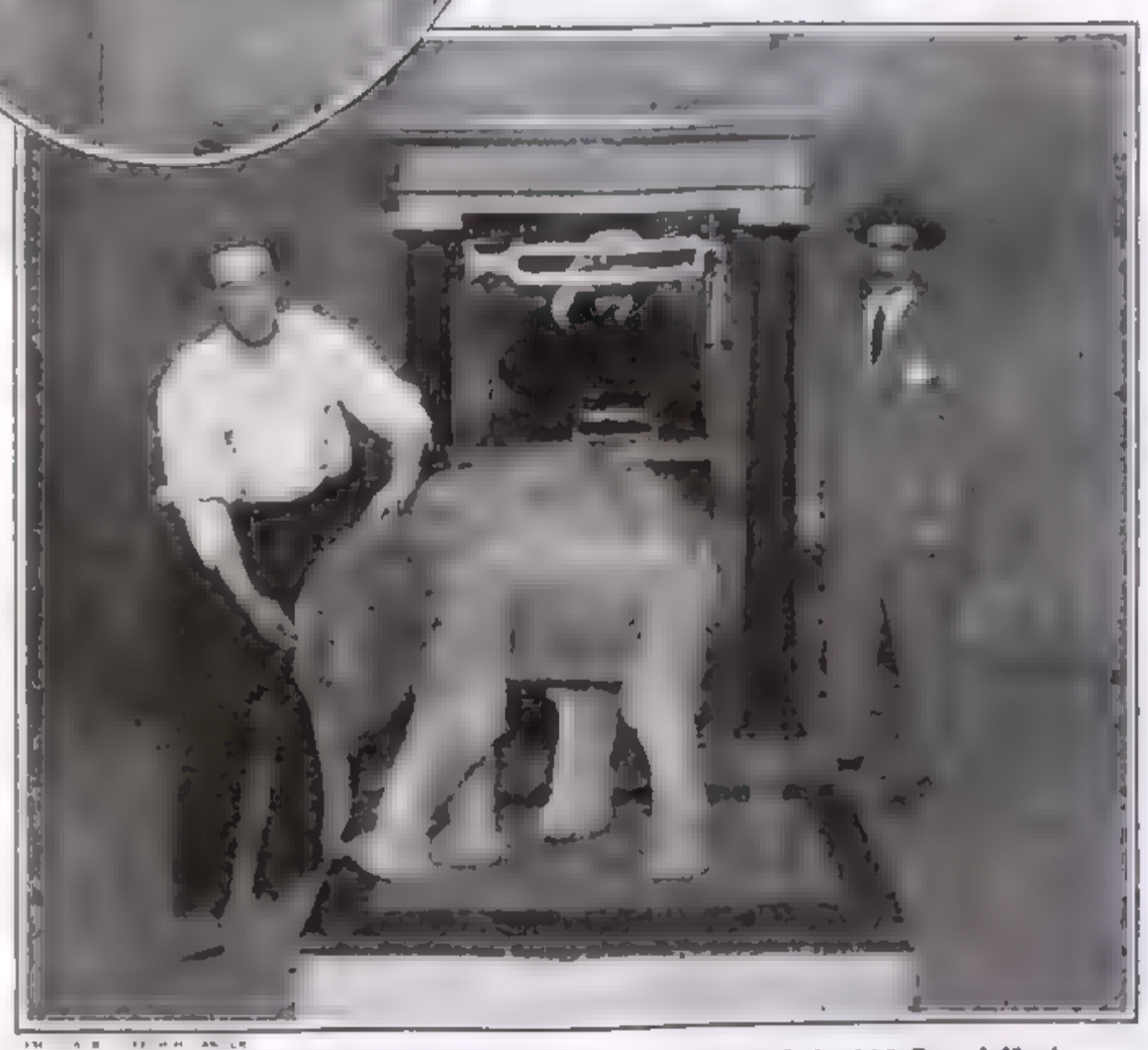
"Yes—maybe a little thin."

"And weak in the hindquarters, and with poor hearts, excitable natures; all wrong on the digestion and half a dozen other things. Same way as with human kids that've piled into the world too fast. Always yelping for the doctor."

This brought up the subject of menagerie kids in general, and a good many comparisons. For, after all, the child of the gilded cage isn't so much different from the human baby. There are the same trials and tribulations, the same squawks resultant from a bumped head, the same curiosity and mischievousness, and the same troublous times in becoming acquainted with the world and its manners—even to the extent of the kindergarten. More than that, there are the personalities, the family traits, the children that are bright, the ones that are dullards; there is family pride, the don't-care attitude; the mother that neglects her children, and the father ——

But fathers seem to run a bit short on family affairs in the animal kingdom, with the exception of one beast—the lion. The king of beasts is the original home lover; believes, according to his nature, that he has the finest little girl in the world for a wife; and stays with the children when their mother has other things to think about. What's more, he is willing to protect them. In fact, he often is too good a protector—sometimes he actually kills them with kindness.

It is a menagerie rule that all animal mothers and their children shall be granted seclusion until the babies are accustomed to the circus world, with its attendant bawling of ticket sellers, surging of the crowds and the general excitement of circus day. Hence, ten days before the advent of children the boards are placed about the cage and the mother is in solitude. In this seclusion the babies arrive, to crawl and whine in darkness for three days until their eyes open; then to live in quiet and peace for a week more, until the nervous fears of the mother are over and the babies themselves are stronger and not so easily frightened by the throngs of onlookers about the cages. But sometimes the menagerie attendants make mistakes, or are ignorant—the superintendent himself is a busy man. He cannot look after everything.



A Newborn Baby Elephant Being Weighed. She Crossed the 300-Pound Mark
Above—A Baby Lion That Likes Petting

Thus it was that in a show with which I once traveled, Queen, a lioness, brought into the world three fuzzy little cubs. The menagerie superintendent had fastened the den tight and given his instructions that the sideboards were not to be removed until he had given the command. In one half the cage was the mother and her babies, while in the other compartment was Duke, the proud father, growling gruffly through the bars at his offspring. Parade time came and the menagerie superintendent went forth with the elephant herd—always a source of worry to a circus because of their temperamental natures and the danger of a stampede. Only a new man, hired that morning and not conversant with the details of the care of the cage inmates, was left in the big tent, and in his work he decided, like many another new man, to be thorough.

Evidently, to his mind, some careless attendant had forgotten to take the sideboards from the cage which housed Queen, Duke and their babies. The new man took them down; then, in his efforts at efficiency, he decided to sweep out the cage. Queen was docile and made no objection to his interference, although nervous regarding her cubs. But Duke was plainly hostile the lion father is ever ready to battle for his young. The result was that the new attendant raised the partition separating Duke from his family; and once the male had gone through the opening, the man sprang within to sweep out the cage. This done, he again raised the partition, and by the use of a feeding fork sought to make Duke return to his own home. His efforts were useless.

The great lion became enraged to a point of fury. He fought the fork, clawing at it and seeking to bite the steel. He lunged against the bars, the great tent echoing with his roars; then suddenly he appeared to divine that the attack was not against him but against his offspring.

Devoted Lion Fathers

QUEEN in the meanwhile had picked up two of the cubs, carried them to a corner and was returning for the third when Duke saw it. A lunge and he had grasped the little ball of fur by the scruff of the neck, and with quick pacing steps had begun to carry it, seeking in his ignorant way for some place to hide it and keep it safe from harm. Into his side of the cage he went at last and the attendant dropped the partition. But the great Nubian still paced; still the cub dangled from his tremendous jaws. The attendant strove to make him free the cub by harassing him. It only made matters worse. Duke offered no resistance; he only quickened his frightened, maddened pacing, and still carried the cub. When the parade returned and the menagerie superintendent entered the tent, he found the new man facing him with the announcement that Duke had taken one of his cubs and would not release it.

There was little time for reprimands. The superintendent hurried the sideboards to the den as quickly as possible, hoping against hope. It was in vain. Duke—faithful, protective old Duke—had killed when he had sought to aid. The baby was dead—choked through the tightening of the throat skin as Duke had carried it aimlessly to and fro, seeking a spot where it might be safe. That night, when the circus left town, it left also a somewhat bewildered man, still hazy from the volleys of epithets that had flown in his direction from the menagerie superintendent—and a little mound of earth out behind the big top, where slept a lion cub, dead because of a father's instinctive desire for its protection.

In fact, in the animal kingdom, the lion is the model husband and father. It even happens that the lion father will watch his offspring with more care and concern than the mother. More than one menagerie feature has been provided through this air of proprietorship and pride which the lion shows in his young. Circus men neglect no opportunities to provide the unusual—with the result that on the advent of a litter of cubs, the male sometimes is allowed to enter the cage, where, while the crowd looks on, he good-naturedly crouches, allows the cubs to climb to his back; then, growling in good humor, walks slowly about the cage, the mother looking on from her corner. They are for all the world like a happily wedded pair, with the proud papa down on the floor, letting the kids ride on his back.

In fact, the lion father thinks a great deal of his children. If anyone should happen to doubt it, just try to take a litter of lion cubs out of a cage while the father is there. The mother may seek her corner in fright, but not the father. He becomes a vengeful demon, ready to fight feeding forks, revolver fire, anything; even willing to give his life that his cubs may be protected. There is only one serious drawback in the happiness of lion families. They have too many children—six a year, in groups of three—with the result that all too often the offspring are weak, prone to every disease, sometimes dulled in mentality and subject to sunstroke. When the circus starts into hot territory, then it is that the wise menagerie superintendent begins looking about for zoos in cool climates that desire cat animals, especially lions. Otherwise the penalties of birth may cause losses to be entered in the ledgers.

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Quite the opposite in family bliss is the estate of the tiger. With Mister and Mrs. Bengal, there isn't any such thing. The female tiger hates her mate and he dislikes her as cordially. Not only that, but he doesn't seem to understand why there should be children in any family. To a gentleman tiger, there is no greater indoor sport than that of murdering his offspring, while to the mother there is nothing that merits greater love and protection than the one or two cubs which arrive every few years—for the tiger has children but seldom in captivity. Never is there offspring more than once a year, and sometimes only once in three years, and usually there is but one cub.

A Tiger Litter of Three. Next to the Leopard the Tiger Baby is the Hardest Cat in the Menagerie to Raise

Incidentally, there's a sex problem in tigerdom. Many a tigress goes through life an old maid simply because there are not enough gentleman tigers to go round. An invariable rule seems to hold sway with the striped beasts. If only one cub is born, the menagerie superintendent may announce a boy or a girl, for with the single child the matter of sex seems to be a haphazard affair. But let two cubs come into the world, and one of them will be a male and the other invariably will be a female, while with the advent of a litter of three, there is a never-failing ratio of two females to one male. With the result that there is always a preponderance of female tigers. Perhaps that's what makes the males so grouchy.

Three Reasons for a Fight

BUT grouchy they are, especially toward their children. The approach of the father, entering, through some accident, the mother's side of the cage, always means a skirmish and a wild effort on the part of the female to protect her young, usually resulting in failure. The male tiger is much larger and stronger, with the usual result that a brief battle leaves her gasping and terrified, while with quick pounces and snarls of seeming delight, the father murders his children one by one—and then devours them! But once, at least, in the circus world, there was a reversal of the usual happening.

Grace and Calcutta were the parents of three children, and loved each other as soap loves a buzz saw. Partitioned from each other in the same cage, they spent most of their time in snarling and hissing at each other, the big male bounding and leaping at the bars, striving to his utmost to reach his despised family. Then one day a careless attendant left the partition open and Calcutta went through. But his rush did not seem to frighten Grace. Her cubs behind her, she swayed uncertainly for a moment, as if summoning every atom of her strength. Then, before attendants could separate them, they had met.

The fight which followed is history in the Sells-Floto Circus, passed along from one menagerie superintendent to another as an example of mother love and desperation. Grace was fully fifty pounds lighter than her vengeful mate, but neither weight nor strength seemed to enter her mind. She only knew that if once the great striped thing passed her, three cubs would die, and she fought for them with every vestige of her strength. In vain the menagerie men strove to separate the writhing, struggling pair. The hose cart was hurried within the tent and, the pump working to its utmost, the full force of water was turned upon them—the one thing which can be counted upon to cause a caged animal to desist from an attack. Neither Grace nor Calcutta seemed even to notice it. At last the sideboards were raised in the hope that darkness might end the conflict. It only seemed to increase the turmoil within, the noise of which rose higher and higher—at last to cease. The battle was over.

Hurriedly the men dropped the sideboards in a hope which faded. Calcutta was dead, stretched almost the length of the compartment, while huddled in a corner lay Grace, bleeding from a hundred tooth and claw marks, but apparently content to lick and growl at the three still-frightened cubs which tumbled about her.

Nor is it the father which is always the murderer in the tiger family. Sometimes it is the mother herself, following in beast life the theory of Wilde's Ballad of Reading Gaol by killing the thing which she loves best.

Of all the caged beasts of the circus, the tiger is the most nervous and high strung. Permanent insanity among tigers is not at all unusual, while insanity for the mother at the time of the birth of her young is a thing which every menagerie man fears. During this insanity the tiger is the enemy of everything, including herself. She kills her cubs, she tears at her own flesh, she howls and roars and thunders until the menagerie is in pandemonium. And the next day, once more possessed of her mental balance, she wanders her cage, whining pitifully, searching, searching for the thing that is gone, her baby, murdered while she had no knowledge of her actions. Nor can anything appease her. Day after day she will search, until at last her grief assuages itself in the expectation of a new brood.

From all of which can be gained the idea that a tiger baby hasn't an easy time in life. To tell the truth, next to the leopard, its lot is about the hardest in the menagerie. Threatened by both father and mother at birth, with nervous stomachs and belligerent dispositions, the tiger cub fights almost a constant battle for life. Of all the cat animals, a tiger that has passed the danger mark, when it can shift for itself, is the most celebrated thing in the menagerie. And again it is the female which usually wins the tussle. The male tiger is born with blood in his eye. He is not allowed to play about the circus, the pet of every canvas man and roughneck and menagerie man and performer, as is the lion cub, which, in its childhood, is little different from a house cat. Instead, the tiger baby must be kept caged. Otherwise it will tackle the first dog that comes along, regardless of the disadvantage in size, and there will be another feline catastrophe to mourn.

As for the leopard, it is the slum child of the animal kingdom. Its mother cares nothing about it, the father is a brute, and almost from the moment that the baby's eyes are open it shifts for itself. But what it loses in parental affection it makes up in play. There is nothing in the whole menagerie which plays harder, not even the monkey. The bars of the cage were made for climbing, and up the leopard kittens go, nor seem to care when they fall from the top of the den, landing on their heads with enough force almost to knock them unconscious. To this the mother pays little or no attention. The result is that the leopard kitten, like the human street urchin, develops an amazing courage and cunning. It is afraid of nothing, brooks no obstacle in its play, and, through the bars, will even hiss and snarl at a full-grown lion and give every evidence of a desire to break through and attack it. Meanwhile the mother snores on in her corner, or merely looks up for a moment in half-curious fashion, then goes ahead with her sleep. Babies don't bother her.

Behold the World's Greatest Infant Boob, the Camel Baby. Half the Time it Doesn't Know its Own Mother

In fact, a great deal of interference on the part of menagerie attendants enters into the rearing of a healthy baby, especially in the cat tribe. Particularly is this true in the matter of diseases, for the life of about one out of every four children that come to healthy maturity is due not to the mothers but to the menagerie superintendent and his assistants. Around a circus it is nothing to see a lion cub being rubbed with warm oil or squawking his displeasure at a mustard draught, or even swaddled in flannel bandages to combat a cold, which, if allowed to progress, may become pneumonia overnight and result in death. During the epidemics of influenza, those persons with the strongest lungs often were the surest victims, once the disease became seated. So it is with the lion. That beast has the strongest lungs of any animal, and it is the most prone to death, once pneumonia strikes it. While tigers ——

PHOTOS BY JOSEPH H. LANDES

This is Not a Lump of Dough. It is a Half-Grown Hippopotamus Taking a Rest

Sniffles, Chills and Fever

YOU'VE seen the constant human sniffler, always possessing a cold, yet never even bothered about it. The baby tiger is his counterpart. A young tiger is more delicate generally than a lion cub, with lungs much weaker, constitution built upon a less stocky plan, yet pneumonia is rare.

Instead, the tiger child prefers to have chills and fever, corresponding to the ague in the human, and shaking through the hours of even a hot afternoon. Incidentally it becomes the recipient of a hated remedy, as disgusting to the lion, the tiger, the llama, the leopard and the elephant—for they all are dosed with it—as to the human child. Its name is castor oil.

Reverting, however, to leopard babies, theirs is the hardest lot of any baby in the menagerie. There is no cure for their ailment, which begins to come upon them about the time they are half grown; every one, it seems, is destined to be a victim; sooner or later a menagerie

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THE RUHR IN RETROSPECT

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Coal merchants found it quite as advantageous to deal in imported English coal as in Ruhr coal. The continued decline of the mark was utilized by all debtor classes for the payment of debts at fractions of their original figures. There were unquestionably much humiliation and suffering inflicted by the occupation of the Ruhr. All in all, however, it has become clear that the colors of martyrdom with which the situation was usually painted by German writers were exaggerated.

One may grant that the situation represented an outrage from the standpoint of international law, but the outrage was one to which many Germans became reconciled so long as it was not accompanied by pecuniary losses, to say nothing of pecuniary gains.

Sooner or later the pecuniary gains for certain classes that are to be reaped from depression of the currency come to an end. The depreciation of the mark was a program designed to transfer fixed wealth to certain classes. It has served to effect a general liquidation of internal debts. The fall of the mark has accomplished a veritable redistribution of wealth and income in Germany. When the mark reached a million to the dollar this was practically completed. When the economic situation was liquidated on that basis no further fall in the mark could be of additional profit to any class. Thereupon the complacency with which the classes that were profiting by decline in currency regarded the financial chaos ceased and these classes lost their interest and patriotic enthusiasm for the policy of resistance. With extreme depreciation of the currency, labor found it more and more difficult to cover the needs of subsistence. Import and export trade became more demoralized and hazardous with each month. After six months of resistance the interests of industrialists, manufacturers, workmen and traders were in accord on the uselessness of resistance, leaving only the Junkers in its favor.

Finally it was becoming impossible for printing presses to cover the pecuniary costs of resistance. The subsidy of workmen, factories, mines, railways and canals made demands on the government that multiplied at every turn. Russia could exist without currency, but Germany could not hope to do so. It is doubtful whether 1 per cent of the cost of resistance was raised by taxation. When the German Government entered on the policy of support and subsidy of resistance it was fully realized that this must be attended with depreciation of the currency. It was not, however, believed that so long a time would be necessary. The Germans believed that French spirit would crack before the mark would crumble.

Material Returns

The staggering cost of resistance and the impossibility of keeping it up when the mark fell to millions to the dollar was a plain matter of figures that admitted of no dispute, irrespective of the political convictions of the various parties. It was clear in September that if Germany wished to carry on further resistance, this could not be the passive resistance of the printing press, but must be the active resistance of a declaration of war against France. The situation presented no alternative. Cuno resigned and Stresemann appeared briefly on the scene for the purpose of surrender.

The conduct of the occupation has made it possible to judge of the motives of the French in occupying the Ruhr. Naturally different classes and parties had particular motives for supporting the policy of occupation. By this time, however, it seems clear that the real object of occupation was to force a show-down between France and Germany.

Since the Armistice the German policy had been to discuss and dispute rather than act. The failure of the German Government in November, 1922, to make a bona fide proposal for stabilization of the currency on the basis of the majority report of the International Commission on Stabilization of the Mark convinced France that Germany intended to haggle indefinitely in the hope of wearing out the resistance of France and breaking the alliance with Great Britain, Italy and Belgium.

The French prime minister, doubtless more or less as a concession to the practical penchant of the French people, pretended that he was going into the Ruhr to obtain the payments that Germany had declined to make. The material returns of the occupation of the Ruhr have been far below the previous plane of payments by Germany. Not only have the French got little, the costs of collection have been heavy; but, even more, the loss of German coal and coke caused shutdowns in French foundries and mills and unemployment of labor. The economic injury to France has been unquestioned. The period of the occupation of the Ruhr, contrasted with the previous period, revealed augmented expenditures of state, increased taxation, decreased payments by Germany and depression of manufacture and trade.

The main object of the occupation was to force a show-down. It is not necessary to discuss the charges that parcellation of Germany, the splitting off of Bavaria, the organization of a buffer state west of the Rhine and the economic destruction of Germany were the real purposes of the policy of occupation any more than it is necessary to consider the blanket proposition that the purpose of France is to make herself the superlord of Continental Europe. France devoted billions of francs to the reconstruction of the devastated areas. It was necessary for her to find out how much payment was to be expected from Germany. With her knowledge of German character, she believed the occupation of the Ruhr to be the only method of securing the show-down. Time may prove that she paid too great a price for it. But there can be little question that the action of France was based upon the desire for a show-down and her belief that only by occupation of the Ruhr could the German Government be brought to a reckoning.

England's Position Difficult

Loucheur once remarked that if France had the choice between security and reparations she would choose security. The occupation of the Ruhr was associated with security in the mind of the average Frenchman.

Having won on the Ruhr in principle, the French Government is in position to make sacrifice in practice. This means that the French public can now be induced to accept far lower figures for reparation payments than would otherwise have been accepted. A low figure for German reparation payments that would have dislodged the French cabinet a year ago can now be made acceptable to public opinion. In short, German surrender of resistance makes it possible and practicable for the French to be reasonable in the matter of reparations. It is to be hoped that German surrender does not become a bone between French politicians. Poincaré stands in the sunlight and Tardieu in the shadow. It is time to declare a long recess in French politics.

Two things will need to be discussed between the Allies when the figure for German payments is adjusted downwards. These are priority and percentage. Before Lloyd George inflated the figure for reparations by inclusion of pensions, the scheme of division gave to France 72 per cent of the reparations payments When the total amount was swollen by inclusion of pensions, the French proportion was reduced to 52 per cent. The simplest settlement would be reduction of the sum of reparations payments to ten billion dollars, with restoration of the French portion to 72 per cent, all reparations payments to apply to devastations as defined in the terms of surrender in 1918. This sum would not cover the cost of restoration of the devastated areas in France. Coupled with a sense of security, however, it would prove not unacceptable to the French public, which would regard the settlement as possibly the best to be obtained under the circumstances and would be prepared, under the sense of security afforded by the German surrender, to shoulder the onerous financial burdens necessary to complete the restoration of the devastated areas.

The position of England is difficult. But we may be sure that the native good sense and the sound economic thinking of the country will be enlisted in a positive direction and will contribute greatly to a definitive settlement. At present British foreign policy is under a cloud in Europe. The balance of British political account is in red ink. Lord Curzon denounced the legality and economics of the French occupation of the Ruhr in unmeasured terms. He went far beyond the facts of the case, setting up a diplomatic straw man, whom he pommeled in the full view of all Europe. Great Britain declined all responsibility in the situation.

France has the initiative in the new discussions and the position will be felt to be humiliating in Great Britain. If France does not abuse this position of advantage and does not attempt to exploit the situation to the derogation of British interests and prestige, we may be sure that Great Britain will coöperate in the terms of an effective and definitive settlement. It lies within the power of France to restore the Entente to something like the old cordiality of relationship. If France will generously overlook the British attitude during the past eight months it is probable that British recognition of this consideration on the part of France will lead to a fair British estimate of the position of France and a cordial restoration of the alliance that so many Britishers believe is essential to the peace of Europe. Some parts of the settlement negotiations must be between governments, and in these Great Britain, of course, participates. In part, however, the negotiations may be between industrial groups of Germany, France and Belgium, and in these British interests do not participate.

Once there is stabilization of the currency, suppression of all state subsidies and development of an adequate system of taxation, German importers, exporters, manufacturers and bankers will once more find it possible to engage in foreign trade upon an accounting basis. Speculation of the abnormal type that has permeated German business will be replaced by business of the prewar type. German shipping, banking and insurance may be expected to revive, the coal industry restabilized. The critical problems are to move the coal outward and to move the food inward. The quality of German goods will be improved and maintained. Large exportations of goods will necessarily follow, to fulfill obligations to make international payments on reparations account. The world must adapt itself to this situation. In any event, the hazards and uncertainties of international trading ought to be promptly relieved and largely suspended.

The New German Plant

It will probably be found necessary to establish in Germany some form of foreign fiscal control, whose policies cannot be vetoed by the Reichstag. Some formula must be found to save the face of German pride. Once this is conceded, competent German observers unite in the view that a period of external control is necessary to make fiscal reform effective.

Germany has been widely censured because during the past three years, instead of making restoration payments, she has devoted her surplus income and much effort that might have gone into productive channels to internal improvements. The German plant was not injured by the war, and it has not been injured by the currency debacle. The management of the plant, the processes of conducting enterprises, the disposal of the products—these have been altered by depreciation of currency and the breakdown of business practices. But the actual plant, the capital, the tools of production, the things that made Germany in the eyes of the economist these have not been injured, and when the processes of trade are restored it will be found that the productivity of the German plant is high. This will prove of advantage in the rehabilitation of Germany, because the return to normal business will be greatly facilitated by the high potential capacity of the industrial plant. This may be to the advantage of France as well as the rest of Europe and the world, because, in the final analysis, the plant improvement undertaken during the past three years in order to defeat reparations payments may now be expected to facilitate them.

One reads a great deal of the tremendous losses resulting from French occupation of the Ruhr and the German policy of general strike and passive resistance. Of course, there have been heavy losses to Germany and France, to Europe and the world; but it is easy to exaggerate these losses. The direct cost of the resistance in the Ruhr has been estimated at three hundred million dollars, the loss of production at six hundred million dollars. The latter, however, is largely a deferment. The losses of Germany have been due largely to the consequence of the policy of resistance and not to the physical occupation of the Ruhr itself. Of course, one may say that since this type of resistance was inevitable, these losses lay implicit in the initial occupation of the Ruhr. As against this, however, it does not seem sound to urge that ruination of the mark was Germany's only weapon in combating French occupation of the Ruhr. In any event, the losses resulting from the occupation of the Ruhr may well be counterbalanced by the gains of a definitive settlement; and since the Germans and the French must stand their losses, the British and the Americans ought not to grumble to an unseemly extent about theirs.

For America the settlement of reparations would carry two meanings, one direct, the other implied. The direct meaning of settlement is restoration of normal trade processes in the world and improvement in volume of trade. The implied consequence is settlement of European war debts to the United States.

Future British Policy

We have a series of claims pending against Germany. It was not possible for Germany to undertake settlement of our claims against her until she has settled the terms of her obligations to our Allies. The terms of settlement between Germany and the nations of the Entente will fix the precedent to a considerable extent for her settlement with us. It will be a gain to be able to conclude a settlement with Germany, in order that her obligations and our prospects shall be definitively settled.

France has repeatedly stated that she could undertake no negotiation for the refunding of her international debts until the validity and extent of her international credits had been determined. France has three sets of payments due her: Reparation payments from Germany, prewar obligations from Russia, and repayment of war and postwar loans to European countries. The status of Russian debts to France is not directly affected by a settlement with Germany. Nevertheless, the influence will be felt; settlement by Germany would exert an influence in Russia favorable to settlement of Russian debts. Once France has settled the terms of reparation payments she is to receive from Germany, she will be in position to state to her debtors of Europe the time and conditions under which repayment of her advances is to be expected. In other words, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania and the other countries may be expected to refund their obligations to France following settlement between France and Germany.

Great Britain will press for settlement with France following a German settlement with the Entente. Much depends upon the relationship between France and Great Britain that shall evolve out of negotiations with Germany. It is conceivable that out of these negotiations may proceed the official acceptance of the policy that has been urged on Great Britain by Keynes and other publicists—namely, cancellation of British war loans to France, Italy and Belgium. This has been urged partly as the expression of business policy, partly as an act of equity

Intelligent British opinion feels responsible for the long-continued muddle on reparations, because it was really Lloyd George who inflated the reparations figure to impossible dimensions. Great Britain appreciates that with the development of the aeroplane as a weapon of war isolation is no longer possible. If by cancellation of war loans to France, Italy and Belgium, Great Britain can obtain at one stroke security and the setting free of world trade, she will be placed in position to recoup in fact much more than she loses on paper. Great Britain stands as world leader in finance, shipping, trade and insurance. Her large foreign investments, coupled with her control of the processes of trade, practically guarantee to her a priority in the operations of international exchange. Her future prosperity depends upon freedom of trade and the full utilization of her central position in the

(Continued on Page 42)

for Economical Transportation

The Economical Quality Car

When low priced cars came on the market, PRICE was the magnet that drew buyers because low price made automobiles possible for millions hitherto debarred from the advantages of motor transportation.

Time and experience have developed the fact that purchase price—although an important factor—must always be considered in connection with operating and maintenance costs.

Chevrolet prices are not the lowest on the market, yet Chevrolet economical transportation averages lowest in cost. This average cost considers the purchase price, interest on investment, depreciation and all operating and maintenance costs.

A detailed comparison with any other car in the low priced field will convince you that Chevrolet is the best buy because of its superior quality and because the purchase price includes full equipment.

More than a million Chevrolets are now in use. Twelve huge plants are now building them at the rate of 2500 per working day. Nearly one-half million Chevrolets were bought in 1923—far exceeding in number the sales of any other quality car.

Thus, our statements have the strongest possible backing, namely, the faith and patronage of the American people who know automobiles and know practical values better than any other people on earth.

Let any one of our seven thousand dealers show you our 7 types of cars and explain how easy it is to get one and enjoy its use.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

Division of General Motors Corporation

Five United States manufacturing plants, seven assembly plants and two Canadian plants give us the largest production capacity in the world for high-grade cars and make possible our low prices.

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

SUPERIOR Roadster	$490	SUPERIOR Commercial Chassis	$395
SUPERIOR Touring	495	SUPERIOR Light Delivery	495
SUPERIOR Utility Coupe	640	Utility Express Truck Chassis	550
SUPERIOR Sedan	795		

Dealers and Service Stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high-grade dealers only, for territory not adequately covered.

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economic relations of the world. Whether Great Britain cancels her war loans to her allies or not, in any event French settlement with Germany would make some settlement of British war debts.

Finally, settlement of the reparation problem would place France, Italy and Belgium in position to undertake definitive negotiations with the United States. When these nations know what they are to receive from Germany, and the length of the period over which German payments are to be made, they will be able to attack their budgetary problems in such a way as to make their powers of repayment of the loans of the United States computable. There can be no refunding of the French debt to the United States until the incoming items of the budget, the conversion of the floating internal debt into funded form, the position of taxes, the service charges due on internal debt and the costs of maintenance of her government are clearly revealed. Settlement with Germany, the acceptance by Germany of definitive terms, will enable France greatly to reduce her monetary expenditures. Following settlement with Germany, France will know where she stands. She will be able to state her fiscal position before the United States War Debt Funding Commission in such form as to make the subject amenable to specific negotiations.

The clarification of the reparation problem by settlement between France and Germany will make possible the clarification of the problem of the interallied debts. What the borrowing European nations can pay will cease to be matters of dialectics and invectives and become matters of objective statements.

The coming weeks will be of crucial importance to the world, because the settlement of the reparation problem, made possible by the surrender on the Ruhr, must be realized and consolidated or nullified. Whether Europe takes a long step forward or a disastrous step backward depends upon imminent political developments in Germany. Behind this political struggle stands the battle of socialism and capital. If Germany is to pay reparations much socialistic legislation must be undone and production intensified. How are reparation payments to be divided between new earnings of labor and the accumulated exploitations of the industrial magnates? Germany must answer this question before she can settle with the world.

YOUR MONEY

Continued from Page 4)

land at twelve cents a ton. This man's surtax rate was such that he would have to pay more than half of it to the Government. As a consequence he didn't make the deal. He reasoned that coal would always be wanted and that it would be more valuable in the future. Meanwhile the business isn't done and the Government gets no revenue.

"Take another illustration which shows how building is arrested and how rents are kept high. A certain man inherited a piece of ground. It is in a neighborhood where business is developing. The lot is vacant and has a high city tax. The business establishment adjacent needs more space. The man was offered a ground rental of $8000 a year for twenty-five years, provided he would construct a building toward which they would pay 7 per cent interest upon the cost plus an amount yearly that would amortize the cost in twenty-five years. It was a splendid proposition from every angle but one—the surtaxes. When this man figured out that he would have to pay the Government 58 per cent of the income, what appeared to be a 7 per cent investment was cut down to about 3 per cent. He reasoned that he could do much better by putting that $175,000 out at 4.25 per cent in city bonds that were tax exempt. And the architect who was to build the building didn't get the work, the contractors lost an opportunity, the brick man, the cement man and all the people engaged in the building business were deprived of work, and the Government itself was deprived of the revenue which the transaction would have made available had the surtax rate been lower.

"Indirectly, also, it operates to keep the scale of rents in that district at a high level through the lack of new buildings."

"Most of the trouble then," I remarked, "would appear to be that people of means are not finding it worth while to invest their money in things that are taxable, and as a consequence the people of smaller incomes must keep on bearing a heavier burden than would be the case if more revenue could be collected from business. Is that your summary of present conditions?"

The Plight of the Railroads

"Yes," said Mr. Mellon; "and when a thing is economically unsound it is bound to produce such a result. The effect, of course, is not merely upon the people of means. Unfortunately it bears down on everybody else. The people who have these high surtaxes to pay cannot be persuaded to put their money into productive business investments. They build no houses to rent because it isn't financially worth doing. Consequently the housing shortage remains and the rents on old houses are up. You cannot restrain the natural flow of money without impairing the very structure of modern business.

"The experience of the American railroads in the last few years affords a typical illustration. The railroads must have new capital from year to year for new equipment and development they really need to borrow about $1,000,000,000 annually for years to come. That capital must be obtained from the public. Before the era of high surtaxes the railroads of good credit in America did not have to offer more than 4.5 per cent for money. Today they must pay 6 per cent or thereabouts, and the general level of interest rates is kept high because each taxpayer figures out how much this surtax will take and the resulting figure does not always compare favorably with the yield of nontaxable investments. As a consequence of increased operating and capital charges the railroads are compelled to charge higher rates for passengers and freight, and in the end the cost of living is materially increased.

"Speaking of interest rates, the Government itself suffers from the high cost of borrowing, and this indirectly increases the tax burden. The United States Government owes $22,000,000,000 on its war debt. All of it was borrowed, you will remember, from the American people, who received in exchange for their money Liberty Bonds and other government securities. These war bonds come due periodically, and as they come due the Government must borrow again from the country at large. So the Treasury goes into the open market every few months now and borrows several hundred million dollars, giving in exchange what are known as Treasury Certificates and Treasury Notes, redeemable in six months, a year, or sometimes in two or three years, depending as a rule on the amount to be borrowed and the state of the market. Thus the Government itself has to compete for the money that is in the hands of prospective investors."

Lower Rates, Higher Yields

"But the income which the investors would derive from the interest on government securities is also subject to surtaxes, and when the tax is figured the Government's offering doesn't attract most of the people with capital to lend, which consequently tends to increase the cost of government borrowing. We must constantly make provision in our Federal budget for the borrowing of funds at prevailing rates of interest to redeem war bonds. This is no small item in the budget, and if it could be reduced it would mean a saving which could be passed on to the taxpayers. Some idea can be obtained of what this interest item is in the budget when it is realized that during the year 1923 fully 28.5 per cent of all the money received by the Government from all sources was paid out in the form of interest on the public debt.

"The practical answer is to bring the surtax rates down to a point where it will become worth while for the investor to put his money into productive channels instead of buying tax-exempt securities. The Administration has recommended, of course, that a constitutional amendment be passed by Congress and adopted by the several states abolishing this exemption of the income from state and city bonds from Federal taxation, but that will take time. And besides, it could not legally affect the bonds already issued. The remedy lies in the reduction of high surtaxes and the recognition by the people of the burdens thrown upon them by the increased borrowings of state and municipal governments.

"Groups of investment distributors, for example, are constantly soliciting from counties and cities, urging them to issue bonds. They point to expenditures that perhaps might in normal course not be made, but which are considered because the investment agencies say money is easy to obtain. Local political influences frequently get to work and the contractors who want the business help to persuade the local authorities that they should go into debt simply because the money is obtainable. This uses up capital in unproductive expenditure, places a debt on future generations, raises local land and farm taxes. It is a vicious system.

"Recently President Coolidge sent two of the directors of the War Finance Corporation to make an investigation of farm conditions. Their report made this very pertinent comment: 'We found universal complaint regarding large increase in local taxes. It is well understood, of course, that the present higher tax brackets on incomes commonly known as surtaxes greatly encourage investors to buy state, county and municipal tax-exempt securities, and the market for such securities, enlarged and stimulated as it has been, is reflected in a corresponding increased ability on the part of public political corporations to float large issues. This has led to extravagant expenditures by public agents in many of the agricultural districts. While the funds have been raised at somewhat lower interest than otherwise would be possible, the borrowings of states, counties and municipal agents have been stimulated to such an extent that the aggregate interest, and therefore the aggregate taxes, have increased to a point where they represent a serious burden. It appears there are but two remedies: (1) the abolition of the tax-exempt privilege by constitutional amendment, which would curtail the overstimulated market for state, county and municipal issues, or (2) the reduction of the income surtaxes to a figure which the statisticians of the Treasury Department may determine to be the figure that would induce capital to turn from tax-exempt securities to taxable investments.'

"We have had many interesting discussions in the Treasury regarding the surtaxes as to where the point of maximum return would be—that is, how low could we make the surtax and yet get the maximum amount of revenue. Some of our statisticians place the maximum as low as 15 per cent, none of them puts it as high as 25 per cent. The present maximum surtax rate is 50 per cent. I recommended 25 per cent because I did not feel warranted in going to an extreme. I felt it was clear beyond discussion that it would prove wise to reduce the maximum surtax to 25 per cent, making with the normal tax a total of 31 per cent."

I asked Mr. Mellon if he thought the subject of the bonus could be separated from the question of taxation.

"It cannot be," he said, "and it is unfortunate that in Congress there has been so much pressure for payment of a bonus to our able-bodied service men, because there does not seem to be a very general sentiment for it among a large body of the service men themselves; and taking into consideration the welfare of our whole people, the disadvantages to the country so far outweigh any individual benefits to the recipients that the proposition is without merit.

"There is no commitment or obligation upon the part of our Government for such payment. I am speaking only of the able-bodied men, for of course there is every obligation to care and do all possible for the disabled and incapacitated veterans."

A Crushing Load

"Bear in mind, this bonus would go to all ex-service men without exception—young able-bodied men of all classes. Now among all the ex-service men there is a certain percentage that may need aid. There are others who do not need it, and, of course, some will dissipate the money in extravagances and other ways. While the bonus was being paid it would mean a larger spending in this country, but this in turn would make inflation to the extent that when the spending was over the result would prove a serious reaction.

"It has seemed to me that a bonus takes away from the dignity of an ex-serviceman. It seems to measure patriotism with that which should be above price. But in my entire discussion of the bonus question I have endeavored to look at it only from the Treasury point of view—that is, the Government's point of view. Measuring the affairs of the whole people, it means a difference to the prosperity of the country."

"Do you suppose the plan of Mr. McAdoo—namely, a fifty-year bond issue—would work?" I inquired.

"Those bonds would have to be paid off some day," said Mr. Mellon, "and we would have to provide interest annually as well as a sinking fund to take care of the principal. Where would the money come from for the interest and the sinking fund?

"To illustrate my point, let us assume that the total cost of the bonus is to be about $4,000,000,000. We couldn't borrow that much at less than 5 per cent. That means an annual interest charge of $200,000,000. On top of that there should be a sinking fund of at least $60,000,000; so the total annual cost is about $260,000,000. Think of what the addition of such an item of expense would be to our budget! It would almost wipe out our surplus of $300,000,000. On the other hand, there is no certainty that we would have a surplus if we paid a bonus. The indirect cost of a bonus must also be taken into account. If the Government went into the open market to borrow three, four or five billion dollars, a higher rate of interest than the prevailing rate would have to be paid; and as a consequence, the Liberty Loan bonds now outstanding would be depreciated. Nearly $8,000,000,000 of government securities mature in the next five years, and the Federal Government must reborrow practically that amount to redeem them. To add fresh borrowing, as for a bonus, would much increase the interest charge over the whole amount of debt in the annual budget."

Is More Borrowing Safe?

"Then there is another reason why we must be cautious. The Government is spending for disabled veterans about $500,000,000 a year. We are pledged to take care of them and we must be in readiness to pay even larger sums if it should become necessary in the future. They are our first obligation."

"There is an opinion in the minds of some people," I suggested at this point, "that taxes can be reduced and the soldiers can have their bonus too. Is that possible?"

"You can't reduce taxes if you are going to pay a bonus. You might change the basis of taxation, reducing the taxes on individual incomes by replacing them with taxes of some other character, such as a sales tax. The American people would still have to pay."

"It has been suggested," I said, "that the money received from foreign debts be used to pay a bonus."

"We are being paid in bonds at present, and we get no cash," answered Mr. Mellon. "Also, the Liberty Loan laws, which constitute a pledge to the owners of those bonds, state specifically that the money received from foreign countries shall go to redeem the Liberty Bonds outstanding. A bonus simply means more borrowing, whichever way you look at it, and more taxes because the interest on any new borrowings would have to be paid by our people.

"The sum and substance of the matter is that we have a war debt of $22,000,000,000 to pay, and we should not be thinking of ways to increase it, but of ways to diminish it."

"How long do you think it will take to pay off our public debt?"

"Well, we don't know. Anything may happen."

"It took us a long time to pay off our Civil War debt," I commented.

"And if we had had in past years," resumed Mr. Mellon, "the same surtax we

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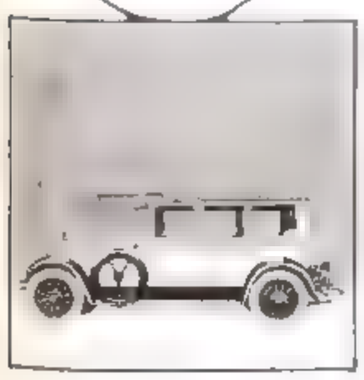
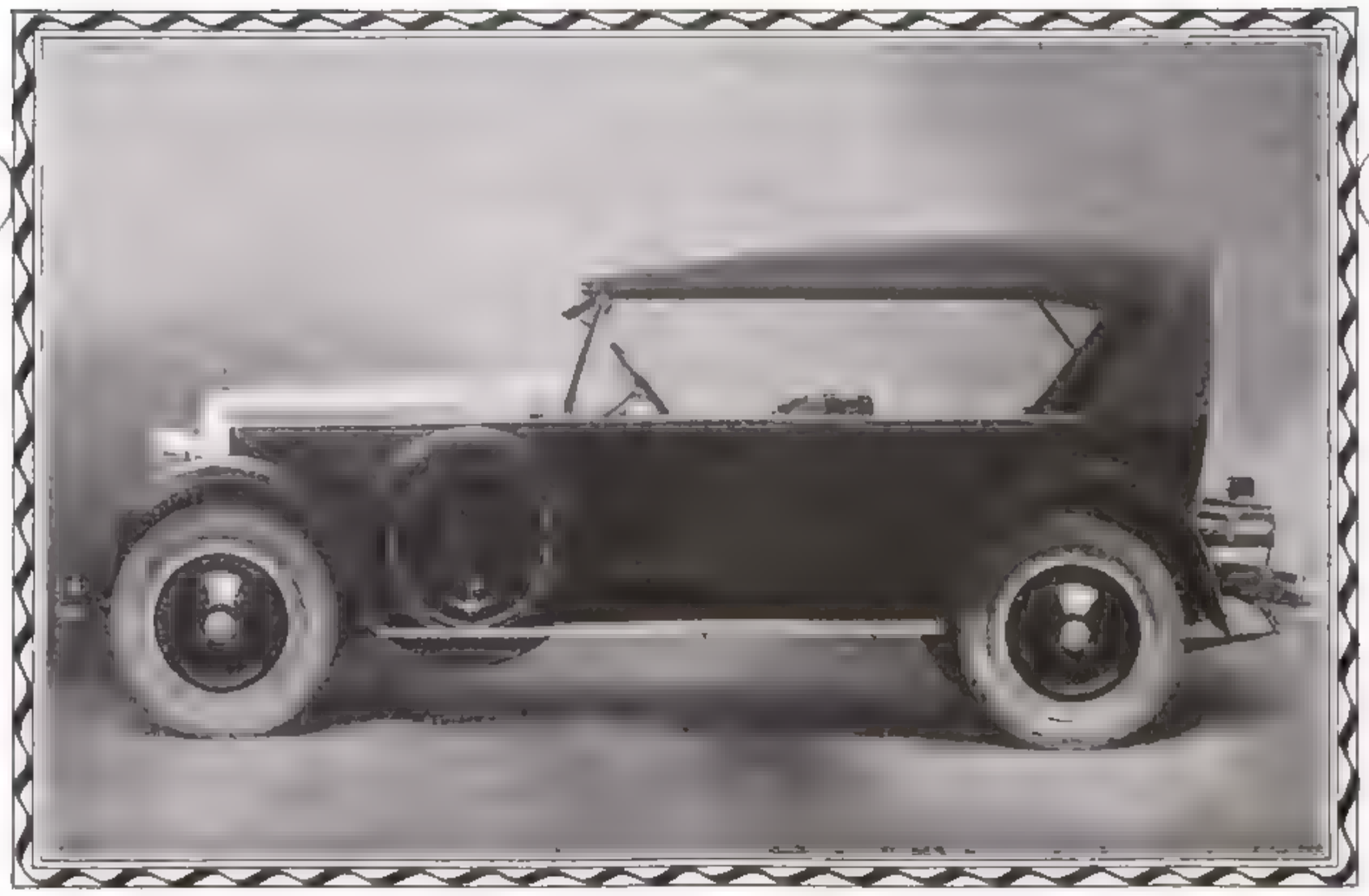
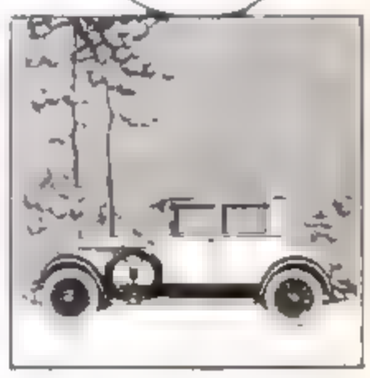






The New Paige

Try to Match Its Performance or Its New Price

HERE'S the New Paige—unmatchable in performance and value. Pay what you please, you cannot buy more sure ability on the road or delightful docility in traffic. So flexible is the big 70 h. p. Paige motor.

More money will not buy a roomier car. Nor will it buy a more comfortable car, for Paige has the 131-inch wheelbase, the 5-foot spring suspension, the balance, that give utmost comfort.

Never Before So Fine a Paige

You know Paige as a large, able, comfortable, well-built car. Finer each year, say those who know it best. And the New Paige goes a step further. It is not only finer—but immensely greater value.

The big 70 h. p. Paige motor, with its silent, automatically adjusted timing-chain—the motor which has won more speed, endurance, hill-climbing and other tests than any other stock motor now made—is the motor of the New Paige. Refined for even greater service. The clutch and transmission which made Paige so famously easy to handle are retained with added smoothness and efficiency.

Paige-Timken axles; sealed-in-lubrication universal joints of steel; ball-bearing steering spindles; the tremendous, unyielding frame—all of which added to Paige reputation for ruggedness—are found with improvements in the New Paige. Bettered performance—enhanced value.

Here's What the New Paige Will Do

Think of what it means to have a car that will do 70 miles an hour. Such a reserve of power means you can climb hills in high when others shift and stall—means you can dash ahead of the crowd whenever you want—means a motor you will never hurt by over-taxing

Think of what it means to have a car with 11 feet of wheelbase, and rear springs more than 5 feet long. It means a car that laughs at rough detours—that takes you in unjolted comfort at good speed over roads which other cars hesitate to travel. The luxury of Paige motoring is very real to all who know it.

Think of having a motor so silent that you sometimes wonder whether it is running until the pressure of your foot brings instant response in smooth, quiet speed. And so smooth that a pencil may be balanced on end on the radiator cap—so flexible that you can drive from 2 to 70 miles an hour in high gear. Think of all this at the startlingly low price of the New Paige and you realize Paige value.

New Low Prices Create New Value

Last year the Paige Phaeton cost $2450 factory. Today the New Paige—still the same big, powerful quality car refined in many ways, improved in style, bettered in performance—costs many hundreds of dollars less. You will be astonished when you inspect the car and learn its price to find that you may now possess so fine a car so economically.

It is a car, remember, that will stand comparison with the finest in appearance, performance and dependability. A finer Paige than ever before at many hundreds of dollars less.

How Can We Do It?

Now you know what it means when we say—"Try to match its performance or its new price!"

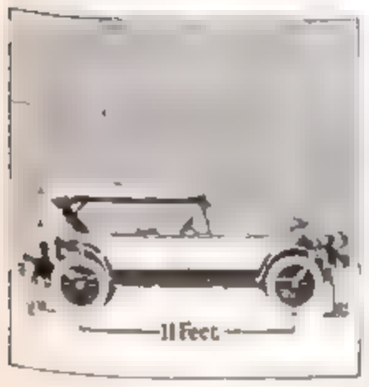
How can we offer so much at such a price? The answer is simple:

Three years ago our business was 15,000 cars a year. Now with the Paige-built Jewett, our capacity is 500 cars a day. The saving in overhead is important. It makes possible a finer Paige at a lower price.

An Exclusive Car

Remember, there is only one Paige—the best we know how to build. Known the world over as a fine, wonderfully performing car—a car all covet. There are no smaller, cheaper Paige models. You need never explain which Paige you own.

Your local Paige dealer will be glad to let you drive a Paige at your convenience. Call him. Find out the new price. (500)



PAIGE

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

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have now, the United States would never have had the wealth to go into the European war as we did. Lack of incentive to business activity would have prevented the present development of the United States.

"This question of taxation, you see, is not merely a matter of the revenue for the Government for this particular year. It is something more than that. The business of the country—indeed, the prosperity of this country—is vitally related to sound taxation methods.

"The growth of the United States in the next generation depends largely upon the system of taxation we apply."

"How did the 10 per cent surtax work which was in effect for four years before we entered the war?"

"It was hardly felt. A 10 per cent tax is a moderate tax for people to pay. They can pay it. Of course, I think all taxes have some effect, but a rate like that isn't disastrous. Now take, for instance, the Federal inheritance tax. In the states where we have an inheritance tax of only 5 per cent nobody anticipates the effect of death. Since a Federal inheritance tax of 25 per cent has been added most everybody thinks of some way of avoiding those taxes. In other words, when we had a moderate tax instead of a prohibitive tax we got the revenue."

"What do you consider the most inequitable feature of the present tax system?"

"One of the most unfair features of our present tax law is the failure to distinguish between earned income and income from investment. I sincerely trust that my recommendation on this point to reduce taxes on earned incomes may be approved by the Congress. It would mean much to millions of deserving American workers.

"Surely we can afford to make a distinction between the people whose only capital is their mental and physical energy and the people whose income comes from investments. In the one case the income of the man who works with his brains or with his hands is uncertain and limited in duration. It may at any time be interrupted by sickness or terminated by death, and old age can be counted upon to diminish it. In the other case the source of the income continues. It may be disposed of during a man's life and it passes to his heirs at death."

"What do you anticipate would be the effect during the year 1924 if it were believed that a tax bill along the lines of your recommendations would be passed?"

"There would be an immediate effect on business," concluded Mr. Mellon. "People would have more confidence in the future. They would be able to plan expansion. Capital would flow more freely. Take the salaried man, the lawyer, the doctor, the skilled mechanic, the laborer, or any man or woman who earns money without the use of capital. Suppose our proposition is put into effect. Such a taxpayer would get a 25 per cent reduction. Knowing that he or she will have to provide less money with which to pay income taxes in 1925 and thereafter, the buying power of that class of people will immediately be increased. They can live at a higher standard. They have that much more money permanently to live on. It raises the standard of living, makes a greater permanent buying power in the country and releases capital for productive purposes so that we should have an era of unprecedented prosperity."

Mr. Mellon, it will be noted, did not discuss political effects. He feels that the readjustment of surtaxes is not in any sense a partisan measure, because it has been recommended on substantially the same basis "by every Secretary of the Treasury since the end of the war, irrespective of party."

The present system of taxation, of course, is an emergency affair. The Treasury has held to more or less the same point of view about the need for simplification and readjustment, but Congress has not seen fit in recent years to follow the advice of the executive branch of Government. This is partly due to the fact that class warfare is an inseparable part of present-day politics.

The wave of public sentiment, however, which followed the first announcement of Secretary Mellon's program of tax reduction has made an impression on Congress and the big question is, How insistent will the country be that its will be obeyed? There are the usual gestures, of course, in Congress whereby members go on record as favoring the broad proposition of tax reduction. When the various plans are examined one does not always find that they will produce the needed revenue. It's one thing to draft a tax bill and quite another to make it work.

Mr. Mellon's program is the result of months of careful study. Estimates have been made, for instance, of what revenue the proposals will yield. Judging by the accuracy of Treasury experts in the past, it is safe to assume that they are right when they contend that a lower scale of taxes from the topmost incomes down would increase the volume of transactions to such an extent that instead of a loss the Government would actually recoup in the very first year a large part of the surplus which is being used as a basis for tax reduction.

In other words, the Mellon plan is calculated to stimulate the business of the country by instilling at once confidence in the future and encouraging business men on all sides to go ahead with the expansion they have felt American industry needed, to take its rightful place in the world of production.

So far as the mass of taxpayers are concerned, of course, they would feel the effects of an improved situation in countless ways. The proposed repeal of taxes on admissions affects millions of persons who attend the theaters or the movies. The Mellon program includes also the repeal of the taxes on telephone and telegraph messages, and miscellaneous taxes which have not improperly been termed nuisance taxes in legislative parlance.

Tax revision is a complicated problem, and it's the solution rather than the process which interests the taxpayer. To get a solution in the present Congress it is necessary for the voter to assert himself. Members of Congress, more than is generally suspected, are anxious to know what their constituents think. Not since the war has there been a single issue raised of such far-reaching importance to the people of the United States. And not since the war has there been such an opportunity by a single piece of legislation to relieve the burdens of the people and at the same time lead them to the road they have yearned to travel—the road of an enduring prosperity.

Overlapping Flowering Periods

By HAL G. EVARTS

FEW people who have not actually witnessed the sight for themselves have any adequate conception of the crowding intensity of the blooming period of wild flowers in the higher levels of the Western hills or of the conditions which necessitate this intensity.

As one ascends the Rockies in midsummer he meets with an ever-increasing profusion of flowers, vast banks of color that stretch away on every hand. He views an open sidehill that seems a rippling sea of silvery blue from the solid stands of lupine. Passing then into the timber he rides through tangles of ferns that grow the height of his saddle skirts, columbines sprouting in rank profusion through the creeping vines of vetch and Solomon's seal, the blue of nodding harebells and the yellow of ragwort and arnica in spots where the sun filters through. The timber opens out into parklike country, and the crimson paintbrush stands out in bold relief against the silvery trunks of the aspens, while the open meadow beyond is a riot of gold and brown from the thousands of gaillardia asters; the sidehill glade above is banked with the delicate lavender blooms of the showy fleabane, the burned-over land across the stream all one crimson glow of fireweed shot through with clumps of flaming goldenrod. He rides trails that are walled on either hand with thickets of red spirsea and other flowering shrubs. Gentians peep from the grassy meadows. Just below the snow line, growing to the very foot of the snowdrifts, the glacial lilies or yellow dogtooth violets appear in countless millions; monkshood, larkspur, mallow and shooting star, forget-me-nots in profusion, mats of red heather above the timber line, buttercups and all manner of alpine flowers—these and a hundred others all blooming at the same time in unbelievable abundance.

Several years ago I devoted a single paragraph, perhaps half the length of the preceding one, to the profusion of flowers in a mountain landscape. When the story appeared serially in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST it drew a number of letters from people with botanical leanings, the writers thereof severely criticizing such a haphazard appearance of flowers whose blooming periods were known to differ widely.

Several minor discrepancies were pointed out, but the chief item cited in the majority of the criticisms, the one which each critic pronounced an impossibility, was the mention of columbines and gentians blooming at the same time of year, as the flowering seasons of these two varieties are widely separated in most localities. It was cited that the blooms of the columbine had entirely disappeared by the first of May, while the gentian rarely reached the height of the blooming period before the last week in September, leaving a distinct break of almost five months between the flowering time of the two.

Never having imagined myself to be a botanist, in fact being familiar only with a considerable number of the better-known flowers of the Rockies, I was nevertheless quite sure of having seen columbines and gentians in bloom at the same time, yet was unable actually to testify to any definite date when I had observed the two on the same day.

The letters came from the Eastern States and from the Middle West. The country which the paragraph concerned was of an average elevation of seven thousand feet and is buried under a deep blanket of snow for the greater part of the year. I recalled one spring when we found the country at six thousand feet elevation a glare of solid white on the twenty-second of May, and I doubt if a flower showed before the first week in June that year. I remembered an eight-inch fall of snow on the twenty-eighth of August of another year, both examples a trifle unusual, but not much out of line with ordinary conditions. It may safely be stated that the entire flowering season in the hills of Idaho, Wyoming and Montana at seven thousand feet or over, taken year by year, is but little over four months.

I made it a point to determine whether or not the flowering periods of the columbine and the gentian overlapped to any great extent as far north as Wyoming and Montana; and during the last two years have established for my own satisfaction that they not only overlap but are practically identical, not only in that locality but all through the mountainous regions of the West from the Canadian border to Central California and the Utah-Arizona line.

The earliest date on which I have visited the Wyoming hills since that time was during the last ten days of June. Gentians were blooming in profusion, and inquiries elicited the fact that they had been in bloom "for a long while," though no one could state just how long. Columbines, of course, were in the height of the flowering season.

The yellow columbine was blooming in Glacier National Park in Northern Montana in the latter part of July, sprouting forth in such incredible profusion as almost to take rank as a common weed. I picked red columbines in the Sierras of California during the middle of August, and on the ninth day of September, in Zion Cañon, of Southern Utah, I found red columbines blooming in a damp sheltered nook under the cliffs. This last was a distinct surprise, as the elevation was not great and this late flowering could not be attributed to late spring due to snow conditions, such as was the case in the other localities mentioned. On the first day of October I picked gentians on Buckskin Mountain in Northern Arizona.

The columbine probably starts flowering a bit earlier than the gentian at the same elevations in the Western mountains, and the gentian probably persists a bit later in the fall, but their blooming periods, nevertheless, are almost identical. This being true of these two species, I believe it safe to assert—without professing any botanical knowledge—that practically all varieties of flowers are to be found blooming at the same time at elevations of six thousand feet or over, probably at lesser heights as well, regardless of whatever wide intervals may separate their several appearances in the Eastern States and the Middle West.

An August Scene in Piegan Pass, Glacier National Park

OVER 90% OF ONE MILLION STILL IN SERVICE

Since delivering their first car, early in December, 1914, Dodge Brothers have manufactured and sold one million motor vehicles.

Over 90% of all these cars are still in active service.

This striking fact stands alone—a unique and overwhelming tribute to the principles and methods responsible for a product of such enduring worth.

DODGE BROTHERS

THE POETS' CORNER

We Take the Van

The American Merchant Marine

WE TAKE the van once more; again shall ride
Our ships, the masters of the wind and tide.
"They come - at last!" the phantom guns speak out;
The long-passed whalers lend their ghostly shout;
From peak to peak of phantom vanished sail
All those old sea men send their hearty hail
To greet the slant-stacked fleets with sails unfurled
That go forth to reclaim their ocean world.

We take the van once more; again shall ride
Our ships, the masters of the wind and tide;
For not too late—though late indeed—we rise
And give exultant banners to the skies;
Though long we've slacked our purpose, and though long
We've sat like men that sing an idle song
While life that never ceases moves without,
And action goes by with a gathering shout.

We take the van once more; again shall ride
Our ships, the masters of the wind and tide;
The oceans shall be ours, as in the days
When plunging clippers thundered foamy ways
Beyond dim shores, 'neath unfamiliar stars,
As thick as gulls that whiten harbor bars.

Though long we've waited, long we've striven in vain
To come into the changing seas' domain,
We take the van once more; again shall ride
Our ships, the masters of the wind and tide
At last Time's purpose shapes itself complete;
The sea's salt trade ways open for the feet
Of our out-trampling vessels, and we hear
The world-embracing ocean sending clear
Its call to shining traffic, where it glides
Forever on, with continent-wandering tides.

We take the van once more; again shall ride
Our ships, the masters of the wind and tide! —*Harry Kemp.*

Awakening

WHEN all the little streams are whispering
Through windy meadows where the field lark flies,
And all the vibrant viols of the spring
Are singing under happy April skies,
I shall not stir, nor turn to see or listen
As I did long ago.
Though all the new day's dewy garments glisten,
I shall not know.

When summer holds the long lakes hushed in quiet,
And all the soundless currents of the dark
Flow over tranquil lanes where roses riot,
And fingers of white languid lilies mark
Long graves that lie beneath the clustered mosses,
And west winds passing low
Shall pause where the white poplar lightly tosses,
I shall not know.

But when the flaming torch of autumn's lighted,
And red leaves fall like roses on the world,
In fields where homing swallows fly benighted
And under foot the russet grass is curled,
If you should come—no matter with what lightness
Your feet might go
Out of the past with its remembered brightness,
Then I shall know.

You could not speak, not even a whisper lightest,
But I should hear and thrill to feel you there,
And know the sunlight on your head the brightest,
With the fringed gentian folded in your hair.
Oh, strong as death and stronger, past its portal
The soul of love may go!
With all of me that loves and is immortal,
Beloved, I shall know.
Mary Lanier Magruder.

Forgotten Men

A GRAVE at the end of the trail!
What cheer for the hand that was destined to smite
The hard, sullen heart of the hills till the night
Of age and decrepitude ended the fight!
He lies at the end of the trail.
What cheer for the men who fail!

His name is long written in dust.
The click of the drill and the sturdy pick blow
Cut deep in the rock; but no future may know
The name of the man who lies sleeping below.
His broken pick reddens with rust.
His cabin door crumbles to dust.

He was a Knight of the Grail,
No danger so potent, no hardship so black,
No menace of avalanche over his track
Could shake his proud spirit or make him turn back
He was a Knight of the Grail
And he lies at the end of the trail.

These were the men who dared
Far out in the wild, with the rocks for a bed,
With Hope always mocking and pointing ahead,
Till Time laid a hand on the rugged old head.
These were the men who dared.
And nobody knew—or cared.

A song to the Unknown Men!
The stout patient hearts who were destined to fail;
Who conquered the West in pursuit of the Grail
And died in their rags at the end of the trail!
A song to the Unknown, then!
Here's how! To Forgotten Men!
-Lowell Otus Reese.

Ballade Nonsectarian

A SPARROW who lived in the eaves of a church,
And whose ideas were somewhat erratic,
Met a pigeon one day from a church o'er the way
Whose opinions were very dogmatic.

They stopped in their search for a midday repast,
And in hunting they both were astute.
And, I hate to relate, they engaged in debate
That led to a frightful dispute.

Quoth the pigeon, "I hold theological views
Considered both learned and wise,
So without more delay I will show you today
The only straight road to the skies."

Said the sparrow, "Your effort would be unrepaid,
For I follow a different road,
And it causes me grief to hear your belief
In such a ridiculous code."

Then without more ado, I am sorry to say,
They engaged in a battle most gory,
Till each was bereft of his senses and breath,
And the curtain here falls on their story.

Envoy

Now a strange little bird from a blossoming tree
Had witnessed the scene with surprise,
Then with unfettered wing and a heart that could sing
He took the straight road to the skies
—Julia Clopton Cresap.

Versus

I MAKE no count of deal or dearth
In human store of naked truth.
Upon God's riddle of the earth
I'll not grow creaky in my youth.

I leave to any honest seer
How distant all the planets are,
So I shall never come too near
To lose the twinkle in a star.

When Learning spies on little bees
She need not bring her tale to me,
The glory of the pollened trees
I look across the road and see.

And less I care what lexicons
May say on love; they cannot tell it
My wisdom here shames Solomon's.
And I myself can only spell it.
- Edwin L. Quarles.

Swimming at Night

THE moon is up; beyond the pines,
Between the trunks of trees, it shines

The world is black, shadowed with gray,
And stars burst out, and float away

I know not if my life is real.
All things are vague and sweet. I steal

Down to the beach. Here ripples sigh
Against the world, and dreams go by.

The dark, smooth waves push out, and soar
And reach pale hands to touch the shore.

There is a faint, quaint broken sound
Like hearts that beat—and all around

Tall Silence stoops, and watches me
Time falls. Worlds wait expectantly

I stand alone upon the brink
Of endless things, and dare not think.

Strange shadows curl about my feet,
And little winds, cautious and fleet,

Dance round me, like a fairy band
Of things I do not understand.

I loose my clothes. They drop away.
I slip among the waves. I lay

My cheek on their cold cheeks; I drift
Through golden ice, where moonbeams shift.

And sweep and break, and sink and rise;
I turn my face up to the skies,

And laugh. The hills stand queerly out
Along the world; the young waves shout;

The forest lifts its head and speaks
In whispers to the star-tipped peaks;

And all beneath and over me
The water, soft and velvety,

Folds and holds, and binds with white lace
My body—then kisses my face
Mary Dixon Thayer

Trees at Night

The Caravan

Undisputed Leadership

With Owners—Manufacturers—Dealers

To win such complete recognition from either group alone—owners—manufacturers—dealers—is more than ordinary success. To win it from all is almost without precedent.

Thirty leading car manufacturers standard equip one or more of their models with Gabriel Snubbers.

Thirty one others build their cars with the frames drilled so that they can be Gabriel equipped without delay or inconvenience at any one of the 1700 Gabriel Snubber Sales and Service Stations.

More than 2,000,000 owners are driving cars that are equipped with Gabriel Snubbers.

It stands to reason that such universal trade endorsement; such predominating public preference for Gabriel Snubbers, is not founded on anything other than the fact that Gabriel Snubbers do make a definite and important contribution to motoring comfort and economy.

Daily the conviction is spreading that Gabriel Snubbers are a necessity on every car.

A timely opportunity to check the dominance of Gabriel Snubbers is provided during the Automobile Shows. What you see there is typical of Gabriel standing everywhere.

There are Gabriel Snubber Sales and Service depots in more than 1700 cities, where Gabriel Snubbers can be installed efficiently and without long delay on any size car.

GABRIEL SNUBBERS

Gabriel is the only spring control device officially, by patent and copyright, entitled to the name *Snubbers*. To make certain that you have genuine Gabriel Snubbers installed on your car, go to the authorized Gabriel Snubbers Sales and Service Stations which are maintained in more than 1700 cities and towns. Motor car dealers who are desirous of assuring their customers of greatest satisfaction recommend Gabriel Snubbers and many of them install them as well.

Gabriel Manufacturing Company, Cleveland, Ohio
Gabriel Manufacturing Company of Canada, Toronto, Ontario

Sales & Service Everywhere

Gabriel Snubbers

Greater Riding Comfort

THE DANGER OF EUROPE

(Continued from Page 32

bloodshed they would be speedily crushed by the forces of law and order inherent in the minds of the majority of workers. That prophecy came true.

There was riot and bloodshed, but it was caused not so much by men inflamed by any political creed of anarchy as by the ordinary human impulse of starving men and women sacking shops which still contained food.

It is still too soon to say how far hunger and unemployment may result in another outbreak of that natural impulse, or how far the creed of communism may receive new armies of recruits made mad and desperate by utter misery. But whatever happens in that way, it is safe to prophesy that the end, when it comes, will not be a revolution from the Left but the triumph of the Right; that is to say, a conservative victory, followed by a revival of monarchy, disguised or undisguised.

So it is with the separatist movement. It began as a series of farcical demonstrations by small groups of insignificant men and disorderly youths, some of them in the pay of the French. When I was in Dusseldorf and Cologne they had great difficulty in arranging public meetings strong enough to fill the smallest halls. They were ridiculed and despised by the entire population of the Rhineland. Afterwards they were the cause of tragic and horrible scenes when, with the active or passive support of French and Belgian soldiers, they attacked the German police with arms which had been denied to the rest of the population and, in some cases, to the police themselves. They gathered more recruits from the lowest elements of the population, out for plunder and murder or mere adventure, and, again under the protection of French and Belgian forces, raised the flag of separation in many towns. It has been from the start an artificial movement, unsupported by decent patriotic Germans, even when they believed as many did, and do, that the Rhineland should not be so closely controlled by Prussia, for whom, in the past, they had no love at all.

It is possible, in my belief, that if the German people had not been so utterly crushed and humiliated after the war, with a sense of injustice against their whole race kept burning in them by the repressive measures and methods of France, there was a likelihood of a breaking away from Prussia by many of the states, by the people's own will. German unity is not long established in history. For the greater part of history, until the middle of the last century, those states with their independent monarchies or principalities had no sense of loyalty or tradition binding them together under a centralized government. After the shock of the war and defeat their dislike of Berlin and their remembrance of their own past would have tempted them to become more self-governing, more divided in character and purpose. But Germany found herself ringed round with bayonets, spiritually ostracized from the rest of Europe, made a pariah race—the outcasts of humanity—and so hounded and pressed on all sides that inevitably this force welded them together more strongly and made them hold together in some spirit of self-defense and tribal unity.

Now, under economic and political pressure, they may be forced to disintegrate for a time, and the central government of Berlin may continue to delegate its authority to separate states with full rights over their affairs. But if anybody thinks that that break-up is likely to be permanent he is under the spell of a political delusion. It is merely an arrangement of a temporary character under the mask of which the preparation for a future unity and power will be made.

Bavaria is the rallying ground of a military and monarchical movement which will result, as sure as day follows night, at some unknown date, in the restoration of the empire and the uprising of the whole German race with all its satellites, and with new allies.

That danger may, sooner or later, engulf Europe in a new and terrible war, a war without mercy for man or woman, unless something happens to make it unnecessary. That is, a revision of the economic penalties against Germany which will give her a reasonable chance of life, the withdrawal of foreign troops from the industrial heart of Germany, and a world compact for a new peace, based on fair play and justice all round—to France as well as to Germany, to Germany as well as to France—and the admittance of Germany to a League of Nations supported by the conscience and power of all democratic peoples. That "unless" of mine is not full of promise, and is utterly uncertain.

It all depends on whether the other countries of the world are going to insist on the settlement of this passionate problem or whether, after limited conferences ending in disagreement or inactivity, they will leave it again to a tug-of-war between Germany and France. In that case it is clear what France will do. Naturally she will make use of the turmoil in Germany by strengthening her military position in the Rhineland and the Ruhr and preventing united action against herself. She will also increase her armaments, as I have said, as a plain warning to Great Britain that she will not tolerate any dictation, check or enforced alteration of policy. Meanwhile Germany's struggle for national liberty and economic life will become more desperate, and satisfied with British neutrality, hoping even for eventual war between England and France, she will devote all her ambitions to secret preparations for the day when she can strike back at France and tear up the Treaty of Versailles.

The Junker mind in Germany, the old militarism that was dethroned but not exterminated, is already thinking hard of one chance of escape and triumph. It is in the direction of Russia, inexhaustible in man power, illimitable as a factory of war. Those German militarists are biding their time until the present Russian leaders abandon their fast-fading hopes of a red revolution in Europe, and are followed, almost certainly, by imperialist republicans willing to enter into military alliance with Germany on hard conditions and for a high price.

Neither the German people nor the French people nor the Russian people are in the very least degree aware of all these secret policies and preparations in the minds of their reactionary leaders. Indeed, it is probable that the leaders themselves, apart from small groups of farseeing and crafty brains, are unconscious of the fateful threads of logic which are weaving that plot of fate for the future. Certainly in England, despite vague fears and apprehensions, there is no idea at all of this sinister development of Continental forces working towards that frightful combination of explosives. In Germany there are large numbers of pacifists and idealists who utterly repudiate all thought of future war. In France there is hardly a man, certainly not a peasant in any field of France, who would not be horrified by the suggestion that the policy of Poincaré during the past year was leading to another struggle in which the last manhood of France may be sacrificed. It is as though these peoples were made blind by some dark and evil spell to the pits that are being dug before their feet.

What I have written reads like the lurid imaginings of a sensational journalist anxious to make his readers' flesh creep. Alas, it is, I am certain, the hidden meaning of all those forces moving below the surface of Europe today as I have been watching them in many countries. I do not say these things will certainly happen. I only say again that they or something like them will happen, unless very quickly, in world conference, the problem is lifted above the obstinacy of narrow brains, and settled in a large and bold and generous way by the liberal judgment of the world's democracies, planning a way of justice, peace and the security of common folk.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Sir Philip Gibbs. The views of Sir Philip Gibbs should not be confused with the opinions of the editors, which appear from week to week on our editorial page, but we believe that they do reflect the ideas of an important group of Englishmen.

AS THE JONES FAMILY SEES IT

(Continued from Page 25)

both sides. Uncle Amos, to be sure, is hard-boiled. That is, his opinions are stable and consistent. Whether you put him in cold storage or lay him out in the sun or stand him on either end, he is exactly the same well-done, dependable article, somewhat dry to the palate, but edible. The younger generation, however, lean to a sort of college-bred, custard-pie liberalism.

Nevertheless, the Jones family has a national significance of which its individual members are but dimly aware, if aware at all, and to which the public at large pays slight attention. They furnish a large part of the capital upon which the growth of national industry depends. No new industry—regardless of how little or how big it is—can start without capital. No old industry can expand without capital. That would be as true under socialism or communism as it is under capitalism. Ever since the Armistice, communistic Russia—bare of surplus itself—has been bidding for foreign capital to start up its stalled industries.

There must be a surplus before anything new can start or anything old can expand. The people who control the surplus control the starting or expanding.

One of Jones' neighbors, a couple of miles farther out in the country, engaged in the poultry industry in a very modest way. He had to have several hundred dollars of surplus capital to build coops, buy an incubator and lay in a stock of eggs before he could start. If he had started with only one egg, still he would have needed the capital to buy that egg with. Always, somebody must have a surplus to build the coop and buy the eggs with before the industry begins to bring in a return and support itself.

There is, of course, a great difference in industries. Some will yield quick returns on a small initial outlay and build themselves up out of their own profits. The automobile industry is an outstanding example. To a large extent its plant has been built out of its own profits; it has made its capital as it went along. Mr. Ford has said that he started with only $28,000—also that he had hard work raising that $28,000, and without it or some such sum he couldn't have started at all. Many other businesses, with quick returns on a small initial outlay, and large profits, have practically made their own capital as they went along.

In early years the Chicago packers were in that category, building their extensions out of accumulated profits. But they long since reached the point where accumulated profits were not sufficient to build the extensions which rapidly expanding business required, so they came into the market with bond issues and stock issues—drawing capital from the Jones family. Even the Standard Oil companies, with their huge yearly accumulation of profits, have invited the Jones family in with issues of preferred stocks for investment. As a pretty general rule, whatever the business, if it continues to grow it will come to the Jones family in time.

The advertising pages of any well-established financial journal will show what an extraordinary range and variety of businesses are already knocking at the door.

But there are certain extremely important businesses that require powerful assistance from the family from the start. The telephone business is an example. You can't start a telephone business with a dozen eggs that will hatch out in a week, yielding a product that you can sell and get your investment back. You've got to plant eggs all over town and wait many months before they begin to hatch dividends. If you make an automobile and sell it you get back all the capital you invested in that particular machine, plus a profit. But the telephone business doesn't sell telephones; it only leases them. In other words, what it sells is service. Now if a company manufactured automobiles all over the country, not to sell, but to lease, agreeing to keep them in repair, it would obviously require far greater capital than if it manufactured the machines to sell outright. The more machines it leased the greater capital it would require. In the nature of the case a telephone business is absolutely dependent on the Jones family.

The railroad business is in the same category as the telephone business, only more so, because to supply a given territory with railroad service requires a decidedly greater investment in plant than to supply it with telephone service, and the railroad company, like the telephone company, has nothing to sell except service.

From the beginning, therefore, the railroad business has been absolutely dependent on the Jones family, and from the beginning down to this present moment the Jones family has been pretty nearly the sole and only goat in the railroad field. Whatever sins, follies and errors anybody has committed in that field from the beginning, about nine times out of ten the Jones family—and nobody else—has paid for them.

The Government, you remember, took over the railroads as a war measure and among other things—boosted the pay roll from $1,468,000,000 in 1916 to $3,682,000,000 in 1920. In order to keep the roads solvent after an enormous rise in operating expenses it made a great increase in freight and passenger rates. Those rates, while they lasted, were oppressive. Both freight and passenger rates are high now. But until the Government took the matter in hand, railroad rates in the United States, taken as a whole, never were oppressive or unreasonable. They were decidedly lower than railroad rates in Europe in spite of decidedly higher railroad wages here. There was inequality in rates, some too high and some too low. For a while there were rebates to favored shippers. But the consuming public did not pay an unreasonable price for railroad service on the whole.

In fact the general public was never much excited about inequality in rates or about rebates. Mainly it was the railroads themselves that put a stop to rebating for their own protection against the big shippers. For thirty years stock watering has been the railroad crime that really excited public indignation.

A generation ago an English writer on investments visited the United States and composed a bulky book on our railroads. He was scandalized by the extent of water in them. In England they did it differently. Over there in the early years of railroad construction it was necessary for every new line to get a special authorization from Parliament. Noble landlords, through whose premises the line would run, controlled one house of Parliament absolutely and had great influence in the other. They consented to no new authorization until the new line had made a satisfactory settlement with them for the right of way, and when the noble landlords got through there was little opportunity left for watering the stock. The capitalization of English railroads per mile was far higher than of American railroads, in spite of the water in our stocks.

The Erie Railroad furnished the most scandalous example that the Englishman discovered. For fifty years it has been cited as a shocking instance of share manipulation. In the riotous speculative era that followed the Civil War, Fisk and Gould got control of the Erie and in four years boosted its capital stock, out of hand, from $17,000,000 to $78,000,000—practically all water.

Certainly it was a scandalous performance—too scandalous even for the easy-going Wall Street of that day, and the Stock Exchange once refused to quote the shares. But for at least thirty years that performance has not had the slightest effect on railroad rates—shippers, travelers and the consuming public have not paid one penny on account of it. The Jones family, so far as they were foolish enough to invest in bloated Erie shares, held the bag and paid the bills.

Almost thirty years ago this water-logged Erie road went into bankruptcy. The fiat stock was not actually wiped off the books; but the reorganized company issued nearly $113,000,000 of new common stock, on which no dividend has ever been paid and

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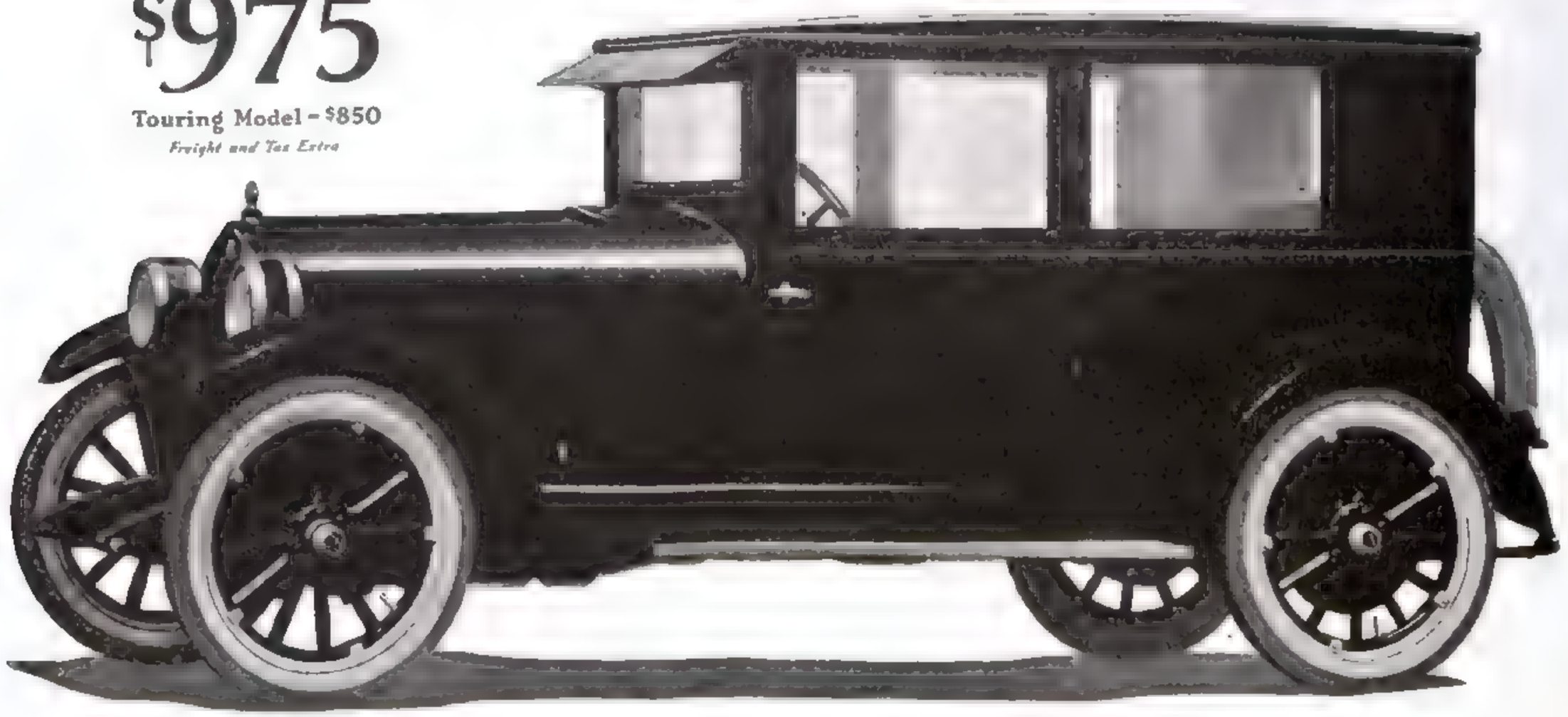
Built by HUDSON Under HUDSON Patents

The *Coach*
$975
Touring Model – $850
Freight and Tax Extra



Essex Closed Car Comforts Now Cost $170 Less than Ever Before

Also with this lower price you get an even more attractive Coach body and a six cylinder motor built on the principle of the famous Hudson Super-Six.

It continues Essex qualities of economy and reliability, known to 135,000 owners. It adds a smoothness of performance which heretofore was exclusively Hudson's. Both cars are alike in all details that count for long satisfactory service at small operating cost.

Gears shift quietly. Steering is like guiding a bicycle, and care of the car calls for little more than keeping it lubricated.

Greater fuel economy is obtained. The car is lighter, longer and roomier. You will agree that from the standpoint of appearance, delightful performance, cost and reliability, the new Essex provides ideal transportation.

A Thirty Minute Ride Will Win You

The New ESSEX
A SIX

Built by Hudson under Hudson Patents

ESSEX MOTORS — DETROIT

Watch This Column

How Wise Are Picture Producers?

HOOT GIBSON

We're not so very wise, we moving picture people. Some of us said, "The people don't want costume plays." Then along came LON CHANEY in *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"* and knocked all this wonderful wisdom somewhat awry.

Other wise theatre men said, "The people don't want westerns." So Universal presented HOOT GIBSON in a series of western pictures, directed by Edward Sedgwick, and drove the wise ones to cover with Gibson's big successes.

Maybe there was a time when the people were overfed with westerns, but that time is gone. Any theatre owner who is operating on the theory that "the people don't want westerns" is far behind the times.

After all, the rich and the poor are brothers under the skin and they all experience a stirring of the soul when they see a good mixture of love, youth and daredevil recklessness on the stage or on the screen or in a book or in life itself. That is why Hoot Gibson's pictures are receiving such startlingly favorable responses from audiences everywhere.

HOOT GIBSON is a great big hit this very minute. Scores of theatre managers are making more profit on Gibson pictures than on any other brand. They say so frankly. The smart theatre-owner is the one who takes advantage of every change in public likes and dislikes. He senses a change in public opinion almost before it comes. He prepares for it.

"A Lady of Quality" is full of costumes, but the people love it as they always love a beautiful love-story. Clothes make little difference where two hearts beat as one. And *"Merry Go Round."* Full of costumes, yet an almost startling success. Have you seen *"The Acquittal,"* the great mystery play? It is one of the most thrilling of the modern dramas.

You just can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see Universals.

Carl Laemmle

President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The pleasure is all yours"

1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 48)

which you can buy in the open market now at about fifteen cents on the dollar. The new company also issued $64,000,000 of preferred stock on which for a very few years dividends were paid at the rate of 2 to 4 per cent a year; but no dividend has been paid on this preferred stock for sixteen years. It sells around fifteen to twenty-five cents on the dollar. Against whatever stock watering there was fifty years ago, Erie capitalization now contains $177,000,000 that does not draw a penny from the revenues of the road, and therefore does not involve a penny charge upon the consuming public which pays freight bills and buys passenger tickets. It would make no difference whatever to the freight-paying public if three more ciphers were added to that capitalization. The greater part of it, consisting of common stock, never has drawn a penny from the road's revenues, and the small amount of dividends paid on the preferred stock for three or four years are offset many times over by surplus earnings that have been used for permanent improvements in the plant.

Gould and Fisk were stock manipulators. They used their control of Erie for that purpose, juggling the stock up and down, getting a lot of foolish speculators to load up with it, then dumping a cartload of new shares on their heads. Which is of no more interest to railroad users today than whether Bill or Jim won the big pot in the poker game ten years ago. Probably some misguided legitimate investors now have depreciated Erie certificates in their safe-deposit boxes; but that is an affair of the Jones family; and in regard to railroads, at least, the public has never had any time to waste on the Jones family.

The Era of Consolidation

In constructing the New York Central system out of small independent lines, Commodore Vanderbilt pumped in as much water as, in his optimistic judgment, the traffic would bear. Our Englishman concluded that Erie and New York Central contained $200,000,000 of water. We have seen that Erie capitalization now contains $177,000,000 of stock that involves no burden on railroad users. So far as they are concerned, it is merely so much Russian rubles. The value of New York Central's real estate in New York City alone, over and above what Commodore Vanderbilt paid for it, would cancel all the water he pumped into the system several times over.

To be sure, it is held nowadays that railroads have no right to take credit for the enhanced value of the real estate which they use, and that involves a matter of vital importance from the point of view of the Jones family. They know very well that in the first thirty years or so of railroad building stock watering was a common practice. In the early years railroads were a new speculative enterprise, very much as automobiles were fifteen years ago. Back in those days, exactly as today, men could find safe nonspeculative investments for their money—government bonds, city bonds, real-estate mortgages, and so forth—yielding 6 or 7 per cent. Certainly they wouldn't put their money into an uncertain speculative venture on the expectation, if the venture succeeded, of getting no more than a safe real-estate mortgage would yield. In order to attract capital to build new lines it was a common thing to offer bonds with a bonus of stock. The man who subscribed $10,000 would get bonds to that amount and fifty or 100 shares of stock thrown in. If the venture succeeded he would make a handsome profit. But in fact, as happens in all pioneer fields, many early ventures did not succeed in time to do the original investors any good.

Then came an era of consolidation of small lines into bigger ones and into systems, often with further copious injections of water. The same thing goes on today all through the business field. Men go into new ventures only in the hope of getting greater returns on their money than they can get in old-established safe investments. If the new venture succeeds it issues stock dividends, increasing its capitalization as earnings increase. Nobody forbids it.

In the first fifty years of American railroad construction—the period in which practically all the big lines that we have now were built—the public wasn't thinking about regulation of stock issues or regulation of anything else. What the public wanted then was railroads, more railroads everywhere. It clamored for them, and it looked exclusively to competition as a means of securing fair rates and good service. In every country town across the continent all other news paled before an exciting rumor that the X. Y. & Z. Railroad was going to build a line through Plumville. Immediately upon hearing that rumor Plumville mobilized all its resources to make sure of getting the new line. The public's proposition to the builders was, "Come on; build your line!"

As to how much bonus stock or watered stock the promoters might issue in order to attract the Jones family's capital into the bonds, the public cared not a rap. Or again, in the era of consolidations after the Civil War, the public's interest was in better service, through trains, faster movement of freight. It paid no attention to issues of watered stock.

Now the Constitution of the United States forbids Congress to pass a retroactive law. It says in effect that you must not punish a New England cotton mill now because it employed child labor fifty years ago when public opinion sanctioned the employment of child labor; you cannot put a man in jail today because he sold whisky ten years ago when selling whisky was lawful. But a militant band of politicians today proposes in effect to pass a retroactive railroad law and punish railroad security holders now because the stock was watered long ago when the public took stock watering as a matter of course.

As to all that stock watering of forty and fifty years ago present holders of railroad securities might plead a valid statute of limitations. But they do not need to plead a statute of limitations. Improvements to the railroad plant paid for out of earnings have wiped out a large part of whatever stock watering there was, and over $3,000,000,000 of outstanding railroad stock pays no dividend and therefore involves no burden on railroad users. As far back as Interstate Commerce Commission records run one-third or more of the outstanding railroad stock has received nothing out of the revenues of the roads. There is not an honest doubt that face value of interest-paying and dividend-paying securities—the only securities, that is, which involve a burden on railroad users—is below the actual value of railroad property today.

To be sure, stock watering did not cease thirty years ago. Four conspicuous instances of it since then have provoked a library of discussion and condemnation. Those four cases are the Rock Island, Alton, 'Frisco and New Haven. The first named is the most flagrant case. The old Rock Island road was one of the four Granger lines running west from Chicago. Twenty-odd years ago it had $75,000,000 of capital stock on which dividends were paid at the rate of 4 to 6 per cent a year. In 1898 the market price of the stock ranged from $80 to $108 a share; in 1899 from $107 to $122; in 1900 from $102 to $117, which shows that Rock Island was generally regarded as a conservative investment proposition.

Stocks Without Dividends

Some Chicagoans had made a great deal of money in industrial promotions and decided that they wanted a railroad, so they bought a great part of Rock Island's capital stock in the market, finally getting in almost all of it. They then organized a new company in Iowa and another in New Jersey. The Iowa company issued $75,000,000 of 4 per cent bonds for which the old stock was pledged as collateral. The New Jersey company issued $75,000,000 new common stock and $52,500,000 new preferred—frankly all water. Each $100 of old stock got $100 in new 4 per cent bonds, $100 in common stock of the New Jersey company and seventy dollars in the preferred stock of that company. Where there had been $75,000,000 of capitalization before, there was now $202,500,000 of capitalization.

Some people at the time considered that a very ominous fact—and it was a very ominous fact for the Jones family, but for nobody else. The new stock, all water, had a lively speculative career in Wall Street, for which, no doubt, it was designed. Interest on the new bonds, at 4 per cent, amounted to less than dividends on the old stock at 6 per cent had come to. Dividends on the new preferred stock at the rate of 4 per cent a year were paid from February, 1903, to November, 1905; no dividend was paid after that. No dividend was ever paid on the new common stock.

The only additional money drawn out of railroad revenues and paid over to security holders on account of this inflation consisted of 4 per cent a year on the new preferred stock for less than three years; but meanwhile the new bonds were drawing only 4 per cent, while the equivalent amount of old stock had drawn 6 per cent in dividends. From the point of view of money taken out of railroad revenues and handed over to security holders—which is the railroad user's point of view in this matter of stock watering—the Rock Island affair amounted simply to increasing the dividend on the old stock from 6 per cent to a trifle over 6.5 per cent for less than three years, at a time when railroad earnings were increasing and a rise in the dividend rate might have been considered justifiable if there had been no inflation. Except for that period of less than three years, less railroad money was handed over to security holders than if there had been no inflation and dividends had been continued on the old stock at the old rate of even 5 per cent a year. Railroad users had nothing to complain of.

In 1915 this dropsical concern went into bankruptcy. The phantom New Jersey company was simply wiped off the slate. The Iowa company was wound up by distributing the old Rock Island stock among holders of its 4 per cent bonds. In fine, all the stock water was undone and the old Rock Island—the real railroad property that hauled actual freight and carried flesh-and-blood passengers—was back where it had been in the beginning, with the very important exception that it, also, was bankrupt.

It was then reorganized and holders of the $75,000,000 of old Rock Island stock were assessed forty dollars a share to pay floating debts and the like. Upon payment of that assessment they received, for each $100 of old stock, a like amount of new common stock and forty dollars in new preferred. To put it in another way, they were permitted to retain their common-stock equity in the company in consideration of buying at par new preferred stock to an amount equal to 40 per cent of their holdings. That new common stock has never paid a dividend. At this writing it sells around twenty-one dollars a share, par value being $100.

Who Got Stung?

Let us see who got stung. The Jones family, we will say, owned 100 shares of old Rock Island twenty-odd years ago. It paid 4 to 6 per cent dividends and sold in the market above par. In the inflation they received $10,000 of new 4 per cent bonds, 100 shares of new common stock and seventy shares of new preferred. Interest on the bonds came to less than the dividends they had received on the old stock. They got 4 per cent dividends on the new preferred stock from February, 1903, to November, 1905. In the smash-up their new common and preferred stock was wiped off the slate. On surrendering the new bonds they got back their original 100 shares of common stock and were permitted to keep it on condition that they bought forty shares of new preferred stock at par. Since then they have received no dividends on the new common stock, which now sells at about twenty-one dollars a share, and the preferred for which they paid par sells at about eighty dollars a share.

Therefore, reader, when you flaunt Rock Island inflation in the face of the Jones family as a reason why railroad security holders should be penalized now you make them sad. At its most inflated state the Rock Island hauled freight and passengers at the same rates charged, for example, by the competing Chicago & Northwestern, which was not inflated. This stock watering involved no burden whatever on users of railroads; the burden fell exclusively upon holders of railroad securities.

Ten years ago Senator La Follette took up this question of watered railroad stocks. He insisted that the only way to settle it once and forever, and so to arrive at a sound basis for rate making, was to have an expert impartial appraisal of the physical property of the roads. It was objected that this would be an enormous job; yet many people felt that the question ought to be settled once and forever, so Congress passed a bill requiring the Interstate Commerce Commission to make a detailed inventory and valuation of railroad property. The commission has been working at the job nearly ten years. The cost to the Government and the railroads is something over

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Alemite *Announces*

9,058

New Lubricating Stations

A unique comment on the American motoring public, reflecting as it does, the widespread awakening to the importance of lubrication

Nothing more commendatory of the American motoring public could be said than that during 1923 a total of 9,058 new Alemite Lubricating Stations were established throughout the country. (This does not include more than 25,000 automotive dealers handling Alemite Products).

These stations are all convenient places where the motorist can get complete lubricating service in minimum time at minimum cost. The rapidity with which they have been springing up has been the sensation of the automotive world in 1923. But they have come only in answer to an insistent demand in every quarter for regular, periodic Alemite Lubrication.

This spectacular growth in the methodical use of Alemite is significant. It shows the motoring public is learning a great lesson in motor car upkeep. It shows, they too, have learned that Alemite chassis lubrication is as fundamental in motor car operation as oil, water and air!

Repair men have long told us of the importance of correct and regular lubrication. They have pointed out that fully 80% of the repairs they make on the moving parts of a motor car are occasioned by nothing less than poor lubrication.

Automotive experts have ever urged that careful and methodical lubrication of chassis bearings is as important as lubrication of the engine. They have warned incessantly of dry, dirt-worn bearings as the major cause of big repair bills, rapid depreciation and low re-sale value.

Evidently, the public is becoming sensible to the importance of this matter of chassis lubrication.

The springing up of Alemite Stations throughout the country as a result of the widespread demand for this high-pressure lubrication promises to make Alemite Service as convenient as gasoline and oil service.

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HIGH PRESSURE LUBRICATING SYSTEM
A Bassick-Alemite Product

(Continued from Page 50)

$80,000,000 and the task is not finished. But the physical property of a good many roads has been appraised by the commission's experts. A year or so ago they published their preliminary valuation of the property of the Rock Island road. After allowing for the bonds and preferred stock, that expert valuation would leave an equity for the common stock equal to $133 a share—the same stock that you can now buy for less than one-sixth of that sum.

Congress has laid down a rule that railroad rates ought to be sufficient to yield a net return of 5.75 per cent on the actual value. That rule applied to Rock Island would give a yield of about 7.5 per cent on the common stock; but the market price shows that nobody expects any dividends on that stock for a long while to come.

The Alton is another conspicuous case of present-generation stock watering. Twenty-five years ago Chicago & Alton stock occupied somewhat the same place in the affections of Middle Western investors that New Haven held for the thrifty citizens of New England. It was an old, conservatively managed, conservatively capitalized line, whose common stock—only $18,000,000 outstanding—had paid dividends at the rate of 8 per cent for many years. But the physical condition of the line deteriorated; it seemed to be slipping behind the procession. A syndicate headed by the late E. H. Harriman bought practically all the old stock in 1900. Having put in some fresh money for extensions and improvements, the syndicate organized a new company which issued some new securities. The nub of the matter was that for each $1000 paid in the syndicate members received $650 in new stock, common and preferred, and $875 in new bonds; so for each $1000 paid in, $1525 of new securities were outstanding.

This was criticized in many quarters not long after it occurred, for by that time public opinion in respect of railroads was undergoing a decided change. But part of the new bonds drew interest at the rate of only 3 per cent a year and the remainder bore only 3.5 per cent, so they involved a comparatively small charge on the revenues of the road. Dividends at the rate of 4 per cent were paid on the new preferred stock for about five years, but no dividend has been paid since 1911. On the new common stock 1 per cent was paid in 1908, 4 per cent in 1909, 2 per cent in 1910, and none has been paid since. In short, since 1900 the total charge for interest and dividends has been less than 8 per cent on the old stock would have amounted to. The road stopped paying interest on the bonds in 1922 and went into the hands of receivers. The new common stock may now be bought in the market at three dollars a share, the preferred at eight dollars a share, the 3 per cent bonds at fifty-four cents on the dollar and the 3.5 per cent bonds at thirty cents on the dollar. Who, except the Jones family, should worry about that inflation?

And the Joneses Held the Bag

The St. Louis & San Francisco was promoted and inflated not long after the Rock Island enjoyed that experience, although the stock watering was not on nearly so extensive a scale. It went into bankruptcy and was reorganized in 1916, the new company issuing $50,000,000 of common stock and $8,000,000 of preferred. No dividend has been paid on either class of stock. The market price—nineteen for the common and forty-five for the preferred—does not indicate any lively anticipation of dividends in the near future.

For more than twenty years, up to 1896, the New York, New Haven & Hartford steadily paid 10 per cent a year in dividends, and all through New England the stock was looked upon as about in the same class as a government bond—but perhaps rather more respectable on the whole. In 1896, at the end of three years of hard times, the dividend was reduced to 8 per cent a year, at which rate it continued for sixteen years. New Haven stock was never watered outright, but Mr. Morgan conceived an ambitious scheme of combining New England transportation by rail, trolley and water, with the New Haven as the foundation of the structure. Properties were bought at extravagant prices and the foundation gave way. No dividend has been paid on the $157,000,000 of New Haven common stock since 1913, and it now sells around twelve dollars a share. The Jones family, and nobody else, held the bag.

Baltimore & Ohio, our oldest railroad, organized in 1827, paid dividends as high as 8 per cent in the '80's and was commonly regarded as a good investment. In the hard times following 1893 it went into bankruptcy, and was reorganized in 1898. The $25,000,000 of common stock outstanding at that time may have been all water. The total capitalization, stocks and bonds, was then $130,000,000. About $36,000,000 new money was put into the property at reorganization. Since then over $300,000,000 new capital has been raised by the sale of bonds bearing interest at rates ranging from 3.5 to 5 per cent. In addition $100,000,000 new capital has been raised by the sale of common stock at par. The total capitalization is now some $600,000,000, and if the $25,000,000 of common stock before reorganization in 1898 was all water it is not at this time a very big drop in the bucket. The same common stock for which subscribers paid par since the reorganization now sells around fifty-eight dollars a share.

When stock watering was a common practice railroad construction was cheap. Not only were materials and labor cheap, as compared with present prices, but dirt ballast and light rails were the rule; terminals even in cities of considerable size cost but little. Therefore a great deal of railroad mileage could be constructed with a small outlay. A good part of the additional capital invested in the Baltimore & Ohio since 1898 represents, not additional length of road, but much heavier construction, more second track, third track, fourth track, costlier freight and passenger terminals, more powerful locomotives, bigger freight cars, and so on.

More Deflation Than Inflation

To build the Union Pacific from Council Bluffs to Ogden, something over 1000 miles, cost about $60,000,000. In recent years the Pennsylvania Railroad has spent much more than that to extend its lines half a dozen miles into and across Manhattan Island. Judged by present standards, much early railroad construction was only a sort of sketch, and with comparatively few exceptions—for which the Jones family has paid—the heavier, costlier construction of recent years has been capitalized at cost.

In its early days, for which there are no public records, the Chicago & Northwestern no doubt issued bonus stock to bond subscribers. Forty years ago, when capitalization was small, this bonus stock probably amounted to an appreciable proportion of the total. But for forty years the road has pursued a conservative policy in the matter of reinvesting surplus earnings in improvements, and the record does show that since 1900 it has sold about $100,000,000 of common stock at par for cash. Back in 1901 that stock sold in the market for $215 a share. It now sells for about sixty dollars a share. Northwestern has never been manipulated or inflated. When you talk railroad inflation to the Jones family they have a right to talk deflation to you.

The general public still hears a good deal about railroad inflation in the last century, but it hears comparatively little about the enormous deflation that has been visited upon railroad investors in late years. When Western progressives threaten a fresh onslaught upon present railroad values because Jay Gould and Commodore Vanderbilt were too free with the garden hose—well, if you should lose all your clothes except a suit of pajamas and an overcoat in the hotel fire and then meet a policeman who proposed to take the overcoat away from you on the ground that your grandfather sold shoddy garments in 1872, you could appreciate the Jones family's state of mind in respect of radical plans to raid railroads because stock watering was once a common practice.

The Interstate Commerce Commission proceeded far enough with its appraisal to fix a tentative valuation of railroad property, for present rate-making purposes, at $18,900,000,000. That was a little short of the total outstanding railroad capitalization, but no dividend has ever been paid on about one-third of the outstanding railroad stock. Such stock, therefore, involves no burden on the revenues of the roads. In 1921 the net earnings of the roads amounted to but little over 3 per cent on the commission's tentative valuation, instead of the 5.75 per cent to which Congress said they were entitled. In short, if the commission's tentative valuation were to stand, or any figure within gunshot of it, there could be no justification in reducing railroad earnings below the present level. So the radicals who pressed for this valuation ten years ago started a movement to repudiate it—which does not increase the Jones family's confidence in future railroad investments.

It should be understood that Congress instructed the Interstate Commerce Commission to value the railroads as of June, 1915; therefore inflated wartime or post-war prices do not enter into the appraisal except as they apply to extensions and improvements made at the time those prices prevailed. Real estate used by the roads was in 1915 worth much more than they originally paid for it. Radicals say that railroads have no right to claim credit for enhanced value of real estate, on the general theory that from the beginning capital invested in railroads was never entitled in any case to more than 6 or 7 per cent; but as to the many cases where capital was invested in railroad securities and lost, that is a private matter which doesn't enter into the calculation. In any event real estate accounts for only about 10 per cent of total valuation of the railroads.

At present dividends are paid on about three-fifths of the railroad stock outstanding and the average rate is a little more than 6 per cent. The dividends altogether take between 6 and 7 per cent of gross railroad revenues. To reduce gross revenues 7 per cent would not make a vast difference to railroad users, but that reduction passed along to the other end of the line would wipe out what is left of the Jones family so far as they are investors in railroad stocks. Naturally the family is wary of railroad investments. In the nine months from January 1 to October 1, 1923, over $2,300,000,000 of new corporation securities were offered to the public and absorbed by investors. Only $300,000 of that total consisted of railroad stock, and railroad bonds accounted for a little less than $330,000,000, or one-seventh of the total. For the same period in the last five years the ratio has been about one to five. That is, railroads have been absorbing about $40,000,000 a month of investment money and other corporations about $200,000,000 a month.

A great part of railroad securities that have been floated in late years consists of equipment obligations that are secured by a special lien on the new cars and locomotives. In other words, they are like buying an automobile on credit and giving a chattel mortgage on the machine to secure the deferred payments. In this way the roads have been able to buy many new cars and locomotives and so to handle the greatest volume of traffic in their history. But any business man will tell you that financing by means of chattel mortgage is not a satisfactory condition.

Mortgage Debts Increasing

In late years the roads have been able to attract capital only by issuing obligations secured by mortgage and bearing a fixed rate of interest. That is not a satisfactory condition, for a lean period would threaten default in the interest payment, which would bring bankruptcy and foreclosure. No railroad is strong enough in credit to attract any considerable amount of capital by issuing stock on the 5.75 per cent basis which Congress has named as a reasonable return. If you pick out the six or seven very strongest roads in the United States you find that their stock sells in the market on a basis lower than 5.75 per cent. Nobody would subscribe for new stock of the New York Central on a 5.75 per cent basis when he can buy the same stock in the open market on a 7 per cent basis.

The result is that the roads are compelled steadily to increase their mortgage debt. A little way back I mentioned the telephone business as being analogous to railroading. A short time ago the American Telephone & Telegraph Company offered for public subscription $100,000,000 of 5.5 per cent bonds. The whole issue was taken in a few hours. In its prospectus the company pointed out that in the last three years it had issued $300,000,000 of capital stock for extensions and betterments, so that with this new issue its funded debt bearing a fixed interest rate amounted to only 28 per cent of its total capitalization. That, of course, leaves a wide margin for the bonds. By reducing dividends on capital stock the company could weather a long period of lean years without trenching on its ability to pay interest on its bonds. That is the kind of investment the Jones family is looking for.

At this writing the roads are doing a greater business than ever and on a short view their condition is quite prosperous. This year they may even earn the 5.75 per cent on valuation to which Congress says they are entitled. But that the Jones family has little faith in the permanence of this condition is shown by their attitude toward railroad securities.

Prosperity is not a permanent condition in any business. There is our old friend the business cycle, with its swing up and swing down; there is always a risk. Any business that cannot show a good margin in a time of prosperity is in a dubious condition. From the investors' point of view, railroading as a whole has always been a risky business. There has never been a year in which some railroad mileage has not passed into the hands of receivers. In 1892 and 1893, 40,000 miles suffered that fate; in 1908, 8000 miles; in 1915, 20,000 miles.

They will tell you that was due to stock watering, mismanagement, building unprofitable branches. But there is nothing in the present scheme of public regulation which protects investors against similar painful experiences in the future except that outright watering of stock is forbidden. There was no water in the St. Paul's $100,000,000 of preferred stock and $70,000,000 of common, sold at par and now worth twelve to twenty-five cents on the dollar; no water in the Northwestern's stock sold at par and now worth sixty cents on the dollar. The Interstate Commerce Commission's appraisal gives a value of more than par to Rock Island common, now worth about twenty-one cents on the dollar. A long list of similar cases might be compiled. In short, to forbid stock watering protects legitimate investors against only one risk among many.

"Nothing in Railroads"

There is nothing in this scheme of public regulation that offers security holders any protection against the risks and vicissitudes of the transportation business. To be sure, Congress has expressed an opinion that earnings ought to equal 5.75 per cent on valuation; but in fact earnings never have equaled that and an opinion by Congress is no better collateral at the bank than anybody else's opinion is.

On the one hand this scheme of public regulation leaves investors exposed to all the ordinary risks and hazards of business, and on the other hand it adds some extraordinary and very forbidding hazards of its own. It puts the railroads in politics and lays them liable to all the haphazard experimenting and demagoguery in which politics abounds. It makes railroad baiting politically profitable in some sections of the country. Certainly as a general proposition investors ought to be exposed to the ordinary risks and hazards of business; they ought to rely on their own judgment or on their ability to take good advice. But public regulation of railroads has always loaded the dice against them, for it has operated in the direction of strictly limiting profits without limiting losses. That is not attractive to investors. A great many of them are using their judgment now in the following rough-and-ready fashion:

The other day, walking through the bond department of a big trust company, I overheard a bit of conversation at one of the desks. A prosperous-looking lady sat at one end of the desk and an officer of the company was discussing a list of investments which lay before them. I heard the lady say, hastily and in a shocked tone, "Oh, not railroads! Nothing in railroads!"

Occasionally at a Jones family gathering conversation turns, in a disgustingly bourgeois way, to the subject of investments, and when it comes to railroads—well, perhaps a few equipment obligations, secured by chattel mortgage, or an exceptionally strong bond issue, or by way of a gamble 100 shares of some railroad stock that is selling at a bargain-counter price. But when it comes to railroads you will notice that the tone grows cautious and doubtful—a good deal like the tone of people who debate whether they can get over that ten miles of hilly clay road in this downpour.

There are only two sources of capital in large quantities—the Government and the Jones family. If the Joneses should shut down altogether, the railroads—whether anybody liked it or not—would be forced into the hands of the Government. The New York, New Haven & Hartford, in order to keep afloat, has already borrowed some $70,000,000 from the Government.

Where Success means more

MANY people plan to succeed, and then come to California. California invites you to succeed here. People who can make good somewhere else can make good in California and in many cases do it more quickly. California is developing faster than any other section of the country. Rapid, consistent growth creates opportunities as fast as there are people to recognize them. Where people are establishing themselves in great numbers, opportunities are common.

And in California people work happily and live well. There is, on the average, an automobile for every family and every farm. Modern kitchen conveniences are common in the country. Rural homes are on smooth highways. Even the humblest abodes are flower-clad, and can nestle against great foothills beneath mild skies.

Climate and Success

Our atmosphere is devoid of enervating humidity at all temperatures. With cool, refreshing nights and cheerful days, discomfort and unhappiness seem far away. There is a spirit in California that is distinctly noticeable. A western spirit of good cheer and comradeship.

So success means more in California. It means a glow of content. It means time for the hills and the streams. It means change and variety, circumscribed by a spirit of happiness and kindliness.

California spends money to be better. Better roads, better schools, better parks. A $12,000,000 bond issue was recently voted by San Francisco for a greater public school program. California spends money to be happy and comfortable. That may be why Californians have a greater per capita savings than the average for the country—by 68 per cent. Californians reach first for successful living, and material success generally follows.

Some California Successes

California—half as old as some of the states, stands eighth in manufacturing. California—a youth in the arena of agriculture, bows to fewer than five states—veterans of husbandry. California—eager to help her children, divides first honors with Massachusetts in efficiency of school systems. California has practically one-thirteenth of all the automobiles in the world. California is exceeded in bank deposits by only four states. California, with 20,000,000 acres of forest lands, has at the other extreme the city with most telephones per hundred of population of all the cities of the world—San Francisco.

Success means more in California because children are given advantages here. Success means more because the average Californian sees his youngsters grow heavier and taller than the nation's average. Success means more because it doesn't wear one down. California's mild climate makes hard work possible without enervation and over-fatigue. San Francisco's average summer temperature is 59 degrees, her winter temperature 51 degrees. Her average for the year, 55 degrees.

There is comfortable room in California for 26,000,000 more people. There is room in the Great Valley where 7000 new farms are available each year; where crops average 100 per cent to 200 per cent more in volume per acre than the average of all the other states. Nor need you be a farmer now to succeed at agriculture in the Golden State. If there is a feeling of kinship to the soil in you—and your stake is reasonable—you should succeed at California farming.

Then there is room in California's thriving towns and cities—61 of them with over 5000 population. Trades, crafts, businesses, professions, all keep pace with the fastest growing population in the Nation.

You Can Do Better Here

And wherever you locate to mold your California future, success will mean more. For where the great hills, still forests, or smiling valleys bask in the sun, the outdoors attunes your life to Nature every day. Mail the coupon now and learn more of all that California offers.

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Come to San Francisco, headquarters of Californians Inc., a non-profit organization of citizens and institutions interested in the sound development of the state. Some of the most beautiful suburban districts in California adjoin this great port, the metropolis and trading center of the Great Valley and of the many garden valleys of the Coast Range.

Californians Inc. will give you every possible assistance when you arrive, and aid you in planning your trips or choosing your home. Mail the coupon today for the illustrated, free booklet, "California, Where Life is Better." Every statement in it is authoritative, and it tells a story you should know.

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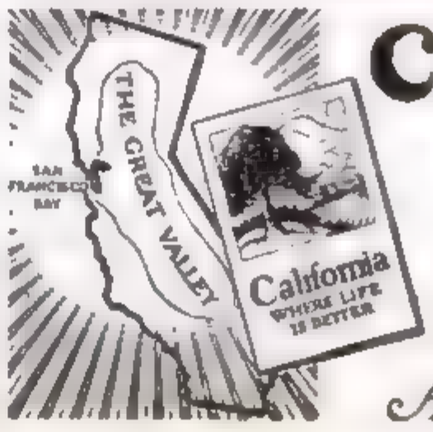

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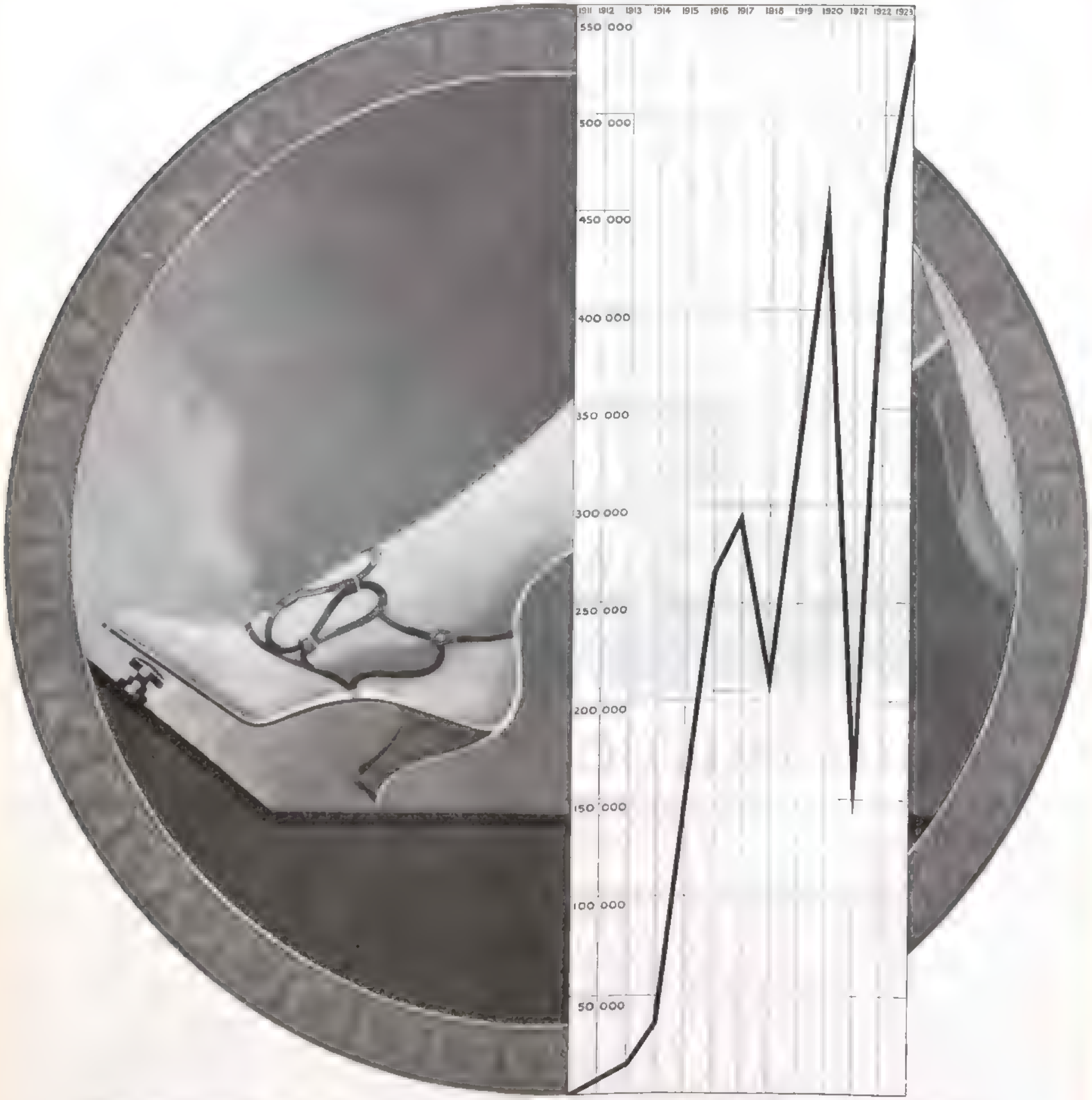

Motor car owners are interested in the above graphic picture of Auto-Lite's growth. It is the satisfactory experience that millions of car owners have had with this electrical system that gives Auto-Lite leadership. Auto-Lite started twelve years ago with a determination to excel in quality. The world was quick to bestow its approval. The adoption of Auto-Lite by motor car manufacturers determined to give their customers the electrical system of unquestioned superiority, obligates us to maintain this world-wide confidence at all costs.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
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Auto-Lite

Starting, Lighting & Ignition

KIDS OF THE CAGES

(Continued from Page 39)

attendant will motion with his head and announce:

"Sure had a tough time with that Lucy leopard. Begun throwin' 'em this mornin'. Thought she was gone for a half hour or so."

The disease is epilepsy, and few, indeed, are the leopards which go through life without it. In the midst of play or in the middle of an act—it chooses no time—a frightened, clawing, terrific convulsion and stiffening which seem to threaten the breaking of the spine, and the torture is on. Nor have all the efforts of veterinaries or doctors or highly schooled menagerie men been able to combat it.

This epilepsy, by the way, has led to some strange results in the circus—and some exciting moments. A few years ago we very proudly announced a performing father and son—Old Man and his youngster, just maturing, Dick. They worked well together, looked a great deal alike and obeyed every command implicitly. Neither had ever shown any evidences of epilepsy, and around the circus we hoped that here would be one case where ——

Not on the Program

But it wasn't. The afternoon was hot, the big top crowded. Out came Old Man and Dick into the steel arena to go through their stunts. But as the trainer gave the command to Old Man there arrived the first hint of trouble. The big leopard merely remained on his pedestal, staring and wall-eyed. The next moment, while the audience stiffened with fright, there came a screeching yowl, and Old Man went about eight feet in the air with the beginning of an epileptic fit. From every corner of the tent came the announcers, to bawl the news that the beast was only having a fit and that there was no danger, while in the meantime Dick, the son, looked on with excited interest; at last, to hop from his pedestal, trot over to his father, look at him, cock his head—and throw a fit himself!

There they were, a trainer and two leopards, the beasts doing everything from turning air sets to back bends, contortionistic poses and flip-flaps, the audience yelling for something to be done, which was impossible. It was one of those moments when circus men wish they'd never gone into the business; but they could do nothing. The beasts could not be approached. The only thing possible was to wait for them to come out of it. This Dick did in a few moments, looked around him with a startled meow; then wabbling weakly toward the open door of the shifting den he climbed within. But Old Man remained stretched out, his heart apparently not beating, his appearance giving every evidence of death. Hurriedly two roughnecks came forward and bundled him in a piece of canvas, carrying him outside the big top and covering him there, while within there was fevered activity. The big arena was pulled down and acts hurried into the rings and hippodrome track to cause as much forgetfulness as possible of the unpleasant occurrence. But the excitement had just begun.

The band was playing, the clowns cavorting and everything moving swiftly and pleasantly once more, only to be interrupted by a goggle-eyed townsman, who burst under the side wall, leaped across the hippodrome track and tried his best to climb a center pole as he yelped the announcement:

"Gosh! There's a leopard loose out there!"

Old Man wasn't dead at all. Instead, he had regained consciousness, rolled out of his canvas shroud and now was busily trying to kill a dog. Once more the announcers, ushers and every possible recruit from the dressing tent were called to action, to stul a threatened panic in the audience; while outside, the hose cart was brought forward and the stream turned on the combatants to separate them. This was finally accomplished; and with Old Man entangled in a tarpaulin, he was rolled up in its heavy folds and returned to his cage.

He never worked again, nor did Dick, his son. The next day both were again the victims of fits, and at intervals of once or twice a week following. At last Old Man lay still again, and this time death had come in earnest. Dick followed him three days later in spite of everything that menagerie men and hastily summoned veterinaries could do. Epilepsy among leopards brooks no obstacle. Its object is death, and it always attains what it seeks.

Nor is epilepsy the only thing against which animal men have to contend with their growing youngsters. There's colic, for instance, stomach troubles, bonehead animals which simply can't seem to grasp the scheme of things, star gazers, or inbred lions afflicted with curvature of the spine which makes them stare constantly upward, tigers which eat and eat and eat, the only result being that all the nourishment seems to go to their tails, actually weighting them down and sapping the strength from their bodies until at last an operation is necessary. There have been instances in circusdom where a full eight inches of tail has been amputated before a beast could get any bodily results from his feeding. All in all, the menagerie man has just about as much to contend with in his charges as the head nurse of any big children's institution; perhaps more. For in addition to his regular clinics of babies which show up with this, that or the other detriment in life, he usually acts as mother to a varied assortment of orphans. Moreover, like many a human orphan, the adult result often has become extremely valuable in its little world.

One of these, for instance, is Sultan, now a prized lion performer of the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus, which, through the illness of his mother at the time of his birth, was neglected by her until human interference was necessary. The person who interfered was Lucia Zora, famous elephant and animal trainer and wife of the menagerie superintendent in the Sells-Floto Circus, where Sultan came to life. For three months Zora carried her adopted child to and from the circus lot in a covered lunch basket, while the yowling youngster demanded his bottle—a regulation baby's nursing bottle—every two hours, the milk being prepared in the same manner as for a human youngster.

A Bottle-Fed Lion

Nor did night bring any surcease from the cares of the infant lion. Midnight always brought hunger and squalling which awakened the whole Pullman where Sultan was supposed to sleep under Zora's berth, but where he did everything from chewing up curtains to running off with the shoes of the actors. Five o'clock in the morning brought a similar performance, with the result that Zora spent a good part of the time when she should have been resting in hauling forth dishes, an alcohol stove and the inevitable bottle for the feeding of the orphan. For four months the baby clung to the bottle before he would lap milk. The lion proved to be a little experiment in environment; also an evidence that jungle animals are no different from the human race, in that the instincts which govern their food are not inexorable. During the struggle of the Ringling-Barnum Circus to save the life of John Daniel, a gorilla, a few years ago, the only thing that sustained the big ape was beef broth. Yet gorillas are vegetarians. With Sultan, scion of a meat-eating family, there came the time during his two years of petting when he relished asparagus, bread and butter, buttered beets, and held a particular liking for strawberries and cream.

During the winter months of those two years he lived in Zora's home—or rather did his best to wreck it, madly swinging on the bottom of the lace curtains, and once climbing the tablecloth and pulling it to the floor just at the moment when it was covered with food for four guests. All of which Zora forgave. But when Sultan sallied forth one day, killed three pet Belgian hares, two prized White Orpingtons and chased a neighbor's cat through that neighbor's house, knocking over chairs, pulling down curtains, sweeping clean the shelves of a pantry and causing a riot call to police headquarters, Zora decided that perhaps the best place for a lusty young lion was in a cage in the menagerie house.

Another famous lion, said by a great many to be the greatest performing lion in the world, was also a bottle baby, raised by about the same methods by Mrs. Walter Beckwith. He is a member of the Beckwith troupe of lions which do a great deal of work in the motion-picture studios. There is one difference, however, and that is the fact that he never was allowed to grow hungry, nor was anyone ever allowed to go near him at feeding time, which invariably took place within his cage. The result was that food came to represent to him something which need not be sought, and which could be found only within a cage; hence the animal has no thought of it when he is working outside his den, and can be trusted implicitly.

However, for two animals there is no such thing as survival of orphans—the tiger and the leopard. Both are too frail, too prone to inherited weaknesses to survive on artificial feeding. But it is different with the child hippopotamus, which, once taken from the side of his hefty mother, demands a nurse, and in no uncertain terms. The baby hippo, all the half a ton of him, wants a human companion; and if he doesn't get one, right then he lays himself down and literally bawls himself to death. He won't eat, he won't sleep, he won't play in the water of his tank—he just wants a playmate. This yearning for companionship once caused one of the strangest sights in the circus world.

A Circus at a Funeral

Bon was the baby, a bulbous thing of some five hundred pounds when he arrived from the old home place on the River Nile. The man who had accompanied him on the long trip didn't like circus life and returned home. The result was that Bon began to grieve to such an extent that he worked himself into a state of hysteria—if such a thing can be imagined in a member of the hog family, to which the hippo belongs. Then one day the crisis arrived. Bon began to beat his head against the bars, a favorite method which grieving hippopotamuses seem to have for committing suicide. That night Bon was happy again. He had a human companion, known by no other name than Mike, and the world was good again.

The story of Mike and Bon has been told and retold, for it is a little instance of the love of a man for a fool beast, and a love that was returned. Enough that Mike gave his life to save that of the beast. But there is one incident that has not been told—the story of his burial.

The circus bought a lot for him in one of the best cemeteries of the Western town near which his death occurred. The usual round robin went about the circus lot for flowers. There was only one time in which the show people could pay their last respects to the faithful Mike, and that was between parade and show time. That morning the few people in the big cemetery saw a strange cavalcade turn through the gates of the burial place, winding among the silent tombstones and mausoleums, the band men atop the carved wagons, playing music strange to the circus, the lions shifting in their cages, the equestriennes with their white, beribboned horses riding beside the hearse, the snares and basses of the zouave drum corps muffled and beating in slow time to the funeral music from the big-top and kid-show bands, the clowns slumped on the big tableaux—the whole circus, Mike's beloved circus, with its colors, its motley, its beautiful parade horses, its cages, its clowns and couriers and Wild West riders, and with Bon, whining in his big tank in dumb wonderment as to what had become of his companion—Mike's circus had come to say good-by. And some way, to those who watched, there was nothing strange about it, nothing incongruous. They were of his life—a grim, rushing, tumultuous life behind its covering of gaudery, and neither the paint nor the spangles nor glittering colors seemed to matter.

I've often wondered what the conversation would be if a bunch of menagerie mothers could get together and talk over the various traits of their children as humans do. There should be some very good conversation, for each baby, it seems, has his own particular temperament and characteristics. For instance, the matter of play. Even a baby hippopotamus will play, somewhat after the fashion of a lopsided barrel. An elephant baby is as mischievous as a young puppy. The only way to keep a monkey baby from playing is to hog-tie him, and tigers, lions, leopards, cheetahs, jaguars and all the rest of the cat tribe play

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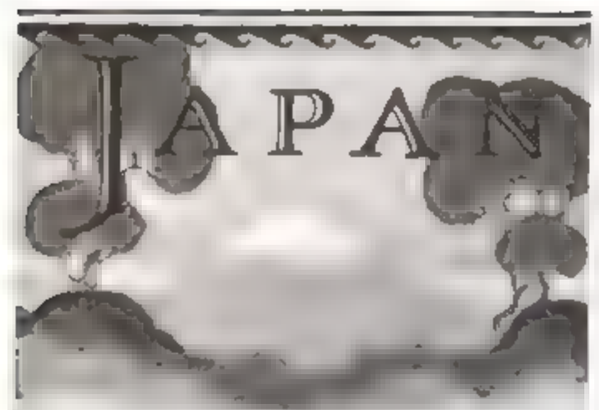

The Facts

THE Earthquake disaster was confined solely to Yokohama, Tokio and a small eastern section of the island. Kobe and the whole western part of Japan is and has always been out of the earthquake zone. Passengers to the Orient and return can now view the ruins in perfect safety either from the shore or ship. Accommodations in Kobe are perfect and rail communications with Tokio are established.

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themselves into exhaustion—especially if some kind-hearted keeper has tossed them a ball of catnip. But for the llama and camel youngsters there is no such thing in existence. They know absolutely nothing about play. A gamboling camel or a frolicking llama would send a menagerie man to the doctor immediately to ask if he'd been drinking too much.

Instead, their sole amusement seems to be the gratifying of curiosity—an overdeveloped trait in childhood which departs entirely when they are grown. This, coupled with a desire to see how much rubbish, paper, blankets and old bones their stomachs can stand, appears to be the only interesting part of their childhood. Between the two, the circus man prefers the llama, for it at least is a gentle, pretty thing, with some intelligence. As for the baby camel ——

Here, ladies-e-e-s an' gents, is the prize fool of the whole animal kingdom. When Nature devised the camel somebody carried away the brains, leaving the finished article, especially in babyhood, the most idiotic, duncelike goof that ever struggled about on four legs. For instance, in the cravings of its curiosity the baby camel may walk to a brick wall. It doesn't go round—it merely stands there, butting its head against the obstacle, or standing in amazement, waiting for the wall to move. When it isn't doing something like that, it is getting in the way of the horses, the men, the elephants or anything else that happens to come along, not because it is obstinate, but simply because it doesn't know enough to get out of the way. When that diversion fails to interest, it stands and bawls—bawls for hours at a time, apparently taking a wonderful delight in the unmusical flatness of its voice.

The Fragile Giraffe

While this is going on, the mother is bawling, also, for her prize numskull to come again to her side, a concert which continues for an hour or so before the child finally understands that something which feeds it desires its company at home. But does the poor idiot obey the command? It does not. It frantically, and with added bawling, goes to every other member of the camel herd before it finds its own mother!

As a reward for which the camel mother promptly knocks down her senseless offspring, spits at it and then bites it on the head, probably knowing, in her motherly way, that there is less sensitiveness there than anywhere else.

Another dumb one of the menagerie, although in a different way, is the baby giraffe. There the dumbness is actual. From the time of birth until the time of death, not a sound ever comes from the throat of a giraffe, with the result that the beasts communicate evidently by some sign language, or by an undiscovered sense of smell, for in some strange way the mother warns her baby of danger and that baby comes hurrying to her side.

Taken all in all, the giraffe is a peculiar beast anyway. The cages in which those prized animals of the Ringling-Barnum Show are transported are padded top, side and bottom, and are low enough almost to touch the ground—all because there's danger at both ends. The giraffe's legs are so long that a troublous step may break one of them and cause the beast's death. The useless horns, with which the giraffe is born, are united to the skull and so sensitive that an injury to one may mean death also. On top of this, the things are so awkward that they can stumble and fall while walking on smooth ground. Besides all this, they are so rare and costly to catch and transport that the loss of one means the dissipation of a young fortune. But there's one consoling thought—to the small boy at least: Giraffes love slippery-elm bark.

As for other freaks, there are many of them; the zebra, for instance, which seems to have been born only for lion meat, and which when a baby is abnormally strong, only to weaken as it grows older; the kangaroo, which isn't born at all as a real living thing, but which comes into the world a mere lump of inanimate flesh, to be lifted by the mother to the sac of her stomach, and to develop there, until such time as it is able to shift for itself and to feel the effects of vanity. For there is no vainer animal living, not even the monkey. A kangaroo, or wallaby, will remain quiescent all day, until a crowd gets around its cage. Then, like any youngster, it will show off until absolutely worn out.

But to get back to the subject of orphans, there are such things even in the realm of elephantdom. The prize one of these was Baby Miracle, the daughter of Mister Snyder and Mrs. Mamma Mary. But there seemed to be something wrong about it all. Because when Baby Miracle, all the two hundred pounds of her, came into being one spring day in winter quarters at Denver, Colorado, Mamma Mary took one look at what she had brought into the world and promptly kicked it across the menagerie house, which was hardly the way to treat a newcomer.

The menagerie men talked it over, chained the peevish mother fore and aft and sought a compromise. They brought Baby Miracle forward to where the mother could get a good look at her offspring, and by gentle words tried to assure her that this was her baby and should be treated as such. Mamma Mary took a thorough survey this time; then broke her chains and smashed a hole in the side of the brick building as she made her get-away. By now it was more than evident that Mamma Mary wasn't pleased with what she had done. Nor was Baby Miracle terribly interested. She merely rolled her eyes, wabbled her bit of a trunk and squealed in a fashion which might have meant anything.

So while half the menagerie force went forth to corral Mamma Mary, the other half hid Baby Miracle and decided what should be done. The most important thing, of course, was food. Alispaw, the superintendent, got an idea, rushed for a telephone, called the biggest dairy company and ordered a milking machine. In the meanwhile Baby Miracle had given a squawk or two of disgust and flopped to a pile of canvas, where it busily tried to die, while three menagerie keepers massaged it to keep up circulation and a veterinary gave it a strychnine injection.

By this time Mamma Mary and the milking machine had arrived at the menagerie house. The contraption was brought forth and hooked on, while Mamma Mary rolled her eyes and appeared to wonder what it was all about. When the thing began to work she evidently came to some conclusion, celebrating her discovery by kicking over the machine, knocking down the three men who were endeavoring to manipulate it, and for good measure overturning a tiger den—which added to the general celebration.

Catering to a Baby Elephant

In the meanwhile Baby Miracle was having another sinking spell and conditions were becoming serious. The rest of the herd was called into action to save the baby's life. Mamma Mary was chained fore, aft and sideways to other elephants, each with his trainer to hold him in place, and the milking machine once more was installed. This time enough nourishment was obtained at least to give Baby Miracle a little confidence in this turbulent existence into which she had entered and infant-elephant stock ran high.

It continued to soar for three days. Then Mamma Mary discovered that she could strain her muscles to such an extent that the machine could milk and milk and continue to milk without results—which she did—and the machine went back to the dairy company. However, by this time Baby Miracle had assumed a sort of don't-care attitude and was willing to try anything once. The first thing was relished—a bottle equipped with a regular calf nipple and filled with a combination of one pint of cow's milk and condensed cream, topped off by a pint of rice gruel, fed by the pouring system. This, it was found, must be heated to a temperature of eighty-five degrees. It appears that even baby elephants have their tastes.

Again everything looked rosy, and an attempt was made after a week or so to put the disowned child with the herd. But inasmuch as Mamma Mary again took a look at her child and knocked down two elephants in her attempt to murder it, other plans were decided upon. Baby Miracle was placed in a padded cage, where she got her bottle and her gruel every four hours; but this she finally refused.

Somebody thought of goat's milk, and two tuberculin-tested goats were purchased. The goats were willing, but Baby Miracle wasn't. So the goats were sold and all the advertised baby foods were tried.

But it was all no use. Twenty-three weeks passed in which the millionaire baby, as she was called around the show, received every attention. Every possible thing was guarded against; the veterinary passed up other cases to watch the progress of Baby Miracle. Even her food was weighed, to see how much of it her stomach was assimilating. In reward for which Baby Miracle showed up one day with a hacking cough and passed onward.

Quite different was the story of Rusty. Baby Miracle weighed two hundred pounds, got every possible attention and finally was stuffed to grace the reception room of a big Western newspaper, until a heartless mob came along and carried poor Baby Miracle away to an unknown resting spot. Rusty weighed about a pound and a half, but he had his own ideas about getting along in life. He was a tiny rhesus monkey, undersized even for that species, and the object of torment for the whole cage. His mother was tubercular—dying, in fact, with this disease which causes the death of nearly 90 per cent of the rhesus monkeys brought to this country, and too weak to defend it. The result being that Rusty was picked on by every member of the big cage, bitten, twitted, tormented even by its own father. Then one day the mother died.

Rusty Acquires a Stepmother

The baby clung to the body of its sole protector until the menagerie men took the inanimate body away. Then, a tiny mite, in the midst of a horde of ruffians, Rusty strove to stand his ground. In vain. His own father, one of the cage bosses, led in the ruffianism, pulling out his hair, snarling at him, biting him and slapping him. Rusty went from grating to grating, from trapeze to bar, while the rest of the cage followed him—with the exception of one, a female which a month or so before had lost her own baby. And Rusty, as he fled, chattered to her, grinned at her; then when the tormenting reached its highest pitch he jumped straight for her, snuggling into her arms.

For a moment she did not respond. But Rusty chattered on. The cage bosses—every monkey house has three or four of these bullies which appear to take a delight in making life as rough as possible for the weaker ones—gathered about him, pulling and picking at him, and incidentally taking a few pokes at the babyless monkey who had allowed him to come to her arms. For just so long she stood it, her arms gradually tightening about the little orphan. Then at last the mother nature of her reached the ascendancy.

That was a bad day for the bosses. She bit them until their sides were red with blood. Larger than the ordinary, and stronger, she knocked them from one side of the cage to the other, chased them to the trapezes, and clung by her teeth to any legs that happened to be trailing, finally driving the whole outfit into a corner, there to chatter her defy to them in a monkey harangue that evidently had some purpose—and wonderful results. Rusty never was bothered again. What is more, the stepmother accepted him as her own child, and, affectionate mother and good son—as simians go—they still occupy the monkey house in peace.

So goes the story of the menagerie kid; but varied as the youthful occupants of the cages may be, there is one thing in which they share alike—the kindergarten. Their schooling begins almost the moment they are able to understand. The fool camel is halter-broke so his mother can bite him on the head at will; the lions, tigers, leopards and other cat animals are taught not to fight the feeding fork or the cage scrapers by which the dens are cleaned; the monkeys are taught not to reach between the bars of their cage; the hippopotamus is brought out of its den as often as possible, so that it will not shake itself to death in fear of the menagerie crowds—for the hippo is the most easily frightened of all animals; the elephant is made hook-wise, or taught that the sharp-pointed bull hook is merely a thing devised to guide it and not something to cause pain; the zebra is walked time and again past the lion cages to assure him that the inmates will not kill him; and so it goes throughout the whole list, each animal being taught the rudiments he must know before any kind of arena training can even be considered. Withal it is a tedious task, expressed best perhaps by one of the menagerie attendants during the inauspicious advent of Baby Miracle:

"Gosh! I sure wish all these here punk animals could be borned grown up!"

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THE BAWBY EPHALUNT, PHARMACIST

Continued from Page 7

Floyd ceased; but the trembling ears of Venus still retained unless Venus had recently become as deaf as an adder—the deep vibrations of his hallowed melody.

IV

BUD SIMPSON'S freedom party, to celebrate his coming of age, was theoretically given in Masonic Hall; but as far as Edna Swan and Myrtle Schweinfelder were concerned, it took place in an igloo. It wasn't simply that Floyd had chaperoned an outsider—for Ed Lougee's cousin was naturally entitled to a little favoring—no, it was the nauseating smirk which distorted his features as he went clumsying around the floor with her. It was his sappy expression of bliss, as much as to say, "Look, people, ain't this a good armful?" And it was also the way Miss Flewellyn intermittently rapped him with her Japanese fan—the vamp!

The Bawby Ephalunt, however, was a rudderless ship on an ocean of ecstasy.

"Floriter," he said, clearing his throat, "you tell me if they's anything you crave in Huntsboro, and if they is, I'll go get it for you."

She smote him with the fan.

"To hear you talk!"

"Floriter, did I or did I not escort you to this here shindig, and of my own free will and accord let go of eight dances out of the fifteen so's you could get well acquainted? Well, if that don't prove somethin', then I beg leave to kindly ask you what it does prove? It proves they ain't hardly a thing I wouldn't do for you, don't it?"

Florita was glowing with the exhilaration of instantaneous success in a new bailiwick. Floyd McEwen, the nonpareil of Huntsboro, was her eager cavalier; Myrtle and Edna were fiendishly jealous and showed it, and between Floyd and various other of her partners she had already been squeezed almost out of shape.

Hohokus had put it all over Park Avenue, wherefore her sentiments were lying very close to the surface.

"Floyd, do you want me to tell you the dream of my life?" She was so near to him that her breath was on his cheek, and subtle as it was, it blew him to the frontier of paradise. "Sometime before I'm dead and buried, I want to win a popularity contest."

"What?"

She nodded.

"Floyd," she went on in low, throbbing accents, "wherever I go in this whole world, folks like me. It's an utter mystery to me, but they do. I suppose it must be something about me, or something, in a way. And if I weren't popular I'd just die. But, Floyd, if just once I could win a regular contest, and accomplish something, and have it in the papers, and my grandchildren could have it in the parlor to remember me by, why ——" Here she halted and blushed and slapped him with the fan. "Oh, you! You're laughing up your sleeve all the time! I'm sure I don't know why I should have run on like that, only I feel as if I'd known you ever so much longer than just these four days. It feels like eternity. But, Floyd, please don't give me away, because that's my secret lifelong ambition, and I never breathed it to another living soul. Don't give me away, even if it does make you laugh."

"Laugh!" he retorted indignantly. "I never so much as snickered. I don't see what's funny. They run these popularity contests all over." And he raked his cranium thoughtfully, as in cultivation of a rare brain plant.

Having relinquished Miss Flewellyn to her next partner, he tacked across the floor, not without a few head-on collisions and one disastrous sideswipe, and approached Edna Swan, who automatically elevated her nose as though about to bay.

"Well, hello, Edner," said the Bawby Ephalunt. "This is quite a fairly decent party, take it by and large. Wouldn't you say so?"

Her manner was that of an Eskimo afflicted by chills.

"Are you alluding yourself to me, pray?"

Floyd sat down on the adjoining cake of ice and grinned cheerfully.

"Edner, I want to get your private opinion. Now this Miss Flewellyn I just been dancin' with ——"

Miss Swan put her handkerchief to her mouth and emitted a cackle of mirth.

"Oh, was that what you called it?"

"Ayop. And don't be so touchy, Edner. I told you fifty different times she's a relative of Ed Lougee's, and he's one of our good customers, and he was the one asked me if I wouldn't bring her, and —"

Miss Swan's temperature dropped still lower.

"Oh! And was he the same one asked you to hug her so tight you nearly ripped out an underarm seam?"

Floyd waved his hand indulgently.

"Well, be that as it may, Edner; but to get back to mutton, this Miss Flewellyn put me this perfectly civil question: If they was ever to be such a thing's a popularity contest in Huntsboro, who'd win, and why didn't we get up one? And I said what earthly sense would it be, when it would just be among you and Myrtle, anyhow, and she said ——"

Miss Swan bounced sidewise.

"Oh, is that so? Thanks much for the compliment! Me and Myrtle! Well, I'll just tell you something, young man: Any time Myrtle Schweinfelder gets ahead of me in popularity it won't be in your day and generation! Or that Head Tide girl, either, much as you're stuck on her. Me and Myrtle! My cat's aunt!"

"Edner," the Bawby Ephalunt reminded her tactfully, "I only said it would be among you two, didn't I? I didn't ever say where Myrtle'd get the most votes, did I? Between I and you and the fence post, I don't know if she would."

"Well, you and me both. Myrtle? Humph!" Then, at the rosy prospect of a blasting humiliation for her arch enemy, she forgot to go on being polar. "Oh, Floyd, if we ever could have such a thing, and I won, wouldn't it be too perfectly marvelous for utterance?"

They separated on mellower terms; and Floyd sought out Miss Schweinfelder, who saluted him as cordially as though he were a chronic wife beater and she were the wife.

But Floyd sat down and began his story, and was interrupted by Myrtle at precisely the same point at which he had been interrupted by Edna.

"Oho!" she said, with velvety cynicism. "So the real idea is to start up a contest and have a fancy prize just so Edna can get it? Pretty bright, you are, Floyd. But you might get left."

"Myrtie, who ever said this was any of my idea? This Miss Flewellyn asked me this perfectly simple question, and I leave it up to you, and that's the whole gist of it."

Miss Schweinfelder hesitated, decided to sniff, and did it with considerable skill.

"Floyd, if Huntsboro ever picked out Edna Swan for our most popular girl—or that Florita Phlegm, either, or whatever her right name is—I'd rather see myself at my own funeral! Honest, do those two girls flatter themselves they're more popular than me? I call it the uttermost quintessence of putting on airs!"

He wagged his head judicially.

"Well, they'd certainly have to do some tall travelin' to trim you, Myrtie!"

"Huh!" said Miss Schweinfelder. "Well, if they did, I'd go eat rat poison by the pound package."

For the remainder of the soirée the Bawby Ephalunt so conducted himself that while he was seeing Florita home, she observed: "Well, you certainly are a card. You certainly did put the gimp in that party. What got into you all of a sudden?"

"Floriter," he said, gravely, "the time will come when you got to admit they's somethin' in my old noodle besides just sawdust."

"Don't be so cryptic! What do you mean?"

"Floriter, everythin' comes to her that waits long enough, and don't ask too many questions." And tease as she would, she could wheedle no further information out of him.

On the following morning, however, it was a groggy Floyd who appeared for breakfast; a Floyd who, while his contemporaries slept, had been toiling upwards in the night. The fruit of his labor was in the form of a proposed advertisement; and he was so aggressive about it, and withal so eloquent, that his father could scarcely pick enough holes in the scheme to maintain the consciousness of his own superiority.

"They's only one thing, Floyd. The one that chooses the prize has got to be me. That's flat. I can dicker round and get rock-bottom prices where you couldn't."

This trivial item wasn't even worth debating.

"Ayop. But is the rest of it all O. K., pa?"

Over his mustache cup, Mr. McEwen admitted reluctantly that it was all O. K., and with this sanction, Floyd placed in the show window his epoch-making announcement, done handsomely in lampblack on a large sheet of cardboard, only a very little smudged.

GRAND POPULARITY CONTEST

McEwen's Cash Pharmacy will present FREE to Huntsboro's most popular young lady, or woman, an apropriate prize worth $100. (One Hundred Dols.)

Contest now open, ends March 15, noon sharp. Every 5 cents spent at McEwen's Cash Pharmacy gives the right to 1 vote, postige stamps barred.

Score will be in this window every day. Loosen up, one and all, and lets find out for sure whose our most popular young lady (or woman).

"You don't see where they could be any sort of a kind of a back kick anywheres, Floyd?" inquired his father with some anxiety.

Floyd shook his head dauntlessly.

"Nope. I seen the handwriting on the wall paper."

V

BUD SIMPSON'S freedom party had inaugurated the social season with a crash; and in its creaming wake came the Firemen's Ball. Ordinarily, this exclusive function—which excluded everyone who balked at twenty-five cents for hat check; one lady free; extra ladies, fifteen cents—was dedicated to the pursuit of happiness and the refreshments; but this year it assumed the riotous color of a keen political caucus. In McEwen's window thirteen different girls had got off to a flying start, and were bunched for the lead; and, although there were various intrepid swains who had covenanted to secure the laurel wreath for their respective damsels, even if they had to smoke themselves into a trance or founder themselves with Louisville Sluggers, there was also a numerous body of independents, not yet enlisted under any particular banner. Generally speaking, it was this cohort of independents who had the most fun at the Firemen's Ball.

But Floyd McEwen had a pretty good time himself. Edna Swan got him out in the corridor, between dances, and retied his tie for him, and said: "Now, Floyd, you know perfectly well there's a few people, naming no names, that have the most despicable jealousy for me. And when Doctor Schweinfelder buys all his medicines at McEwen's, that's something else that makes it one-sided, seems to me. So all I ask and beseech of you is, if any strangers come in the store, you'd just kind of inform them who the deserving ones are for old time's sake."

Three girls later, Myrtle Schweinfelder was afraid she was going to drop in a faint, and had to be supported to the outer air, where, after recovering and straightening Floyd's tie for him, she said: "Now, Floyd, this silly contest is less than nothing in my young life, but the way Edna Swan carries on with the boys—you know how she does—why, it gives her a certain drag over us more sincere ones, because such lots of the boys are just simple-minded enough to admire her for it. But there must be a lot of transients drop in the store that don't know us girls from Adam, and yet wouldn't want to be partial if it was his or her last deed on this earth. So if you'd kind of advise them, Floyd, in a perfectly open and aboveboard fashion, I think that would be perfectly justified. Don't you?"

And six girls later, Florita Flewellyn, after retying the remnants of his tie, said: "Floyd, is it fair for all these other people to have such a head start? I'm the only new one there is. So to kind of make up for it, when country folks or tourists come in, and wouldn't know how to vote except by pure guesswork, wouldn't it be fairer and juster for all of us, especially me, if you steered 'em—kind of?"

To each of his temptresses, however—even to Florita, whom he worshiped with a bumping heart—and to many high-minded young men who also waited upon him with suggestions aiming towards a more comprehensive justice, the Bawby Ephalunt

(Continued on Page 61)

Never does Maxwell House Coffee taste better to her than when all the "children" are back home—gathered about the table—tumultuous in their praise of the coffee that she herself made—just as she made it long ago.

"Good to the last Drop"

SOLD ONLY IN SEALED TIN CANS—CONVENIENT TO OPEN AND USE

MANY long miles over deserts and seas were traveled that you might receive a greater degree of enjoyment from Maxwell House Coffee. Fifty years were devoted to mastering the secrets of coffee-blending which are responsible for the unmistakable fragrance and flavor within your cup. The millions of cans of Maxwell House Coffee in millions of pantries insure the fullest enjoyment of the coffee on millions of tables.

When you put down your cup and say "That is really 'Good to the Last Drop,'" we have accomplished our aim, redeemed our promise and reaped our reward.

Also Maxwell House Tea

Cheek-Neal Coffee Co., Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

Before you buy them-

Sturdy and masculine in outline —close-fitting and long-wearing —a "U.S." Rubber for men

Their wear has been measured and tested

WORN in snow, slush and mud—kicked on and off—nothing you wear gets harder treatment than your rubbers.

"U.S." Rubbers and Arctics are not only made to stand this treatment—but their actual length of life, their wear, is *scientifically measured and tested before these rubbers leave the factory.*

On the right are shown three of the many remarkable machines for measuring wear used in our Testing Laboratories.

Such tests control every step in "U.S." manufacture. They make possible the same high standard of quality in every "U.S." Rubber and Arctic made.

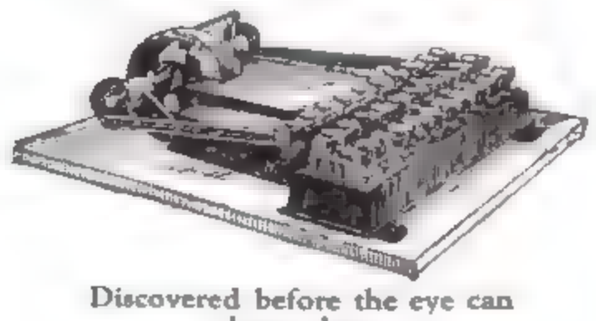
The construction of "U.S." Rubbers is the result of 75 years of experience—from the making of the first successful rubbers ever turned out down to the manufacture of the master brand that bears the "U.S." trademark today.

"U.S." Rubbers and Arctics are so carefully designed for style that the different "lasts" follow the modelling of every type of shoe—closely, snugly, line for line.

Whether you want Rubbers, or Arctics —men's, women's or children's—you'll find just the type and style you want in the big "U.S." line.

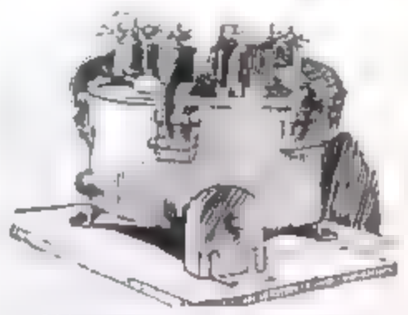
It will pay you to look for the "U.S." trademark. "U.S." Rubbers cost no more and wear longer.

United States Rubber Company



Discovered before the eye can detect them

Where it bends, poor rubber is apt to break. In the above machine strips cut from "U.S." Rubbers are bent *double* thousands of times and examined through a magnifying glass for the first signs of cracking or checking.



Wearing rubbers out by machine

This remarkable machine gives rubbers the same test for wear they get in actual daily use. In it, sections from the sole and heel of "U.S." Rubbers are tested for wear to the finest fraction of an inch

Compressing months into days

Several days in this cabinet, where a certain temperature is maintained day and night, has the same deteriorating effect on rubbers as months of exposure to the ordinary atmosphere. Here the actual "length of life" of "U.S." Rubbers is subjected to the most rigid examination rubbers can undergo

"U.S." Arctics for women come in 1, 2, 3 and 4-buckle models and are adapted for every type of shoe

Trade Mark

Ask for

"U.S." Rubbers

All styles and sizes for men, women and children

Continued from Page 58

held himself as incorruptible as though he had been half Mede and half Persian. He explained benevolently that the contest was on the strict level, and that the management had to keep its paws off. The only way for Huntsboro to determine which was the most popular was for her friends to all get together and plunk down the most coin. And although naturally everyone had to admit that this was perfectly integritous of him, seeing what opportunities he had to swing so many transient votes to his own pick, it must be conceded that his heartiest praises came from the homeliest girls. But after his pronunciamento had acquired a wide-enough circulation, the caucus became brisker and brisker, until the Firemen's Ball, at closing, was as lively as the floor of the stock exchange during a vigorous bull market. Why not? Will any normal lady—or woman—admit that in a popularity contest she's a lemon?

Floyd, after depositing Florita on Ed Lougee's front porch, went home knee deep in rumination. He was reflecting what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue.

"Pa," he said, "up to next March they ain't anybody in town won't take a squint at our winder, once a day anyhow, to see who's doin' what. So let's we dike it out with what'll bring 'em inside and make 'em cough up. They'd deal off us quicker'n they would off anybody else, no matter what it was; they'd do it for these votes. So let's us put in a line of these snapshot cameras and some of these two-dollar watches and some fiction novels, and so forth, and so on."

His father was violently opposed, on the ethical grounds that snapshot cameras and fiction novels couldn't go in on the regular orders to their regular pharmaceutical wholesaler, but Floyd had his way.

"Humph!" said Mr. McEwen. "Might's well call this a department store and be done with it. The drug end—my end—don't hardly count any more. That's what you get for lettin' unexperienced people meddle in." And he sighed pathetically as he shoved in his pocket the largest weekly profit of his career.

In another fortnight, amid great excitement, the favorites had drawn clear of the field. Myrtle, by innate witchery and the accident of her father's profession, had polled $168.50. Edna Swan, whose vivacity robbed the cradle, was thirty dollars behind. Florita Flewellyn, the dark horse—new to the track, but with a swarm of backers—was third, nineteen dollars in rear of Edna. The Bawby Ephalunt, studying the records, shook his head soberly. It wasn't that Florita was trailing; for although for reasons of his own he hadn't confided in her, he still possessed inside knowledge that no matter what the intermediate going was like, she was absolutely bound to win, and win fair and square. No; the trouble, from an organization viewpoint, was that the favorites were making the pace too early. For if all the other girls, left floundering in the ruck, got sensitive, and their gallants stopped drawing their wallets, then the pharmacy would hardly get the cost of its prize back in increased sales, and Mr. McEwen would throw a fit. Obviously, something must be done to spur on the selling-platers who were now virtually left at the post.

For several evenings he massaged his bump of originality until at last it responded to treatment. And in the splendor of a newborn day, after a further cyclonic conference with his father, he propped a fresh announcement against a carton of boracic acid flakes:

SPECIAL NEW RULES

Each and every week, the lady or woman that makes the biggest jump in standing from one place to another, no matter how little cash is expanded, they will get their free choice of $5 worth of goods, free. For illusteration, a jump from 28th to 16th place would be 12 jumps, and would count a better jump by 8 jumps than a jump from 6th to 2nd place, which would only be 4 jumps. So everybody get buisy. There will also be a booby prize of a 5 lb. box of prunes to the lady with the fewest votes of any.

"But my gorry, Floyd, you can't hang up a booby prize in a popularity contest! Her folks'd be gunnin' for us from here to doomsday! I'd sooner shut up shop!"

"Keep your shirt on, pa. Sure we don't give it. That's just to make these fellers that got girls down by the bottom get scared and spend more dough. Just like this other thing: These girls up around the top can't win these five dollars; it's to egg on the fellers that'll spend up around eleven-twelve dollars to get their girls a prize that only cost us about a dollar-ninety. But look, pa, ain't it high time we said what the principal main award's gonna be?"

"I'll 'tend to that," said Mr. McEwen masterfully. "Here's a postal come for you."

It was from Marybell Grady, and it read:

Recd. your nice letter ages ago but have been rushed to my grave on account of oodles of grand parties almost every P. M. Will write you a nice letter when not so rushed. M. G.

Standing bemused, with one hand resting on a case of cough drops, Floyd permitted himself a brief promenade in the domains of tender memory. How far away she seemed! Indeed, how dim had grown her picture in his recollection! That reminded him—where in heck was that ping-pong he had used to cart around? It certainly wasn't in his pocket. But shucks, he had five more somewheres! A darned nice girl, Marybell. But compared to a radiant star like Florita—well, in all kindness and mercy, Marybell was only a minor leaguer.

VI

TO EVERY rose its thorn, to every wassail its hangover, and to every advantage its corresponding penalty. By February Floyd was making nearly thirty dollars a week, but his mental processes were as involved as red-flannel hash; for Myrtle and Edna were still gumshoeing him as relentlessly as bloodhounds, and Florita was nourishing a grouch.

As a matter of fact, Myrtle and Edna had rather reëstablished themselves in Floyd's estimation. He understood now what his school-teachers had meant by Platonic affection. It meant that you could give the girl as much or as little of it as you chose, and that if she wasn't contented she could go to grass. That was precisely the way he felt about it himself. He called on them occasionally; he embraced them when there was no alternative; he appraised them as a couple of pretty average nice girls—not up to the metropolitan standard, of course, but more to be pitied than scorned.

And for his reward they both accused him of high treason, and picked on him about Florita—when Florita herself was nursing a grouch. There were two reasons for it: she feared that her monopoly of Floyd was being undermined, and she feared that in the popularity contest she would finish as an also-ran.

Florita was liked, all right, but she had been passed by too many high-school girls who had worked out an elimination system. Pi Xi, for example, had chosen among its own members a candidate to represent the claims of the entire sorority. Their house was no longer divided against itself; all Pi Xi votes, and the votes of all who loved any Pi Xi individual, went into the jack pot. It was the same with Psi Rho, Nu Gamma and the Shakspere Club. They were voting en bloc, wherefore Florita was down in sixth place, nearly $160 less popular than Edna Swan, who was still leading Myrtle by an eyelash and a handful of small change. And what irritated Florita the most was that Edna's little-boy brother had had both the measles and the pink eye, and Myrtle Schweinfelder's mother had had the influenza twice; whereas Ed Lougee was as tough as a bull's hide, and couldn't even help her out with a box of bronchial troches.

"Well," she said bitterly to Floyd, "I hope you're good and satisfied. Here I come in amongst you, and poor delusive fool that I was, I tell you the sacred ambition of my lifetime, and then you go get up your idiotic contest just to make me the laughingstock of practically the entire universe. You knew I'd be trampled in the dust, Floyd McEwen! You knew I hadn't the chance of a snowball! I was a stranger. But after I'd showed you my naked soul ——"

"Aw, nix!" objected the Bawby Ephalunt, turning vermilion.

"Well, I did, so there! And what did you do? Built up your everlasting fortune out of an idea I gave you -and then after you did it you fling me in the gutter! You spurn me like a—like a worn-out dishrag! Didn't you?"

Earlier in his development, before he had been armor-plated by stern experience, the Bawby Ephalunt might have lost his head and become emotional. But now, inured to the peculiarity of women, he merely smiled a broken smile and spoke in a deep, vibrant bass, which was his trade-mark of whitest innocence grievously injured.

"I forgive you, Floriter."

"Well, the nerve of the working class! Forgive me? For what, pray?"

"Floriter, if I told you how much I like you, maybe you'd get so stuck-up I wouldn't like you. But about this here contest: I didn't want you should know ahead of time; I wanted it to be a surprise. But rather'n have you go off on a rampage, why, I'll tell you right here and right now, you're gonna win, and you're gonna win fair."

"What? What say?"

He nodded.

"Floriter, you're gonna win. Take it from uncle."

Her eyes were round and skeptical.

"But how do you know? When you wouldn't even steer the transients, like I asked—and here I am, way down in the soup."

"Believe me, Floriter, if I hadn't of knew, I wouldn't started it. But you got to keep it dark. You got to."

"Why, I will, of course! But ——"

"Floriter, I don't see such a terrible lot of you nowadays, because business is boomin', and we men got our own lives to live, the same as most everybody else; but they ain't hardly a minute of the whole livelong day, except maybe now and then when I got to think about somethin' important, when I don't think about you. Forget these other girls, Floriter; forget them once and for all. You wouldn't want me to stick my nose up at my old playmates, would you—when we was children together? No. And I promise you you're gonna get the prize. Didn't George Stallings, the miracle man, take hold the Boston Braves when they was only bushers and cripples and win the World's Serious with 'em? Well, I'm some little miracle man myself. Don't ask me how. And keep it dark. But you win."

She seized his arm.

"Floyd," she said tremulously, "if I do, I I'll kiss you! What's the prize?"

"Floriter, I couldn't tell you "

"Aw, please please! Pretty please with sugar on it!"

"Floriter, it's like this: If I was to tell you, and you didn't like it "

"But I'd love it, no matter what it was! Oh, please!"

He was inexorable.

"You got to trust me, Floriter. Ain't I told you enough for one day?"

Late that night, however—it was Saturday, and the pharmacy was open until nine—he said to his father, "Pa, what about this here prize now?"

Mr. McEwen glanced up from a consignment of grape juice which had arrived in bad condition.

"Cuss it, it's all worked! Wish I could say as much for everybody in this store. Here I squat on my hunkers, and there you stand with nothin' to do but rattle on about prizes! I told you I'd 'tend to it, didn't I? Well, I am. I ain't finished the dicker yet. My gorry, if you're such an almighty executor's you'd make yourself out to be I'd go buy me a drug store for my own!"

Nothing could have been more timely.

"Well, I'd kinda had the notion I might buy me a half of a one anyhow. I had it in my mind quite some time."

"Oh, you did, did you? Where to?"

"Right here. How much'd you take for a half, pa?"

Mr. McEwen hoisted himself upright and beetled his brows at his corpulent progeny.

"How much'd I take? Three thousand. Got it with you?" And he unfolded his handkerchief with a flourish.

Floyd laughed indulgently.

"Why, pa, you must kinda be off your coconut! Why, up to the time I drummed up trade, you wasn't hardly makin' both the two ends go together!"

Mr. McEwen trumpeted his resentment.

"Oh, is that so! Nice kind of lip, I must say!"

"Well, pa, I seen the booka. Last year you made six hundred. So far, since I come in with you, you made eleven. So was it me that tolled it in, or wasn't it?"

"Well, you helped some."

"Well, then, if that's all the important I was," said the Bawby Ephalunt, banging his fist on the marble counter, "then I guess another winter I better go help somebody else—some. I had plenty chances, pa. But if you want we should mosey along together, why, I sized up the business, and I'd pay you five hundred, and we'd split the takin's even-Stephen." And he sucked the fist, which he had banged too hard.

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TRADEMARK REG.

GUNN LINO

Kitchen Tables

With Inlaid Lino Tops

PATENTED AND GUARANTEED

Washable — Quiet — Sanitary

Don't Break Dishes

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A preservative dressing for Linoleum. Resists wear. Prolongs life. Gives a restful, pleasing lustre without slip or shine. Will not spot or stain. Easy to apply. Lino Food cleans without soap or water. Two coats will waterproof any linoleum.

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Specially prepared, scientifically treated. Wears like iron. Impervious to stains and easily cleaned. Lino Fabric and Lino Food for years successfully used on Gunn Lino Desks and Tables.

We are sole manufacturers of Gunn Lino Desks, Lino Cafeteria Tables, Teachers' Desks, Counter Tops and Lino Tops for Desks and Tables in use. We also supply Lino Fabric in rolls or by the yard.

Catalog and sample of Top mailed on request.

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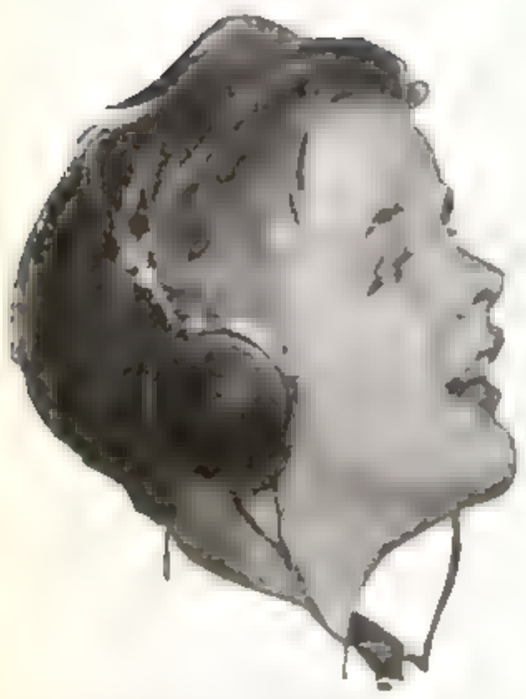

"There's Another Station We Never Had!"

Fishing for the new ones—that's half the fun, isn't it? And if you'll try it with Willard Rechargeable B Batteries hooked up to your set, you'll get a new thrill.

For when you use Willard B's, you never need to operate with run-down batteries. You can easily keep them working always at full rated voltage, and signals you otherwise would not get, come in distinctly.

Willard Rechargeable B Batteries, too, cut out the noises produced by electrical leakage in the ordinary batteries—those frying, crackling noises that muss up the music.

They save you many dollars, because their cost is moderate and when you buy Willards, your B Battery buying is done for years.

They require recharging only occasionally—usually not more often than three or four times a year.

These are some of the reasons why eighty-one broadcasting stations have replaced other batteries with Willard B's and why they are used by many thousands of radio fans.

For Peanut Tubes
A leak-proof, noise-free storage battery that costs little and lasts for years.

Willard A Batteries
sell at a wide range of prices.

Willard B Batteries
are made in 24 volt or 48 volt units, each in two capacities, 2500 and 4500 m. a. h.

Your Willard Service Station or Radio Dealer will be glad to demonstrate the superiority of Willard B Batteries. Ask him, too, for the free booklet, "Better Results from Radio", or write direct to Willard Storage Battery Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

Willard
Rechargeable Batteries for Radio

Mr. McEwen's expression was of hornet-like indignation.

"Five hundred! My gorry, do you know what my inventory is?"

"Ayop," said Floyd; "but look, pa, I'm worth more'n the biggest inventory you ever see. I like Huntsboro fine, and I like this store fine. But you gotta let me buy in, pa, or I'll get me a job somewheres else next winter, and that's the honest Bible truth, so help me Whitaker!" And he banged his fist again, but with greater caution.

Now, deep down in his viscera, Mr. McEwen still considered that Floyd was incredibly lucky. How else, he demanded of himself, could a boy not yet eighteen have been brought into contact with a passel of unsophisticated baseball magnates who were cracked enough to pay him a princely stipend merely for toying with a globule of cork and horsehide and a wagon tongue? How else could he have bamboozled all Huntsboro into quadrupling the profits of the pharmacy, and causing Mr. McEwen such a heap of extra worry about paying an income tax? Nevertheless, Mr. McEwen had to admit that, whether it was luck or good management, Floyd had been about as valuable to him as his own front teeth.

He realized further that when the Bawby Ephalunt put his foot down the resulting disturbance meant more work for the seismographs. He knew that if Floyd insisted he himself would have to wilt; but he resolved, as a disciplinary measure, not to wilt without a long, hard struggle, with plenty of nipping personalities.

"Well, I'll mull it over, Floyd. I can't be hustled around from pillar to post like that. I got to sleep on it."

"If I was in your shoes," said his unfeeling son, "I'd stay awake on it. They's no sense backin' and fillin', pa, I got to have my answer right on the dot—now—tonight—yep or nope."

Mr. McEwen, after a long scrutiny of his unflinching scion, weakened and did some intensive mulling.

"Well, if you'd said a thousand—cash, right smack on the nail ——"

"Five hundred for a half, pa, or you and me've got to go our two ways, separate."

His father made a final effort to preserve the dignity of a parent and of a registered pharmacist.

"Well, if you'd make it seven-fifty, and pass me your word to clerk five straight winters, anyhow, and pay spot cash ——"

"I'd agree I'd clerk, pa, but if I said seven-fifty I wouldn't pay spot cash any more'n I'd fly. I'd pay you in fifty a week. And that's my last say, if you was to argue from here to Hardscrabble."

Mr. McEwen caressed his Adam's apple, while his bridges burned.

"Well, that's agreeable," he said finally, but the words sounded as though they had been extracted from him by instruments.

"But I get my 25 per cent back on the seven-fifty, pa—don't lose track of that."

"My gorry, Floyd," yelped his father agonizedly, "how in tunket d'you make that out?"

"Pa, this deal of ours was I got a quarter rake-off on everythin' we both sold, wan't it? Well, you're sellin' half the whole shebang. Our deal was in those very selfsame words, and I can prove it by ma. I guess if you sell anythin' from a liver pill to the whole darned store, I collect my per cent. If that ain't logic, you just show me some that is!"

There was a short silence, during which they nearly gazed themselves into hypnosis.

"All right," bleated Mr. McEwen with tragic resignation. "Take it! Take the roof off right from over my head. Take the victuals right out of my mouth. Take ——"

Floyd soothed him filially.

"Aw, don't be a dumb-bell, pa. You know darn well I'd make you more money'n you'd ever do by your lonesome." He fumbled in his pocket and produced two sheets of legal cap. "This here's the partnership agreement. I had Lawyer Cooley draw it up, just in case. And this here's the first fifty on account." He removed several internal strata from his bulging cylinder of loot, taking care, as always, to leave a rind of yellowbacks. "Just as soon's you sign up, I'll salt the fifty in the cash drawer."

Twenty minutes later Mr. McEwen's unhappy pen sputtered, and Floyd, with ostentatious formality, rang up a fifty-dollar sale. But, even in his first throes of pride at being a partner in an ancient and dignified establishment, he didn't forget that he had already mortgaged the franchise which went with his initial payment. He was convinced that he had made a sound investment, but for the moment he was interested in something beyond mere dross. His money was in the till; he was entitled to ballot for the Empress of Huntsboro, by gosh! Bland with staunch virtue, he entered fifty dollars' worth of votes in the revered name of Florita Flewellyn. It took her from sixth to fourth.

"Oh, pa, do me a favor! Don't let on I bought in—not till after I've left."

"Well, you don't s'pose I'm goin' to let on I'm such a lunkhead, do you? Nobody'll know till you tell 'em yourself."

"Thanks, pa"

"Don't mention it," said Mr. McEwen regally.

VII

ALMOST before Floyd knew it, the alder buds were out and cod-liver oil was selling better and it was spring. And on the third of March he received his final and revised baseball contract for the forthcoming season, and, to his unhinged joy, his salary was doubled, and he was commanded to report at Marlin Springs, Texas, for training with the Goliaths themselves. After fully two seconds of dizzy deliberation, he glued the letter to the bottom of a cardboard box which had once held all-day suckers, and put it on display in the front window, flanking the score sheet which now read:

1. Miss Myrtle Schweinfelder	$320.80
2. Miss Edna Swan	$321.10
3. Miss Florita Flewellyn	$279.65

Previously, to be sure, he had long been sitting in Glory's lap; his honors and great employments had ennobled him; but from this day forward his consequence, now that Cæsar and Napoleon were both defunct, was immeasurable by any human yardstick. He was so easily the supreme chief, isolated in grandeur, that Edna and Myrtle were almost too awe-stricken to bicker about him, and even Florita was momentarily hushed with veneration. And anybody who ever hushed Florita deserved a special article on the sporting page, under the spreading caption, Another World's Record Shattered.

But as soon as the first great shock and agitation had passed off, this trio of contending belles proceeded to take the pins out and to let down a wealth of rejuvenated rivalry which, if Floyd had ever been so foolhardy as to get himself into the same ring with all three of them, would have resulted in a hurry call for a brush and dustpan to sweep up his mangled remains. And naturally, since each of them was equally inflexible in her determination to attach the hero, all three were equally resolved to bring him, as a priceless jewel among her assets, the title of Huntsboro's Most Popular Lady—or Woman.

To the Bawby Ephalunt, Florita was still the outstanding masterpiece of comparative biology and the very breath of life in his nostrils, but as the date of training camp approached, he regarded Myrtle and Edna with more and more toleration and esteem. After all, if today they were merely a couple of sooty embers on the hearth of his juvenescence, that meant that once, back in his neolithic period, when he had a concrete skull, they had been a pair of live coals. And besides, both of them had fixed domiciles in Huntsboro, whereas Florita, puffed with ambition, was already talking about migrating to Pittsfield or North Adams. She was an angel, but angels have wings. And so he called more frequently on Edna and Myrtle, and afterwards he would have torn his hair, except that the first experimental tug was such a disillusionment.

Edna said to him: "Floyd, I'm the most reasonable being that ever drew breath; but if I don't win this contest I'll never speak to you or anybody else as long as I live. It's stolen you from me, that's what it's done. And thank heaven, I've still got some say about Huntsboro. You're a lot, Floyd, but you aren't all there is, not for a long, long row of apple trees. If I don't win, I'll know why. Well, you can suit yourself, but don't ever say I didn't give you fair warning."

Myrtle, with the eyes of Juno and the stickiness of glue, said: "Floyd, if I lose out in this contest I vow and declare I'll go away and join a convent or something. And moreover, I'll see that my father never spends one more cent at McEwen's if I've got anything to say about it, and I rather guess I have. Oh, Floyd, why did you let that Flewellyn girl sour you against me? Don't you remember what we were like

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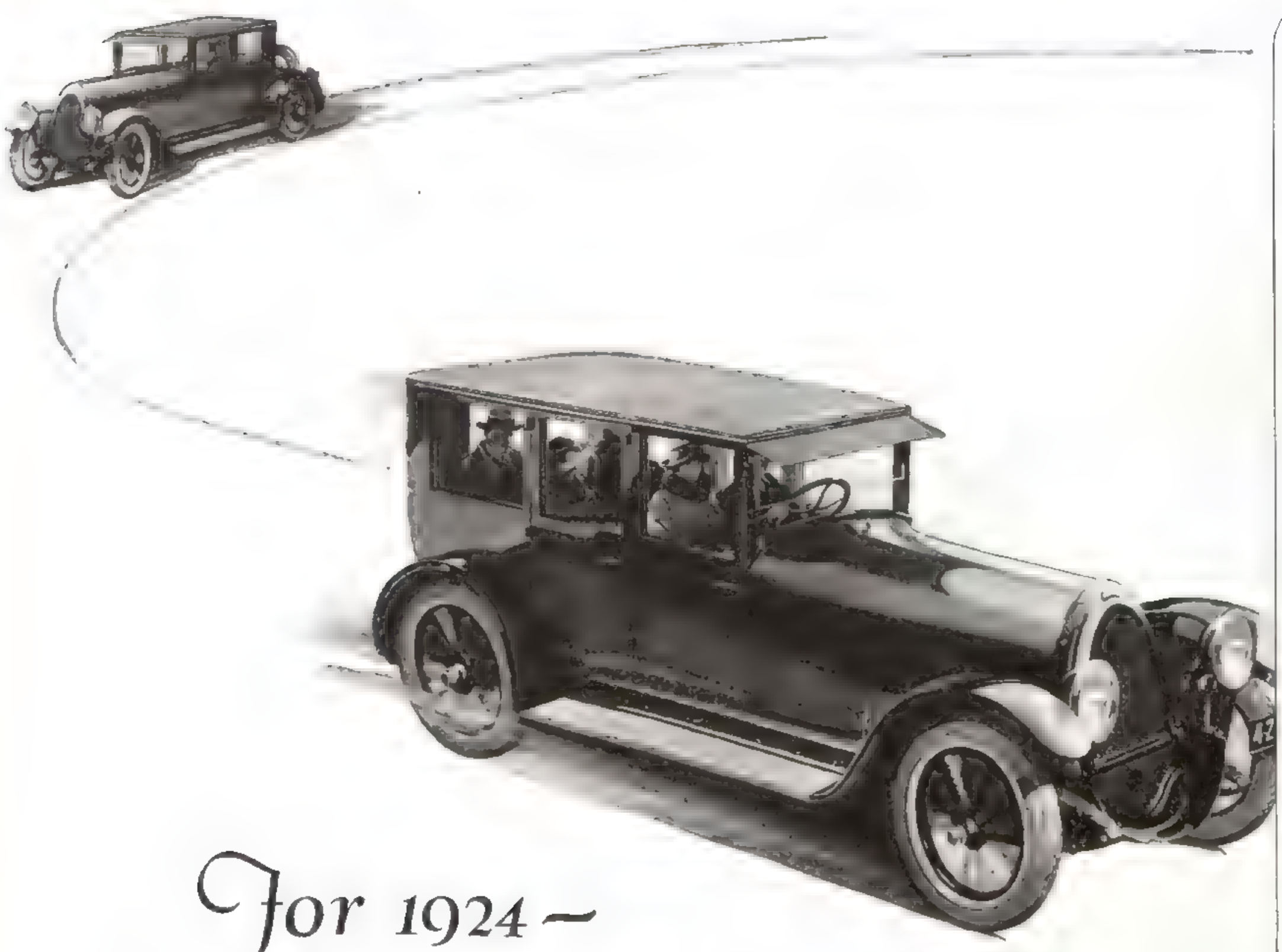

For 1924—

The 1924 models are the quietest, most powerful and dependable we ever built. They follow the largest year's production in our 22 years of manufacture—follow a wider appreciation of Franklin advantages.

Franklin's reputation for comfort is based upon qualifications for road performance possessed by no other car. And so it is with economy and dependability.

The fact that it runs perfectly under extremes of road or weather conditions that would stop any other car invites investigation and wins favor. That it cannot have any cooling troubles and that the cooling system never needs any attention makes another strong appeal to those who would get rid of that uncertainty and nuisance.

Less of routine care and longer life are the evidences of simplified construction and the use of the best of everything all the way through. A complete comparison reveals easy handling and safety, in which the Franklin transmission brake is such an important factor.

Franklin closed cars are especially popular—75% of total output against 35% for the industry. They have the finest bodies built—one reason why they are better road cars.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

FRANKLIN

Weed Tire Chains and Four Wheel Brakes

From Saturday Evening Post, May 13, 1916

Front Wheel Control

Weed Chains on front tires of motor cars are as necessary as flanges on front wheels of locomotives.

The front wheel skid is the greatest cause of the many automobile accidents which keep the newspaper columns sprinkled with harrowing accounts. Appreciating this fact *The Scientific American* in the following editorial advocates the use of Tire Chains on the front as well as rear wheels:

"The majority of automobile owners fit chains to the rear wheels only, and appear to consider this ample insurance against accidents from skidding, but this practice is a doubtful economy, for, although the rear wheels, thus armed, may hold the road fairly well, the really bad accidents too often result from the inability of the driver to control the course of his machine. Any old bicycle rider knows that he can retain the control of his machine and maintain his balance when the rear wheel skids badly as long as the front wheel holds its grip on the road, but that he becomes helpless whenever the front wheel slides. The same conditions are true in the case of the automobile, but in an exaggerated degree, for its weight and the average speed both tend to make the grip of the front wheels on the road precarious, and a skidding front wheel is not much different from a broken steering gear in the possibilities of disaster. Recognizing these facts, it is apparent that chains are fully as necessary on the front wheels as on the rear."

To use Weed Chains only on rear tires means to have your car only half protected. Put Weed Chains on all four tires at the first indication of slippery going and you will have quadruple protection against injury, death, car damage and law suits.

Weed Chains are Sold for all Tires by Dealers Everywhere

American Chain Company, Inc.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
In Canada: DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, LIMITED, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Quick brake action is certain only when wheels are chained to the road. A car in motion is safe only when you have steering control, whether you have brakes on two wheels or four.

For fifteen years Weed Tire Chain advertising has been devoted to making motoring safe — to preventing skidding, the cause of most serious accidents.

Weed Chains on the rear wheels for traction; Weed Chains on the front wheels to give steering control — and on all four wheels for maximum protection against skidding.

Long before the four wheel brakes were heard of, Weed Tire Chain advertising was advocating Front Wheel Control to prevent skidding (See our ad. of May 13, 1916. reproduced on this page.)

Whether you use Four Brakes or Two, when roads are wet and slippery use genuine Weed Chains on all four wheels for steering control and to prevent skidding.

Yours for Safety,

American Chain Company, Inc.
Bridgeport, Connecticut.

(Continued from Page 62

together before she came butting in to spoil it all?"

The Bawby Ephalunt, grinding his teeth until he was dissuaded by the cold shivers, went back to his marble counter and savagely slew a number of innocent house flies. Why couldn't women be more broad-minded anyhow? The Lord had created them, so perhaps He understood them; but it was a cinch that nobody else did. This contest had been supposed to be just a friendly kind of a sparring match, and here was everybody parking horseshoes in their gloves.

He was so distraught that he didn't welcome an uprising among the proletariat which brought in another five or six dollars a day. The proletariat had begun to beef. What was the sense, they demanded, in casting any more votes for the three girls that were all batty about Floyd anyways? What did the big piece of tripe think he was doin', runnin' a harem? And these Pi Xi girls—well, was Huntsboro's imperatrice to be a mewling infant? So why not concentrate on some meritorious dame like Mamie Vance, for instance, who was now pounding along in eighth position and wasn't so darned choosy as some, nor as baby as others? There was yet time; why not employ it?

The Bawby Ephalunt remained in the empyrean, even when Mamie crowded Florita against the rail and took third place by a seven-dollar margin. He wasn't worried about who would win, for that was all settled; he was worried about what might transpire among the losers, and he was also worried that his father might select a punk prize. But Mr. McEwen, clinging to the wreck of his importance, reiterated that he hadn't closed his dicker, and anybody that didn't like it could go and lump it.

For the last few days of the competition Floyd's brains as well as his sentiments were numb. He didn't wish that Edna and Myrtle would croak exactly, but he did wish that they would get religion and beat it to foreign missions in Patagonia, or else marry somebody that lived in Oregon, or something. The pressure on him was terrific. Here was Florita, whom he idolized, but who might turn out to be a bird of passage; and there were Edna and Myrtle, not content to be pals, but demanding mush stuff—and he couldn't afford to antagonize them too far, because their parents were steady clients, and he'd make them jeopards, who would jeopardize his investment. And of course it had to happen that just at this time his father said grudgingly: "Well, Floyd, I got to out with it; your contest's made us a nice good profit. Hereafter I guess we'll have to have it reg'lar every winter."

"Blah!" said Floyd, with a demoniacal laugh, and if he had known the elementary principles of swooning he would have swooned then and there, with the pious hope that as he tottered to his fall he might smash something expensive.

"Well," said Mr. McEwen, "today's the fourteenth, ain't it? How about that next little installment you got due me?"

Floyd exhumed his roll, which was betraying evidences of acute anaemia, and counted out fifty dollars. Thank goodness, in two more weeks he'd begin drawing from the Goliaths. Then, with his pencil poised above the stack of official ballots, he hesitated. Tomorrow at noon the competition ended. Tonight four girls were zipping down to the wire, with hardly two dollars to choose between them. Just as he had always known, it was in his own power to elect the Queen of Love and Beauty. And although he had no intention of reneging on his sacred word to Florita, yet he couldn't help being a trifle sorry for Myrtle and Edna. Poor little things, they'd fancied they had a chance! And they were going to be so terribly hurt—and give him Jesse. His sigh of compassion was like the exhaust of a short-winded locomotive.

He recounted his roll. It was just under two hundred dollars. But the Goliaths furnished transportation, and meals en route, and as soon as he hit New York he could touch the treasurer for an advance.

"Well, pa," he said, strangling, "so long's I'm goin' away so soon, I might's well pay you three weeks to once." And having duly manipulated the cash drawer, he figured out the standing:

1. Miss Flewellyn	$[illegible]
2. Miss Swan	[illegible]
3. Miss Vance	[illegible]
4. Miss Schweinfelder	[illegible]

"What's the prize, pa?"

"Floyd, I been waitin' to see which one won—or which one was liable to." Floyd showed him the figures. "Well, I guess that does kind of sew it up. But I got my eye on two-three different things. I'll close up tomorrer."

"Well, you might tell me what they are!"

"I'm bossin' this prize business," said his father haughtily. "I'll tell you just soon's I close the deal. But if you're so hot on daubin' up signs, Floyd, you do me one I can have put in the winder of the store I buy it out of. Say McEwen's Grand Popularity Contest Grand First Award. That ought to keep you busy for a while—if you spell it right."

That evening Floyd went to bear the news to Florita.

"Sweetie," he said, in the subterranean tone of one harassed by tonsilitis, "I told you you'd win, and you win by a mile."

"But, Floyd, this morning it said ——"

"I guess," said Floyd, "they must of been a lot of votes saved up for you. You went a hunderd and fifty dollars today."

Miss Flewellyn toppled into his embrace.

"Floyd, it's too perfectly weird! I can't believe it! The dream of my life!" As per contract, she kissed him. "What's the prize?"

"All I can say is it's appropriate."

"What?"

"You bet it's appropriate. It's the cat's whiskers."

"Floyd! Don't tell me it's a wrist watch! The one in Hufnagel's window! My dear, I've been so wild for that ——"

"You wait and see."

"Aw, don't tease me! Did you pick it out yourself?"

Loyally he lied. A man has to trust his father's judgment for something. Besides, it was the wrist watch as like as not. It was priced at exactly a hundred dollars.

"You bet your neck I did! And I had you in mind all the time I was pickin' it."

Her eyes were wet and starry.

"Floyd, I don't care what it is. It's my dream come true—and I made all those other stuck-up girls look like the last rose of summer on a gooseberry bush! But what is it?"

"It's—what's appropriate, Floriter," he gasped—and he gasped involuntarily, for her arms were around his neck and he was being rapidly choked into oblivion.

VII

IT WAS perhaps half past twelve on the following afternoon that Floyd's mother, preparing to dish up for dinner, was aware of certain physical phenomena which in other latitudes might have been interpreted as the premonitory rumblings of a volcanic eruption. Mrs. McEwen, however, tracing these manifestations to their source, discovered Floyd in his own room packing his luggage by the primeval method of hurling everything in sight into a telescope bag and a steamer trunk and tramping on the top layer.

"Why, Floyd! What's all this? You gone off your head?"

"No," he chattered, and flung his other pair of trousers into the trunk and trod on them. "But I gotta catch the 3:21 from North Adams, ma. For gosh sake, don't nag me!"

His mother paled with consternation.

"Now look here to me, Floyd, this is all stuff and nonsense! Just see them pants!"

"Pants be damned!"

"Floyd! Do you realize who you're talkin' to? The only mother you got?"

He was about to respond, when a new tremor shook the freehold. It was Mr. McEwen, bounding upstairs like an overfed chamois.

"Floyd! I'd like to know what in the name of Jehoshaphat you mean by them remarks you passed at me downtown? When I dickered around two solid months to find a bargain prize for your fool contest, and ——"

"Pa!" said Mrs. McEwen feebly, and shielded her gray hairs against the lightnings which, according to all precedent, should now descend on both father and son.

But Floyd, with a pile of clean shirts over his arm, faced his father furiously.

"You know what you've gone and done? You know what you done? I gotta catch the 3:21. Texas? I wished it was Timbuktu! Or the Philopena Islands! If your brains was made out of pure alcohol, pa, they wouldn't be enough to get a flea drunk!"

His mother gripped his elbow.

"Floyd, I will not have you speak to your pa in that tone of voice! You shouldn't let your angry passions rise. That's in the Good Book. It says — "

"Well," he howled, "does it say McEwen's Cash Pharmacy should give a perfectly respectable girl a popularity prize of a bathtub?"

There was an electric silence. Mr. McEwen broke it.

"But, Floyd, they ain't any bathroom in Ed's house, and that's where she lives, and Ed made me a price, and it's a profit to Ed, and he gets him a modern improvement, and this Flewellyn girl, she wins the contest, and old Mrs. Lougee's tickled to death, and it kills two birds with one stone, and what's fairer than that?"

Floyd was chewing his lips.

"Ma, for gosh sake, can you see?"

"Well, pa," she said timidly, "it does seem just a tiny speck—personal, don't it?"

Her husband exploded.

"Personal! It was meant to be personal. Ed Lougee thought up to today I was buyin' it for us. His askin' price was a hundred forty-two eighty-five. It's all genuine enamel. It's near six foot long. Anybody could lie out full length in it and not ——"

"Shut up!" roared Floyd, and threw the shirts in the trunk and stamped on them. "You said it was appropriate! I said it was appropriate! I'm gonna catch the 3:21. She hit me, pa—right smack in the beezer! We was in front of Lougee's. I got the razz from more'n a million different people. You busted up somethin' you—you ain't got the delicateness to know what I'm talkin' about! Ma, sling in them fancy neckties."

Mr. McEwen was still righteously insistent.

"Floyd, I got us the best bargain they was in Huntsboro. Ed Lougee's pleased as Lucifer. Floriter, she's the most popular, and Ed's gonna have him a bathroom, so they won't all have to wash in a washtub Sat'day nights, and ——"

Simultaneously with Floyd's yell of anguish, his mother, emptying bureau drawers, came upon a nest of photographs.

"Do these go, Floyd?"

He snatched them. They were the photos of Marybell Grady. And as he beheld them he saw a kaleidoscope of giddy visions. One was of Florita Flewellyn going into a paroxysm of frenzy when she saw the placard in his own handwriting, in the window of the very store she worked in. One was of Edna and Myrtle in the foreground of the group which was massed before that same window, enjoying spasms of inextinguishable mirth. One was of Marybell, in far-off Jersey City—only a ten-cent fare from the Polo Grounds.

"I'll take the top one," he said gruffly, and thrust it into his breast pocket. "And call me up a auto, pa, to taxi me over to North Adams. I don't care what it costs. I gotta get my train over there. I wouldn't take it here, not if you paid me for it. And, ma, you put me up a couple sandwiches—ham. They was enough left over, wasn't they? And, pa, they ought to have drowned you when you was a kitten. And both the two of you get out—you might draw flies. I'm packin'."

When his parents had slunk out of the room, the Bawby Ephalunt locked his trunk and sat down on it. He was utterly crushed, flattened. A bathtub—as an appropriate gift to his deity! He could never outlive it—never! And then, unexpectedly even to himself, he smiled. What had he not accomplished? He had squashed Florita by the nature of the prize, just as he had squashed Edna and Myrtle because they hadn't qualified for it. He had freed himself of all entangling alliances, and for the ensuing eight months he would be within a radius of Jersey City.

"Marybell," said Floyd to himself as he waited for the taxi and the sandwiches—"Marybell, I'm gonna pitch for you. And if I got the old smoke, and my old out drop works like it ought, I'll burn up the league. I'll burn it up. Why, Marybell ——" Here he dug out the photograph and kissed it tempestuously. "Why, it's just for you—workin' every minute just for you, dog-gone, it's just for you—dog-gone it!" Smack! He returned the photograph to his pocket and stalked to the head of the stairs. "Say, ma, what's the big idea? Couldn't you find the ham? Then gimme doughnuts. I'm in a rush!"

-and company in the next room!

THAT constant trickle so obviously from the closet tank! How embarrassing when there's company present!

And how annoying any time to be constantly jiggling the handle until the old distorted tank ball settles down over the valve seat!

Embarrassing! Annoying! But, besides that, an astounding water waste! Actual tests have proved that a tank-ball leak, only 1/32", wastes 355 gallons every day at a yearly cost of $25.

No need of it, either, for the

MUSHROOM Parabal

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Stops the leak

The patented shape sucks down into the valve seat, sealing it at every point. It can't help but fit every time and stop the leak for good.

The MUSHROOM PARABAL is specially made of one seamless piece of pure, live gum as tough as a motor tire. It CAN'T swell, split or lose its shape. Practically indestructible. Guaranteed three years.

Through Master Plumbers Only

Save water. Save money. Save annoyance. Save embarrassment. Your plumber will help you with the MUSHROOM PARABAL. Ask him now. Or send us his name and we will see that you are supplied. Illustrated literature on request.

$1.25 each

$1.50 in Canada

Woodward-Wanger Co

1
Speaking of comfort, consider a collar that refuses to roll or gap, that is made to fit That's the Hanes Tailored Collarette
2
There's a lot of comfort in a cuff that fits firmly, that is made better and stronger, that won't rip from the sleeve. The Hanes Elastic Cuff is guaranteed to be just that sort.
3
You can never be "underwear bound" with Hanes Elastic Shoulders. They fit, give with every movement because they're made with a service-doubling lap seam.
4
Here is a closed crotch that really stays closed It is specially stitched and cut so that it always stays in position.
5
What looks or feels worse than underwear that bunches at the shoe tops? The Hanes Elastic Ankle never loses its shape even after repeated washings —it always clings close.
TRADE MARK
HANES
ELASTIC KNIT
UNDERWEAR

Check off these five points—one at a time

BALANCE these points against the underwear discomfort you have known. Add to the credit side of the ledger, seams that are non-irritating and never rip. Put down buttonholes that hold their shape—buttons that are sewed on to stay—fleecy cotton that never scratches and has all the warmth and comfort that any one could want—a tailored fit that makes you think that Hanes was made just for you.

Couple all this with wear that withstands the ardour of the tub time and again without the slightest change.

There you have Hanes.

And the cost? Never was such underwear made to sell for so low a price. Look a suit over and realize why every stitch and button is guaranteed. Then ask yourself if you ever saw any underwear that came near the value of Hanes.

You can get Hanes either in union suits or shirts and drawers, in light, medium and heavy weights. Your nearest dealer should have Hanes. If he hasn't, write to us and we will see that you are supplied.

Hanes comes in boys' sizes, too

The very underwear for the youngsters, hard wearing, warm, well-fitting. Two weights—medium and heavy. Sizes 2 to 16 years (sizes 20 to 34). 2 to 4 year sizes with drop seat. Made also in knee-length and short sleeves.

HANES GUARANTEE: We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.

P. H. HANES KNITTING COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Next Summer wear Hanes full cut athletic Union Suits!

RAHBIN'S SISTER

(Continued from Page 13)

Rahbin's one extravagance was bringing Gerda out to Surabaya. He went alone to the dock to meet her coming in from Singapore on the Melchior Treub. Unaccountably a curious feeling of relief came over him as he perceived that chance had not summoned Burchenal, too, to welcome some arriving friend. Directly the gangway was down, Rahbin went on board. A minute later he was kissing Gerda on both cheeks.

Then he held her off, his eyes searching hers. In that moment his heart came nearer to feeling pity than at any time in his life. Staring back at him was the look that poverty leaves; the same look, he realized, that must have been in his own eyes when he first saw Java three years before. And there and then the vow formed within him that Gerda was done with hunger. She was his sister, he argued fiercely; and while he had money she would never want again.

Gerda Rahbin was four years younger than her brother but strangely like him in form and feature. She had the same black straight hair, though hers was long and coiled thickly on her smooth forehead. Her eyes were dark and intense, like his. Her olive skin was softer, of course—as soft, Rahbin thought, as the velvet covering of a full-ripe langsep. She was slim and erect and boyishly built; yet for all there was a certain steeliness about her, she was feminine to the finger tips.

Some months previously Rahbin had moved from Lower Surabaya. His own health had demanded that he take a small bungalow in a more sanitary quarter of the city. In that bungalow he now installed Gerda.

She gave him no trouble. Her requirements were simple; her gratitude was straightforward and sincere. She seemed content. Companionship, apparently, she could get along without. She read a great deal. Her education had been better than Rahbin's, and he admired her mind. It occurred to him vaguely that some day he would have to find her a worthy husband. Withal, it cannot be said he loved the girl; and, indeed, he would have declared that love was a weakness that could have no attraction for a Rahbin.

Another full year ran by. When the Surabaya Importing Company's balance was cast it developed that Burchenal had drawn in advance every cent of his share of the profits. Among other things, he had bought a race horse, than which there is no more disastrous luxury in the Far East. But the Englishman only laughed. They had capital enough anyway. And Rahbin was secretly avariciously delighted that he himself would be able to deposit a full fifty thousand guilders.

He now had seventy-five thousand in the Chartered Bank of India and Java. Seventy-five thousand! He studied those two entries in his bank book with all the gloating a miser does over his gold. It was his—his! His bulwark! No one could take it away from him! Nothing could ever induce him to withdraw a cent of it. Come what might, Michael Rahbin would never again crawl half naked to pick dropped particles of curried rice from the dust around street venders' stalls.

Then it happened.

Rahbin never rightly understood what brought Burchenal that night to the Wilhelmina Bioscope; motion pictures were hardly the sort of entertainment the Englishman preferred. But he was there, huge and pink-cheeked, and looking none the worse for the life Rahbin was sure his partner was leading.

There was no way to avoid him. So Rahbin introduced him to Gerda, and the color drained from his face at what he then observed. Burchenal took one long look at Gerda. Something made him immediately more awkward than ever before; something lighted his mild blue eyes; and in the nature of the case Rahbin had no doubt that that something was not honorable. He was so angry he could not speak, or think, or notice Gerda.

But the damage was done. Burchenal, recovering, good-naturedly berated Rahbin for keeping his sister hidden. He swore he was going to take the girl in hand, show her what there was to see in Surabaya.

The following few days proved him to be as good as his word. He had Gerda at the tennis club the very next afternoon; the day after he gave her her first riding lesson through the hills beyond Gunong Sari; on Saturday he brought her to the weekly ball at the Simpang Club. Rahbin could not very well object to that much courtesy; but his displeasure was keen as he realized that his sister had thoroughly enjoyed every minute of her excursions among the barbarians.

Sunday afternoon, at teatime, he called a halt—and ran against steel. Steel upon steel. For a while the situation was tense.

"But you can't really care for it, Gerda. Those people are hopelessly vulgar."

"They're alive. I'm alive too. I've been tired for a year—tired, Michael. But now I'm rested. I'm only twenty-six. You can't expect me to stay cloistered at my age."

"Better for you to be cloistered than running around with a man of Burchenal's stamp."

Gerda shrugged.

"I care nothing for Mr. Burchenal. Perhaps he is all you say; but I'm sure I'm not afraid of him. Nor need you be afraid of me. What I care about is the chance he gives me to meet people. If my brother can't do it, it seems to me that my brother's partner is the logical second choice."

Rahbin's eyes narrowed.

"Not while you're living in my house, Gerda! I forbid you to see him again!"

"Very well, I shall leave your house."

Rahbin stared at his sister. Across the veranda table, darkly, vividly beautiful in her simple black gown, Gerda met his gaze coolly.

"I'm quite sure I shall be able to earn a living at something," she continued. "If I did it in Constantinople, I can do it here. It never occurred to me that because you are—supporting me you'd think you owned me body and soul." Gerda pushed back her chair. "I thank you for the year you've given me, Michael. Now I shall go."

And Rahbin knew his sister was not talking to test him. His mind raced. What Gerda proposed to do was unthinkable. There was an Oriental streak in the man. His whole consciousness shrank from the idea of a woman of his family coming into contact with the multitude. Then, too, he must consider the injury bound to come to his business prestige. It would be noised abroad that Michael Rahbin's sister was working for a living in Surabaya. That could have disagreeable consequences. If he was correct in his estimation of Burchenal, the Englishman would break with him; and Rahbin could not afford that—yet. Moreover, chilling him as he remembered, Gerda must never again be poor.

"Sit down, Gerda," he said quietly; and Gerda turned back to the table.

She stated her position frankly. She refused to look upon herself as an object of Rahbin's charity. Being his sister and his housekeeper entitled her to certain privileges and rewards. One of the privileges was that she should live her own life—within limits which she could prescribe as faithfully as he. The rewards she would gratefully accept as her due, but never as evidences of Rahbin's bounty.

It was take it or leave it, and Rahbin made a complete surrender. Inwardly, however, he all but hated his sister as he did so.

Followed twelve months of torment for the man. Needless torment, for Gerda was doing no more than discovering that life is not all tears and labor and repression. Her ways were sane and healthy and open for all the world to see. Of course, her simplicity changed to British simplicity, and the change crucified her brother. It seemed no time at all before she was affecting English sports clothes and evening gowns. She learned to stride mannishly after a golf ball; she flashed across the tennis courts in a whirl of white skirts and slim white-stockinged legs. Burchenal was in constant attendance. He even forsook his disreputable companions at the Simpang Bar.

Just as well, perhaps, for the boom years had passed. Business was beginning to tighten up.

III

"*AWA - A - A - AS!*" sounded shrilly through the perfumed evening air. Which translated from the Javanese, meant in this case "Fo-o-ore!"

Michael Rahbin, strikingly out of place in white drill business clothes, was sitting on the broad terrace in front of the Surabaya Golf Club. He watched a diminutive

(Continued on Page 69)

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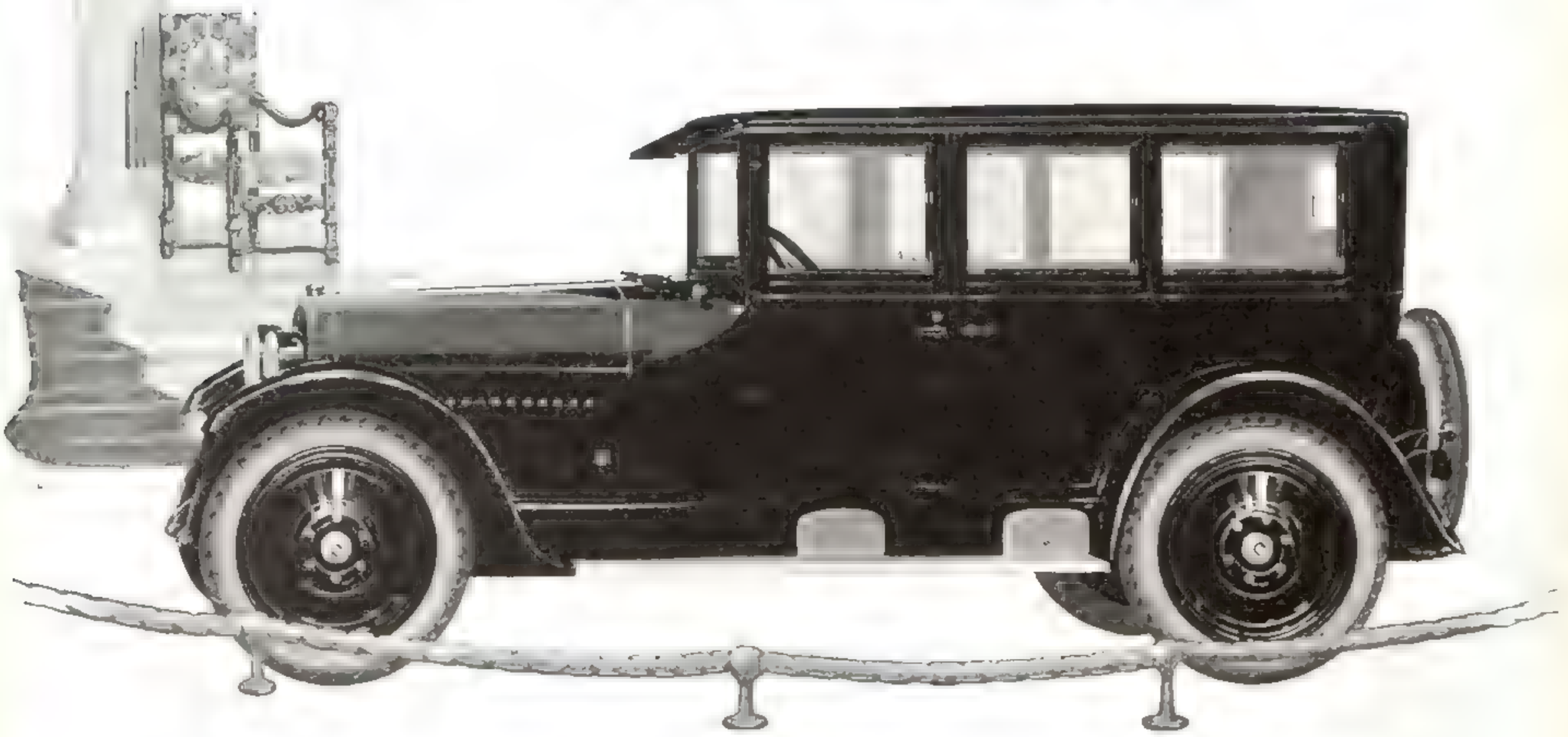

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(Continued from Page 66)

three-quarters-naked native fore caddie scampering to position on the edge of a circle of smooth-clipped grass. Looking farther along a perfect avenue of tamarinds, he saw first two bag caddies, then Gerda and Burchenal, silhouetting against the sky beyond.

Man and girl were preparing to drive the last hole. The annoyance of waiting, therefore, was nearly at an end.

Senseless waiting too! No reason in the world why Burchenal should have both his cars out of commission at the same time. Or he might have hired a car to bring Gerda and himself back to the city; he was otherwise free enough with his money. Of course, it simply had not occurred to the great oaf; and Rahbin sneered. Too much to expect that anything useful ever would occur to Burchenal.

Rahbin knew little about golf. He assured himself, however, that the fore caddie was unduly optimistic. Surely no one—not even Burchenal, who was powerful as a water buffalo—could hit a ball such a tremendous distance—two hundred and fifty yards at least. Yet the man did it. Rahbin saw a swift, ungainly movement, and heard a sharp crack. The ball came toward him faster than his eye could follow. Then it thudded onto the fairway not far from where the fore caddie was standing, slowed amazingly and rolled well on to the green.

The Javanese youngster hopped toward it, capering a noiseless ecstatic dance that set his loin cloth whirling.

"*Kebon! Kebon!*" he shrieked; whereby he made known that the ball was on the garden, or green. Burchenal was about twenty feet from the hole in one.

"Jove!" came from somewhere behind Rahbin. "Burchenal hits a big ball."

"Rather! Who's with him?"

"Gerda Rahbin. Tidy player too."

Rahbin stirred uneasily in his wicker chair. He hated all this. It was British! He hated these lolling sport lovers at the other tables; men and women, with their whisky and sodas and their hobnailed golfing brogues, and their heavy conversation about putts and approaches. And although most of them had nodded to him more or less cordially upon coming onto the terrace, the conviction was strong in Rahbin that they all despised him because he was not one of themselves.

"*Awa-a-a-as!*"

Gerda drove. Hers was a low, clean-hit ball that fell some eighty yards short of the green. Her fore caddie pointed, then fell back to join his mate near the pin. The two shavers chattered somewhat profanely, and Rahbin understood that Tuan Burchenal was far and away the most generous tuan on the club list. Rahbin could well believe that.

His eyes narrowed grimly as Gerda and Burchenal came toward the green and the clubhouse between the two rows of tamarinds. To see the two together was always disturbing. Fortunately, not so acutely disturbing as a year ago. Then, for a time, Rahbin had looked upon his partner as something sinister; now his old contempt for the man had returned. Then he had suffered the daily agony of almost suspecting Gerda; now he really suspected no longer. Gerda was sharp, calculating. It was as she had first declared. She was merely using Burchenal in order to get into society in a land where women found little diversion.

Rahbin no longer suspected his sister, yet he was far from reconciled to her ways. His home life with Gerda was a life on thin lava crust, with the pit of instinctive antagonism boiling below. Indeed, had there been no outstanding bone of contention between them, the same armed-truce attitude would have existed. Their natures were so thoroughly alike, so positive, as to tend toward antipathy.

The players stopped while Gerda made a graceful stroke that placed her ball ten feet nearer the hole than Burchenal's. Burchenal putted first. His ball rimmed the hole twice, flopped out and a foot away. Gerda holed out. Then the Englishman carelessly tapped his ball into the cup. Rahbin's heart felt a fresh stab of virulence as he watched the two turn from the green. They seemed to be completely taken up with each other—more so than he had ever noticed before. Gerda was looking up at Burchenal, smiling, and talking in eager, spirited fashion. Burchenal nodded his head now and then, the while he industriously rubbed mud off a golf ball. For the sole purpose of interrupting their last moment alone, Rahbin went to meet them at the edge of the terrace.

"He beat me every hole but the last," Gerda announced delightedly; "and we halved that. I can't understand why Cecil plays with me."

The Englishman grinned; his face lighted up with pleased embarrassment. Where the man got his skill at games would ever be a mystery to Rahbin. His huge hands and feet seemed perpetually in the way.

"Why, she's topping, Rahbin!" he protested. "Perfectly topping! Just wait until next week. We'll walk away with the mixed-foursomes championship if I don't flub all my putts. Er—have a drink, Rahbin? Beastly hot, what? No? Gerda, you'll have lemonade? And a big shandygaff for me, boy. Beastly hot. Sure you won't, Rahbin?"

Shandygaff! Pah, the barbarian!

"You'll pardon me if I don't drink," said Rahbin stiffly. "I'm returning to the office for an hour before dinner."

"Back to the office! Jove, you're at it all the time! Reminds me though, Rahbin, I've got hold of a whacking big tip. Business, you know; chance for a killing."

Rahbin looked over in mild surprise. It was out of the ordinary for his partner to take even this slight interest in the affairs of the Surabaya Importing Company.

"Steel," Burchenal continued after a moment's pause; "strips and plates, you know; and mild-steel bars. Government's got to have 'em for the new Burger School. I got this straight; there's only one suitable lot in the city—Tan Liong Po's. He'll sell three thousand piculs at twenty guilders. Government'll buy at twenty-five. Let's see—five, fifteen, that's seventy-five hundred for each of us. Jove! I could use seventy-five hundred—just now."

Burchenal smiled across at Gerda. Rahbin shrugged. He knew Tan Liong Po had a lot of steel on the market, and he knew the government was getting ready to buy for the new school. It was his business to know such things. But it was also his business to know that Tan Liong Po was a thoroughgoing rascal.

"Why doesn't the Chinese offer it himself to the government?"

"H'm—hadn't thought of that. Doesn't know they want to buy, I imagine."

Rahbin looked doubtful. It was possible, of course; and more than once he had turned a pretty penny by knowing more than the other fellow. But still ——

"I'll not touch it," he said.

A few minutes later Gerda and Burchenal had finished their drinks. Burchenal signed the chit; Rahbin impatiently led the way down the short slope to where the chauffeur was waiting with the office car. The road home ran windingly along the Kalimas to the suburb of Goebeng.

"Rotten year, I understand," Burchenal ventured.

Rahbin inclined his head.

"Our profits will hardly amount to ten thousand guilders. However, that's doing well, Burchenal." A forbidding note crept into Rahbin's voice. "Nearly every firm in the city is losing money. We are not; and furthermore, our position is becoming far more solid for the future."

"Oh, sure!" said Burchenal, flushing. "I understand, Rahbin. Lord, no one can compare with you for showing profits! But what I mean—if there's a chance for a killing ——" And Burchenal stopped in the middle of his thought.

Some five minutes after that they dropped him at his house on Makassar Boulevard. On getting out of the car, he placed his hand for a moment on Gerda's in a way that angered Rahbin. When the Englishman again made reference to the tip he had got on steel, Rahbin cut him short with a curt nod. Just as curtly he ordered the chauffeur to drive home.

Gerda was curiously silent until the car drew up in front of their bungalow on Kayoon Road. She sprang actively out, turned at once to speak to her brother. Her face was strangely radiant. In spite of the English cut to her skirt and sweater, Rahbin thought she looked more attractive than he had ever seen her, standing there against a feathery background of potted palms. Somehow he could not love her; but he was proud of her.

"You're going to the office," she said softly; "and I'll not be at home for dinner. But I wanted to have a talk with you, Michael."

"What is it, Gerda? I can spare a few minutes"

Gerda laughed and flushed.

"Why, I suppose it can be got over in a few minutes, although it seems tremendous just now. Michael, Cecil asked me to marry him, and I said I would."

"Nonsense!"

"It's true!"

For a breathless second Rahbin held himself in check. The hot color had faded from Gerda's face; her dark eyes suddenly flashed. They were so much alike, brother and sister! In her heart, he knew, as in his own, fiery temper was struggling to slip its leash. Rahbin was more than a little afraid—but Burchenal!

"I mean the thing s out of the question," he temporized "You don't care for him, you said. You're only using him because he gets you into places."

"Oh!" And Gerda laughed again "That was a year ago. Now I care for him very much."

"But you can't, Gerda! Burchenal! You know the man's incredibly dull."

Gerda shook her head.

"I don't find him so."

Rahbin looked her full in the eyes. Whatever happened, this was not to be! His brain, all his thoughts were in an indescribable chaos. No doubt but that Gerda meant what she said, and the brother groped blindly for some obstacle to throw in the way of her folly. He swiftly found it—certainly because, unwittingly, he had long had it ready.

"No," he said harshly, "you'll not marry him! You can't marry him in the Dutch colonies without my permission—not until you're thirty-one. Our parents are dead and it rests with me. Gerda, I'll never give you permission to marry Burchenal!"

Gerda's lips drew into a hard straight line.

"I suppose you know what the alternative will be."

"I don't care," said Rahbin. "You may leave my house, go to work at anything you please; but I shall not give in. *Ayoh, man; djalan!*"

Rahbin went back to the office.

Later, at dinner, Gerda did not appear. Rahbin supposed her to be at one of the downtown restaurants with Burchenal. Well, he told himself, if Gerda doubted his statement as regards the Dutch marriage law, the Englishman could disabuse her mind. Burchenal knew that much at least. Marriages in Java were state affairs. There was no way around; they could not elope. All Rahbin had to do was hold firm to his decision. And he would hold firm.

"Burchenal!" he panted in an access of resentment.

Of all the men in Surabaya she had had to choose a Britisher! And, moreover, the very Britisher Rahbin hated worst of all! He would hold firm all right.

In the morning, again, he ate alone. This was unusual. Gerda, he decided, was in her room—weeping perhaps. She had undoubtedly learned from Burchenal that there was no hope so long as her brother withheld his consent. She must now be convinced. It occurred to Rahbin to be sorry he had not taken some such determined stand a year ago. Then he had let Gerda face him down, and all this unpleasantness had ensued. But he held the reins at last. Gerda would submit. He supposed he would soon have a session with Burchenal; a raging session. Let him come! If need be, he reflected, he could now get along without the Englishman's money.

And sure enough, late in the forenoon Burchenal appeared at the office. But he did not come raging. Nor, Rahbin noticed, was there any entreaty in his manner.

"Gerda's at the Oranje Hotel, Rahbin. Thought I'd let you know."

"What is she doing there?" very quietly.

"Living there—since last night."

Rahbin could not move. So his sister had not been in her room at breakfast time! Still, he could not see what she hoped to gain by living at the Oranje Hotel. She could not marry Burchenal. And the hotel was rather expensive for a girl who was setting out to earn her own living. She was trying to frighten him!

"I didn't know she had left home," said Rahbin with assumed indifference. "However ——" And he shrugged.

"I say," came moderately from Burchenal—he rested one ponderous leg on the corner of Rahbin's desk—"what's the idea, Rahbin? Why don't you want me to marry your sister?"

"I have other plans for her."

"You have? Oh, come, man; that's medieval. Any girl has a right to choose for herself, what? It's not because I've been a

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bit of a rounder? You know, Rahbin, I've cut that all out—since I met Gerda."

"That has nothing to do with it."

"Er—religion?"

In all honesty Rahbin had to answer in the negative. He had not actually lost his religion; but he had allowed its spirit to die out of his life. Five years in Java is calculated to break down strict adherence to any faith.

"Then why?"

Rahbin told why. He placed both hands on his blotter and looked full at the man who stood facing him. He spoke at first in a low, steady voice; then his words came faster and harsher until each syllable was a snarl. Burchenal's clumsy questioning had pierced his ancient armor of caution. And besides, Michael Rahbin now stood in fear of no man. For the first time in his life he opened the door of that furnace that was his secret hate. In the end there could be no manner of doubt as to what his feelings were toward Britons in general, and toward Burchenal in particular for being—among other things—a Britisher. So deep rooted and violent were Rahbin's prejudices in the matter that they failed to strike him as being at all childish and futile. Burchenal listened almost as a child listens to a fairy tale, and when Rahbin paused he drew a deep breath.

"Gad, that's plain enough!" he said.

"I hope so," said Rahbin.

"And you've felt that way all these years? Gad! Frightful state your insides must be in, what? I didn't know it, Rahbin; give you my word I didn't. Thought we just didn't hit it off, you know—socially. Nothing serious. I wouldn't have been such a drag on you had I known. As it is, *soedah lah!* And we'll split."

Split! All right, Rahbin could stand it.

"How?" he asked.

"Why, just split, that's all. How much is the whole show worth?"

"The Handelsvereeniging Breda would buy us out tomorrow for one hundred and thirty thousand guilders," said Rahbin promptly. He named a scrupulously honest figure.

"Want to sell?" asked Burchenal.

"No."

"Then I'll just get out. You can settle with me at your convenience."

Rahbin rapidly considered finances.

"I can pay you off at the rate of three thousand guilders a fortnight," was his decision.

"Suits me." And Burchenal turned to go. At the door, however, he paused, came back a step into the room. "You couldn't let me have ten thousand this first month?"

But Rahbin was already berating himself for offering to settle so quickly.

"I've named my terms," he replied coldly.

"Oh, righto!" the Englishman answered carelessly. "You see, I'm a bit short. I'm dashing off to Singapore tomorrow on the Melchior Treub. Taking Gerda along. We'll be married there. Law's not so asinine in Singapore. However ——"

The blood in Rahbin rushed poundingly to his head. Yet he had to acknowledge this rift in his barrier. In the British colonies a girl over twenty-one could marry when and with whom she pleased. Singapore was only a two-day sail from Surabaya. That fairly simple evasion had escaped the brother. His white teeth dug deep into his upper lip; but a saving reflection came on the instant, and Rahbin laughed contemptuously. Gerda was no fool!

"It's not likely," he said, "that Gerda will marry you when I tell her you are no longer in this firm."

Burchenal grinned and left the office.

Rahbin stuck close to his desk all morning. He was conscious of a mixture of triumph and wrath and apprehension in his brain. Behind it all, however, lay confidence that Gerda would listen to reason when she learned that Burchenal had ceased to be her brother's partner. She knew as well as he did that by himself the man was hopeless. At one o'clock Rahbin went home to tiffin.

Gerda was not there, of course; nor did Rahbin particularly miss her. Since the time of her first rebellion he had never given her more than polite attention, and a woman's hand does not appear so definitely in Far Eastern households. The meal now served by the boys was as good in every way as if the house had not lost its mistress. Then, too, she would soon return—thoroughly chastened. Rahbin decided to warn her immediately of the change in Burchenal's circumstances.

On his way back to the office the brother stopped at the Oranje Hotel. He found Gerda on the veranda of a room overlooking the sun-bathed garden. She faced him in silence, waited for him to speak.

"Burchenal and I are no longer partners," he definitely announced.

"Cecil has just told me—all."

"Then you'll forget all this nonsense, Gerda, and come back to me?"

Gerda shook her head.

"You still intend to marry him?" he rasped.

"Of course—in Singapore."

"You're a fool!" said Rahbin sharply. "You know what will happen to him; what must happen. He'll be a bankrupt, a pauper, in less than six months. That's inevitable. The man has utterly no business sense, Gerda. A child can rob him."

"Cecil is not a business man," Gerda admitted; "but he is not going into business."

"You can't live long on sixty-five thousand guilders."

Gerda nodded.

"I know. But we're not going blindly into this, Michael. Cecil is not a business man; but business is not the only thing in this world. I've persuaded him to try something else. He saw a man this morning—a Mr. Jameson, I believe. As soon as we come back from Singapore, Cecil is going to work for the Anglo-American Estates—on their tea plantation at Welirang."

"As an assistant?"

"Yes."

"Then you're more of a fool than I thought!" Rahbin made a gesture of overwhelming impatience. "Do you know what it is to be the wife of a plantation assistant? No, you don't know; and you can't imagine. Two hundred guilders a month! That's what Burchenal will get—two hundred! You'll have no servants. You'll live in a woven-bamboo shack. You'll go mad for the sight of an electric light. And you'll be poor, Gerda. You'll not be able to afford anything that makes life bearable in the tropics."

"Oh, yes," said Gerda simply. "Ordinarily no, though that would make no difference. But we'll not be altogether dependent on Cecil's salary. In less than a year we shall have sixty-five thousand guilders—Cecil's share of the firm. We can expect 5 per cent on that—safely. In all we'll have close to five hundred guilders a month, and that's more than you and I ever spent during any month in the last two years."

"Even so"—hotly—"the whole thing's nonsense. You'll be desperately sorry, Gerda."

"I am prepared for anything." Gerda crossed the veranda swiftly, stood close to her brother and put forth her hand to his arm. "Let's not be bitter about it any longer, Michael," she pleaded. "Try to consider what it all means to me. You know what my life has been—yours and mine. Hasn't it been struggle and hardship and harshness from the start? Hasn't it been bitter? And now"—an indescribably soft light flooded the girl's stern features—"and now Cecil loves me. Why, Michael, when I think ——"

But Rahbin laughed disdainfully.

"Love—pah! Cecil—pah! Gerda, send that dolt about his business! You hear me! You do what I say or you're no longer sister of mine."

Steel upon steel once more.

"Sister of yours!" she promptly flung back at him. "Rather you're no longer brother of mine. Michael, you're despicably small! I've known all along that Cecil was not your sort, so I've made allowances. But you've never considered me in this matter, and Cecil is my sort. You condemn him for a reason that is utterly absurd in a grown man—because he's a Britisher. If you opposed him because he once was wild—oh, I admit that he was!—I could understand. If you opposed him because he is not of our religion, I could understand. But no; you hate him because he is a Britisher; because he is not a Greek or a Hollander or a Swede. What pettiness!" Gerda walked away and opened the door of her room, paused briefly on the threshold. "If you can let such a prejudice stand in the way of your sister's happiness, then I'm glad to be quit of you."

Rahbin left the hotel. He knew he had lost. His wrath was like a consuming flame, scorching him so that he felt no shame at the scorn in Gerda's denunciation.

The next day, Thursday, the Melchior Treub sailed from Surabaya. Burchenal and Gerda would leave the mail boat at Singapore, be married, and go aboard again two days later when the boat returned from Medan. Tuesday would see them back in Surabaya once more.

Rahbin, of course, did not go down to see them off. That pair was out of his life forever. He went to his office, and the first news he heard was that Burchenal, as an individual, had bought Tan Liong Po's steel. Three thousand piculs at twenty guilders, delivery and payment to be made within a fortnight. Thereupon the Englishman had turned around and sold the lot, subject to government engineers' approval, to the department of education for twenty-five guilders a picul. It was to be accepted or rejected within a week, and paid for upon acceptance. That question of the engineers' approval was considered a mere formality, and favorable comment on the transaction ran the length of Chinese Front Street.

But Rahbin was not so sure. He understood the maneuver. Burchenal had wanted ten thousand guilders immediately, presumably to defray the expenses of settling down at Welirang. When Rahbin refused to furnish such an amount, the Englishman had taken this flyer in steel. Considering everything, a risky flyer. Rahbin knew something about government engineers—and he knew Tan Liong Po very well. Behind the black anger in his heart lurked a feeling of dread, as though in some way he were still responsible for Burchenal. Absurd, of course ——

But he was.

IV

THE blow fell on Monday. Rumor had it throughout the business section that Burchenal's steel had been *afgekeurd*, or condemned, by government engineers on account of too high carbon content. An issued statement presently confirmed the rumor.

Just that; nothing more. But it was enough. It meant not only that the department of education would not accept the steel for the Burger School but also that the lot was now practically valueless. The government verdict would stick. Burchenal would never be able to sell to a reputable contractor, government or otherwise. By dint of haggling and seeking out piddling customers—something of which Burchenal was utterly incapable—the lot might net him ten or fifteen thousand guilders. So Burchenal's capital was gone, wiped out. The reserve was no more than would have made easy for his wife those first ill-paid years in the tea game. And hot indignation mounted to Rahbin's brain as he realized that inevitably the burden would fall on him.

Inevitably, for in spite of all his blustering, in spite of all his venom, Rahbin would not let Gerda suffer poverty. After all, she was his sister. He would take care of her, even though he hated her. And he did hate her. His heart leaped up as he perceived a chance for retaliation. No way out of having Gerda and her husband on his hands. They would come begging for help, he was sure. So he would help them, and make them feel it. No plantation. He would take them into his house. He would give Burchenal a trifling position in the firm where once he had been partner. He would make their existence a lifelong realization that they were objects of his charity; that they could not move or eat or sleep except for him. Gerda would have to come off her high horse. Married, she would not dare to fling his bounty in his face. Rahbin actually hugged himself to think of Cecil James Burchenal without money enough to pay his club dues.

One of those stupid puffed-up Englishmen brought low with a crash!

So he met them in the early morning as the Melchior Treub warped into the dock. He shook hands with them gravely; noted the look of surprise on their faces. Then he led the way to a quiet corner of the ship's saloon. There, inwardly aquiver with his unworthy joy, he broke the bad news and sat back. Gerda must have known about the transaction. There was dismay, but no surprise, in her eyes as her hand flew to Burchenal's wrist. Man and wife went white.

"Gad!" said Burchenal. "Gad!"

Gerda said nothing. As soon as her face turned from her husband, she fell to studying Rahbin. Her hand remained tense on Burchenal's. The Englishman's fists clenched.

"My God, Gerda girl ——"

"That's the situation," said Rahbin coolly. "You're penniless, practically. I'll

(Continued on Page 73)

TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

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(Continued from Page 70)

get what I can for you for the steel. It won't be much. You'll come to my house, of course. My car is outside. My chauffeur will carry your bags ashore. And I'll probably be able to find something for you to do, Burchenal, in my office."

Stricken—but certainly only for his wife's sake—Burchenal bowed his head. Gerda's head went high.

"Why should we go to your house?" she demanded.

"You have nowhere else to go."

"I think we have. I understand. Your mind is not so difficult to read, Michael. Perhaps we ought to be grateful to you for the help you offer, but I can't when I know the price you intend to ask. You expect us to be your dependents. You think you'll make us realize our dependence every moment of our lives. But you'll not. You ought to know me better, Michael—know us better," she loyally corrected herself. "We'll go to Welirang, Cecil, just as we have planned."

"But, Gerda — "

"You'll go to Welirang on two hundred guilders a month?" Rahbin sneered.

"On two hundred! On twenty if need be!" Gerda stood up. She seemed to tremble through all her slenderness; but her voice was even. "I'd rather live like a native," she steadily declared; "I'd rather eat rice and dried fish out of a banana leaf than accept a single penny of your charity. We're penniless, you say? We owe Tan Liong Po sixty thousand guilders? All right. You owe us at least that much. Go to the Chinese. Tell him to look to you for his payments. Tell him to dump his steel into the Kalimas. That's all. Cecil, our train leaves at eleven." And Burchenal followed his wife down the gangway to the bustling confusion of the great stone dock.

For a long time Rahbin sat very quiet. Such a whirlwind of chagrin played havoc through all his being that he dared not trust his legs to carry him even across the deck. So Gerda would have none of his charity? Then that was the end! She could go. She could starve. She could work her fingers to the bone for that overgrown numskull. Welirang! She could sit in the black loneliness of plantation life, buried in the hills in the center of Java. On two hundred guilders a month! She could die there for all Rahbin cared.

All that and worse. Sister? She was no sister of his! Rahbin stood up, in the height of his passion coldly determined. He would let Tan Liong Po know where to look for his money and that would end the matter.

Tan Liong Po lived on the other side of the Kalimas. Rahbin left the Melchior Treub, went through the huge dock warehouses to his car. To reach the Chinese his way led back to the city past row after row of zinc sugar godowns, then across the Red Bridge at the lower end of Chinese Front Street, and straightaway north again into the heart of another world; a world of narrow streets where the car could scarcely pass; a continuous cloud of choking dust; and choking smells of strange food and fruit and filth. Chinese dwellings; for the most part shabby dwellings, ramshackle and dirty, with broken windows and unpainted doors. These, naturally, under a thick layer of dust. Bullock carts with Javanese asleep on the poles. Swarms of yellow and brown people, barefooted, or shuffling on floppy slippers. A woman giving suck to a child at her naked breast.

Only a Chinese woman with her slant-eyed baby. Yet the scene smote Rahbin with the force of a blow. For Gerda was a woman. In the natural course of events she would have children. Children at Welirang on two hundred guilders a month! She would have to bring them forth as did the coolie women, miles from any doctor or hospital. For Burchenal would not have money enough to send her to the city as her time drew nigh.

Rahbin shuddered. He knew he hated Gerda as he had never hated even Burchenal, yet such a thought had power to chill him like the hand of death.

No; there was no escape for Rahbin. He was like one chained to a pillar—the pillar of family pride. He could not profit by his deliverance. She was his, his sister; and no sister of Michael Rahbin's would ever again endure poverty if he could prevent it.

His duty was inexorable. The question was, could he prevent it? Gerda was as proud as he. She would not now come back to him, or accept a penny of his money; not if he went on his knees to her. She and Burchenal would fight it out at Welirang at whatever cost. A good thing in a way. Better climate in the hills than in Surabaya. A tolerable life, perhaps; but not on two hundred guilders a month.

Rahbin wondered if he could induce Tan Liong Po not to deliver the steel. That seemed hardly likely. No merchant, least of all Tan Liong Po, would cancel any such fortunate transaction out of reasons of sentiment. It would cost penny for penny to save Burchenal's skin. Rapidly, the man began to check over the resources of the Surabaya Importing Company.

Hopeless. The firm could not pay Burchenal three thousand guilders every fortnight—reporting to him that the Chinese had failed to make the required deliveries—and in addition buy three thousand piculs of steel at twenty guilders. There would be no firm left. Certainly, just then, Rahbin was capable of sacrificing the firm; but he knew if he did so Gerda would hear about it, and understand, and persuade her husband not to accept his remittances. Five thousand, ten thousand at the outside, was all he could take from the importing company.

And then, without warning, like a cruel stab into Rahbin's very life, came a thought of that seventy-five thousand guilders he had safely on deposit in the Chartered Bank of India and Java. His slight body jerked tensely erect, fiercely protesting in every fiber.

Never! Never! Not that! Not if Gerda died a million deaths! That money was his bulwark, not hers. As though it were white-hot, Rahbin shrank from the conception that he would ever part with a cent of it. For a full two minutes he suffered inwardly all the tortures of the damned. Until, steeling his mind and his heart, he resolutely put such weakness away from him. No; he would do his best, but he would not do that. Perhaps if he tried to intimidate Tan Liong Po, if he came upon him with fire in his eyes ——

He tried it, and Tan Liong Po laughed at him. The old Chinese, yellow as a leaf, wrinkled, and reeking of opium, with the crafty wisdom of countless ages in his almond eyes, just sat there with a crooked smile on his thin lips. In his cobwebby office he looked the part of the spider he was.

Rahbin sternly accused him of fraud; threatened him with court proceedings. But Tan Liong Po insolently shoved forth Burchenal's shortsighted contract. Rahbin's heart sank as he read it.

"You intend to deliver?" he asked.

"Certainly, tuan."

"I shall give you five thousand guilders if you fail to do so."

Rahbin's face was hawklike in savage hope. He sat eroueningly forward, his fingers clamped tight on the edge of a plain teak table. The Chinese looked puzzled and shook his head.

"Ten thousand," said Rahbin.

"Ten thousand! Am I a fool, tuan?" Tan Liong Po indicated the contract with his steel-rimmed spectacles. "If I keep this steel I shall have great difficulty in getting fifteen thousand guilders for it. And ten thousand from you, tuan, makes twenty-five thousand. But I have already sold it to Tuan Burchenal for sixty thousand. I am not crazy, tuan!"

Like one chained to a pillar! Rahbin felt icy fingers at his throat. In his mind's eye he again saw the Chinese mother and her child. He thought of Gerda.

"Forty-five thousand!" he gasped. "You will still have the steel—which you can sell for fifteen."

But his chastisement had only just begun.

"I do not understand, tuan," said the Chinese, still shaking his head. "But I am doing as well as that with Tuan Burchenal; and, moreover, getting the steel quickly off my hands."

"Then give it to me for sixty thousand—the same price." And Rahbin would have to manage its disposal with care so Gerda would never know.

"I do not dare, tuan"—shrewdly; for Tan Liong Po sat in the driver's seat, and he knew it. "Tuan Burchenal will sue me for breaking my contract."

"Nonsense, man! He will be only too happy!"

"Yet I am afraid. I must get seventy-five thousand, tuan, or I shall deliver."

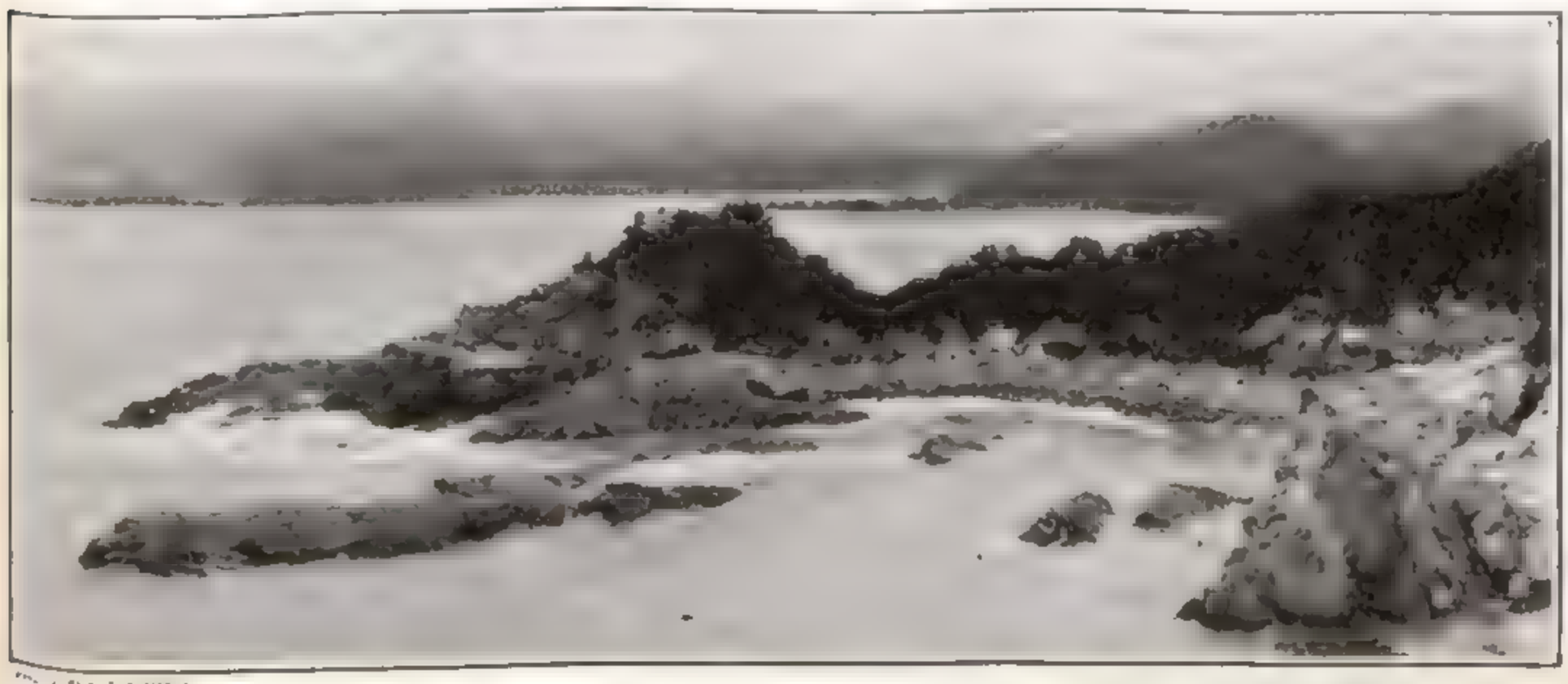
"Seventy-five thousand!" Whispered, the words hurt as though they had roots in Rahbin's soul. "All right," he said brokenly, "I shall pay. In the morning, Liong Po, I shall give you a check—on the Chartered Bank of India and Java. Is it agreed?"

"Agreed, tuan."

And Rahbin staggered out to his car. His eyes were moist in the glaring sunlight, and all his body seemed numb. His brain was numb. Vaguely, however, he was aware he had all his work to do over again. His reserve against poverty was gone—gone. The firm was his, of course; but the boom years would never return. His bulwark now must lie in the sureness of his daily transactions. As to what he had just done, its heroism escaped him, for he had intended none. When he thought of Gerda, presently to arrive in Welirang, comfortable because of his sacrifice, he felt no warmth of brotherly tenderness.

And yet ——

"After all," he said, "she is my sister."



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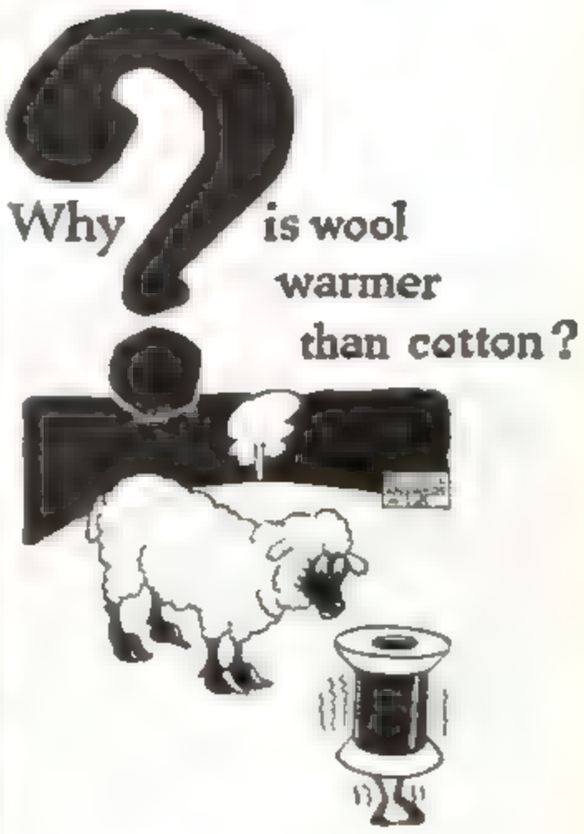

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THE BURDEN BEARER

(Continued from Page 19

Thus began the wanderings of Eddie Breen, a drab and aimless Odyssey. When the money in his pockets grew low he worked at anything he could find to do. But he always worked indifferently, and sooner or later he lost the job or moved on to another town. For he who had always worked cheerfully and briskly found himself queerly numb; he seemed to have no reason for living. It was as if his shoulders, which had so long borne the burden of Diantha, now ached from lightness. He moved in a vast emptiness, confused and shapeless. And in this emptiness he gravitated toward the thing that had been most surely his. As an artist whose right hand is gone may still haunt the galleries, so Eddie Breen drifted to the windows of grocery stores.

But he never went inside one to ask for a job. It made him wince to think of it And so a few months dragged past. The cheap suit became more shapeless, often he neglected to shave, he sat on park benches in towns he scarcely knew the names of, thinking vague and confused thoughts. He was a tramp in the making.

Then one sleety night, in a suburb of a Midwestern city, he drifted up to a window, took one long wistful look through it, and as by magic a reason for being was restored to him. The will to live revived in him.

To anyone but Eddie Breen the picture framed by the window would have presented no interest. It was the square window of a small down-at-heels grocery store, which had evidently been built out from an old two-story dwelling house. It could scarcely be called much more than the pitiful remnant of a grocery store. The shelves were half empty. In front of them stood some fruit crates littered with paper and a few dozen inferior lemons and oranges, while the melancholy black skeleton of a bunch of bananas swung above them. In the window itself someone made an effort at decoration with a flyspecked pyramid of canned goods.

"Tut, tut," Eddie Breen clucked with his tongue in pity, "someone has stuck him with the wrong brand of corn. It'll never sell. Poor location, anyhow, I guess."

He stepped back and looked up at the house and then along the street of old and not too prosperous houses. Open fields began a few hundred yards beyond the store. In the opposite direction was a car line and a better lighted block. He stepped closer to the pane and looked again into the dispirited interior. He then saw that at the back of the store a young woman in a gray sweater, pinned up about her throat as if the store was cold, stood talking to a man in hat and overcoat. Eddie Breen almost at once recognized that the man was not a customer. From his type and the sheaf of papers in his hand, and from the pleading way the woman looked up at him, Eddie Breen knew he was a collector.

"He's standing out for something on account and she's begging for time."

With a sense of shame at watching this familiar tragedy, Eddie Breen took a few steps up the street. But in a moment he came back again. He felt irresistibly drawn toward this waif of a shop; it called to him with a voice to which his whole being was tuned. Even as he wandered back to the poorly lighted window, he was thinking what he would do if it were his, to make it neat, attractive and prosperous. By the time he had reached the window there was in his face the first gleam of animation that had been there since the day he sat in the specialist's office.

The collector was just coming out as Eddie Breen went in. The young woman in the gray sweater scarcely noticed his entrance, for she stood where her unwelcome visitor had left her, staring at the cold stove, for the moment lost to everything but despair. She had brown hair and eyes, and in anything but a shabby drab garment she would have attracted anyone's gaze. But to Eddie Breen she was not a young woman with a sweet mouth, but the proprietor of a sick grocery store. He was as absorbed and fascinated by that store as a surgeon by a complicated case.

When he had finally obtained the young woman's attention he bought a trifle of cheese and crackers.

"Sort of sleety out," he said. "You mind if I eat these here?"

"Why, no," she replied absently. "Take that chair there if you want to."

Eddie Breen sat down, and as he ate his crackers and cheese he made an inventory of the place with quick glances, while the young woman wiped the cheese knife and listlessly swept up a few crumbs.

There came a sudden thumping on the floor over his head, and he started.

"My father wants something," she explained, going quickly toward the staircase at the back.

"She's either awfully unsuspicious, or there isn't anything in the till to steal," he thought.

He munched on. The sleet blew against the window, and the door suddenly opened. A woman in a hurry, with a shawl over her head, came in. Eddie Breen, caught in the midst of a pleasant dream of reconstruction, did something entirely automatic. He jumped to his feet, said good evening and was behind the counter before he knew what he was doing. Then it was too late to do anything but to go on.

"I want a can of salmon and a loaf of that Gilt Edge bread."

"Yes'm." Eddie Breen jumped to get them. He knew exactly where they were, where everything in that store was, and as he wrapped them his fingers tingled pleasantly. "Any oranges or lemons?" he suggested genially. "We're having a special sale of oranges tonight very juicy ripe oranges."

"Why, I don't know—if they're special ——"

The woman hesitated and was lost, for Eddie had snapped open a paper bag with one flick of the wrist and was saying, "How many?" before she knew she was buying oranges.

He then held the door open for her with so kindly an air that quite obviously the woman thought better of the place than she had done in a long time. When he turned around from the door he saw that the young woman had stepped out from the stair door and was gazing at him in astonishment.

"I hope you'll excuse me," he said; "but a customer came in and I waited on her. The money is there on the counter. Those oranges need looking over. If you don't mind I'll sort them for you now."

"But - but I can't pay you. I can't afford any help just now," the young woman's voice quivered.

Eddie kept on expertly sorting out the good fruit from the hopelessly gone.

"That's all right. Don't want any pay for this little job. By the way"—he stood up and looked toward the window—"that's a very poor seller, that brand of corn you've got there. Never buy that brand unless you want it to stay on your shelves. The women will buy it once because it's cheap, but they don't come back for more."

She stared at him.

"Have you kept a grocery store?"

Eddie swallowed quickly.

"I -worked in one for several years."

"Then you know how hard it is. You have to buy from the firms that will give you credit, no matter if their goods are inferior."

"I know. That's the way it goes. I suppose you started in without much experience or capital."

"My father did. He was a carpenter until he fell from a roof and partly crippled himself. Then he built on this store. We thought it would be something he could do to make a living. But his health failed – he's almost bedridden now. For over a year I've been trying to run the store and look after him too. But it's too much for me. I don't mean the work. I'm strong and I've got good health. But it's the books and collecting the bills and knowing what to stock up with. I—sometimes I don't know which way to turn."

She checked herself in this tide of confidence, looked down at the floor, winking desperately, and then suddenly turned away to the dark rear of the store. In a moment or two she came back with self-command restored and her small nose reddened.

In the meantime Eddie Breen had asked himself what business was it of his. He could understand in every detail the nature of her problems, but what had they to do with him? Depression and uncertainty settled upon him once more. He finally drifted out into the street again, and a few blocks away he found a lodging house where he spent the night.

(Continued on Page 76

Fine silk hosiery was a luxury until Phoenix made clearly apparent the important fact that it is also an outstanding economy. If rightly made, silk stockings will carry you more miles in elegance and comfort than any other. This most happy combination of beauty and economy has made Phoenix the best selling line of hosiery that the world has ever seen. Everywhere it is the accepted standard of quality for men and women and children.

PHOENIX

HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE

(Continued from Page 74)

But he could not sleep. He kept thinking of that sad little failure of a store. Sometime in the night, as he often did, he reached out and felt of his coat, in the lining of which he had fastened four hundred dollars—all that he had felt himself justified in taking from the cash payment made by Henderson.

In the back of his head had been a vague plan to work his way up to Alaska and to start in his new life in some line up there. He had felt no warming of the spirit at this idea; his was not an adventurous nature. But Alaska seemed the conventional port of missing men, and he had refrained from spending any of the sum pinned in the lining of his coat. One of these days, pretty soon, he would really start West.

But next morning, after a walk and breakfast, he found himself looking down the street of the sick grocery store, and presently he was opening the door. The young woman was sweeping the store.

"Good morning," he said in his friendly voice. "I've been taking a little walk, and I notice there's quite a lot of building going on to the north of you. Have you tried working up trade among the new families that are moving in?"

She drooped over her broom.

"I haven't had time, and I wouldn't know how anyway. I suppose I'd have to have dodgers printed and distributed."

"That would be one way, but the best in your case would be personal solicitation."

"But I can't get out to do that. I can hardly leave long enough to try to collect a bill."

"That is so. You're certainly in need of help. Look here, how about your bank? Won't they make you a loan?"

The shadow seemed to settle deeper over her face.

"The bank is my biggest worry. We had a note due last month and they extended it, but they said it would be the last time. They hold a mortgage on the house now."

Eddie whistled a melancholy tune, and the young woman stood looking at him with wistful eyes. Simply, she had accepted him as one who spoke the same language. She was an unsophisticated sort of young woman, but she was by no means lacking in intuition. She was sure of two things about him: That he was to be trusted and that he had recently known trouble.

They stood looking at each other, two well-meaning human beings fast going on the rocks of adversity, while around them the melancholy remnant of a business venture seemed waiting resignedly for the sheriff to step in. Eddie Breen's hand went unconsciously to the left breast of his coat under which four hundred dollars crackled. For the first time he transferred his appraisal from the store to the store's proprietor. She was worn out and dispirited now, but with new hope she would have vitality, quickness and persuasiveness.

"If you had a partner ——"

Eddie Breen heard the words coming out of his own mouth and was appalled. She interrupted with a laugh of scorn.

"If the store hasn't made a profit for one, it can't for two."

In answer to this Eddie merely stood looking thoughtfully about him for a moment, and then he asked, "Could I talk with your father a few minutes?"

Jackson Holt lay upstairs in a small neat bedroom over the store. Eddie Breen knew in five minutes' talk with him that he was no business man. He had been a carpenter of the old-fashioned sort, slow, conscientious, rather dreamy, a craftsman totally lost outside his craft. In his prime he had been a tall, hard-muscled Yankee; but now he lay like a gaunt shadow in his bed, his eyes hopeless.

After his accident, which had partly crippled him, he had started the store. A brisk trade the first year had encouraged him unduly; he had overstocked, given too many notes. He had firmly meant to run a cash-and-carry business, but it was hard for him to refuse credit to some neighbor in temporary straits, and too many times the neighbor moved away or went to another store. He made unwise purchases of cheaper stock, which lost him other customers. The floating trade that always flocks to a new store drifted somewhere else, and the Holt grocery was on the rocks.

What with worry and overwork, Jackson Holt developed heart trouble and slowly became more and more helpless. His daughter had to give up her position as a teacher in the primary grade of a near-by school. She did the best she could, but the stock ran down, the best of the wholesale houses wrote the Holt store off their lists, and customers, always sensitive to the least hint of blight, shied off.

When Eddie Breen had talked for a while with the old man, he went out and took another very thoughtful stroll through the suburb. His impression of the night before was confirmed -the little grocery was located in a backwater of unpretentious houses. To the west of it stretched many acres of unimproved land. Its melancholy was accented by the appearance at regular intervals of weather-grayed markers, indicating that at some time a development had been started here and then abandoned.

To the east, after a few blocks of houses which gradually grew smarter in white paint and were accompanied by stucco garages, there came a small open park marking the center of the suburb. It was clear to Eddie Breen that the suburb itself was soundly healthy; the bank, the motion-picture houses, the shops about the square were busy; there was quick transportation from the city itself; and to the south, clustering around a tiny lake, was a group of fairly expensive houses at the edge of a golf course.

Eddie Breen went back, sat down in the square and stared at the little Meadowvale Bank.

"I've always been a fool and I guess I'm keeping right on," he said half aloud.

But he smiled with a curious elation. He did not know what it was that had made him all day feel so strangely light. He did not suspect that he was a born burden bearer. Without his burden he was heavy, aimless and lonely. And now, here at hand was a new load, a most fascinating, impossible, irresistible new burden. Already he felt as tender toward that store as a mother toward a sick child. On the back of a stray piece of wrapping paper picked up at his feet he began to make an outline of a partnership agreement.

That evening he went over the books with Jackson Holt's daughter and made a rough inventory of stock. Next morning at seven he was unlocking the door of the store. The Holts, at breakfast in the rooms above, looked at each other with incredulous wonder. God had sent them, straight from the blue, one of two things—either a rescuing angel or an industrious lunatic.

In their hopeless plight they had accepted him, and in their simplicity of heart they asked no questions. They did not believe him to be a failure, but they knew something, somewhere had gone wrong with him. At any rate, he seemed to them too good to be true. Laura Adams at twenty-eight—she had married at twenty and was now a widow—had almost lost courage; but now, overnight, it seemed to her a miracle had happened.

Eddie Breen fell upon that store in a tornado of energy. He worked as only one can work who at last finds that to do which he can put his heart into. He sorted, rearranged, threw away, scrubbed, polished, painted. He made the best of the meager stock, dressed the window anew and had the name of the new firm put on the window:

HOLT, ADAMS & COMPANY
Fine Groceries

Considering the need of some secrecy on his part, he was content with being the company, and Laura's tired face glowed over the Adams in the firm name. In the evenings Eddie was improving her bookkeeping, and it was her own idea that she should distribute the handbills announcing the special sales with which Eddie planned to clear out the old stock. There was an ancient flivver in the garage which they had been unable to sell at any price, and this was groomed for her use.

The handbills brought in a slightly increased trickle of trade, but the clearing out of the old stock was mostly Eddie's work. He was a born grocery salesman. He liked people and they invariably responded. He knew groceries, and he knew the side of human, feminine nature that is uppermost when buying groceries. The woman who came in with a string bag intending to get three cans of beans and a half dozen bars of soap, if it was a real sale, generally went out with these and six cans of pineapple besides. And in the afternoon she came back, because she couldn't get out of her head what that new fellow in Holt's had said about those special jelly powders. She found that Eddie had mysteriously got ahead of her name and called her by it. Next day she came in and brought a neighbor with her, although she had discovered at supper the night before that the canned pineapple wasn't quite so good a brand as she usually got.

But she didn't bring it back and thrust it in Eddie's face, because when he sold it he had frankly explained that it was a new brand to him; but look at the price! You didn't risk much at that price, did you? And pineapple pie was great, no matter what brand you used.

"Oh, selling!" said Eddie Breen to Laura, as they worked over new price cards that night. "I can sell anything, almost, in the grocery line. But there's a lot more important than that. You've got to keep people coming back, so your stock will keep turning over and be fresh. But beyond that are your notes, your discounts, your standing with the wholesalers. Those are the rocks you've got to look out for or they'll wreck you."

In his secret heart these were the rocks Eddie dreaded most. If he could have gone to the wholesalers and the bank and pointed to his past achievements it would have been easy. But he must remember he was a man from nowhere; he had to keep dark that apple of his eye, the store in his native town.

But he had an asset of which he was unconscious; no man can work hard and live honestly all his life and then overnight look or sound untrustworthy.

There were two wholesale houses pressing them for overdue accounts, and they were not houses Eddie meant to deal with once he got on his feet. But he knew it was well to tread softly just now. So from the four hundred dollars he paid each of them something on account, accompanied by a convincing letter announcing the new firm and inviting inspection of the new store, including the books.

The wholesale houses promptly accepted the invitation. Of course, the rearranged stock, much of it hiding shelves empty at the rear, fooled no one of the visitors. The books were not much more impressive. Under Eddie's direction, Laura had made a careful digest of their financial state; but though the sum total under accounts due and payable was larger even than the Holts themselves had suspected, the visitors pointed out that probably much of it would go the way of all bad debts.

"I'm not so certain about that," spoke up Laura. "Now that I can leave the store, I intend to collect most of those accounts myself."

The man from Reimer's looked at her sharply. Laura was one of the features of the new arrangement that from the first had interested him. He recalled her as a bewildered, beaten-down-looking woman, but today she seemed different. She was still pale, but no longer bewildered, and there was a certain definite confidence about her. In fact the entire atmosphere of the place had come alive with energetic competence. The shelves and the books and the few customers that dribbled in were, as the investigator put it, nothing to write home about, but something else he sensed in the store which flowed direct from the genius of Eddie Breen.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Breen," said the man from Reimer's finally. "Just to show our confidence in you, we'll give you a thirty-day extension on what's due us if you will agree to buy, say, five hundred dollars' worth of stuff from us during the next four months, cash on delivery."

Eddie grinned.

"Thanks. But on those terms we wouldn't if we could. I don't know as we would, on better terms, even. I don't like that Orange Ribbon brand of yours, not a little bit."

"Well, I like your nerve! Here we carry this store for over seven months and you come along and criticize our goods."

"Oh, come on, you know it's poor stuff! Why, in a few months from now I'd be giving it away after dark! The trade I'm going to have wouldn't feed it to their servants."

"Servants! Man, what do you think you're going to do, out here on the edge of the swamp?"

"Well, I can tell you this: I'm going to buy only the brands that will bring my customers back for more, and I'm going to pay on the regulation terms."

"Sounds noble," said the man from Reimer's. And after a thoughtful moment he added, "You know, we've got brands we sell to the gilt-edge trade, when you show us you're in that class."

"Just give me a little time."

Eddie was so cheerful about it that the investigator went back to headquarters and reported that Holt's had been taken hold of by a nervy new fellow who certainly knew how to make his stock talk, how to sell and how to keep books. Better give him a little more time.

"Where did he come from?" someone asked.

"That's funny I don't remember that he told me."

In between these skirmishes and the days of special sales Eddie painted the store inside and out. Also, he walked miles during the evenings, studying the neighborhood. And when he had done all that he could possibly do with the resources at hand, he once more polished and skillfully rearranged the fast diminishing stock. Then he had his one good suit pressed, drew a long breath and went to talk to the president of the Meadowvale Bank.

He spread before him frankly all the facts in the case except one. When it came to his past he told only as much of the truth as was necessary—that he had worked in his father's grocery store in the East, that he had been a bond salesman later; but that he had now decided to go back into a business which he knew in every detail.

To his intense relief Mr. Siebold did not delve deeper into the question. He had a theory that it wasn't so much a man's past history that counted as what that history had done to the man, and he was intent mostly on studying Eddie himself. In the end he agreed to drop in at the store. This was the best Eddie could ask for. The small place, with its one wide window polished, its new paint glistening, its sparse furnishings in spick professional order, looked almost prosperous. Only Eddie himself could know how hollow was this pretense. He went over with Siebold the carefully kept books, and the result was that the bank offered to lend them two thousand dollars secured by a second mortgage.

The smallness of the concession dismayed Eddie, and the second mortgage terrified his partners. After working hours were over that night they discussed the matter, sitting beside Jackson Holt's bed. Desperately they tried to think of other ways out, but without success, and money they had to have. Their small plant was like a reassembled machine that is all ready to start, but lacks fuel.

"I won't advise you one way or the other," Eddie said to them. "It all comes down to whether you have enough confidence in my ability to take the risk."

There was silence in the small threadbare room for a long moment, and then Laura Adams looked up from her locked hands.

"I trust you enough," was all she said.

Jackson Holt gave his dry Yankee smile.

"I don't see as there's anything else for us to do. We could sell out and rent the store, but we couldn't get enough out of it to pay our living and the interest on the mortgage. I guess we've got to take the risk."

The important moments of a lifetime are generally unrecognized; and Eddie Breen, falling wearily into his narrow bed in the room behind the store that night, did not suspect that this decision through which a family put itself into his hands was to mark the moment of his second birth.

He was mortally scared at the responsibility he had assumed, but from the instant Laura Adams said "I trust you enough" it seemed to Eddie Breen that he was unbeatable.

He had gone through seven years of being slightly looked down upon by a wife who had tried her best to make him forget he had ever been a grocer. Now it was astonishing how strong he felt before these two persons who believed in him.

And strength he certainly needed. The first year of the new firm's life was one unbroken stretch of long hours, working hard and fast, planning, scheming and figuring. The two thousand dollars from the bank was expended with an amount of careful thought worthy of millions. The greater part of it went for fresh new stock of a good grade, bought at a good discount for cash from Perry & Sons, a firm Eddie knew to be reliable and fair in their terms. Less than a hundred dollars of it went for advertising. For Eddie knew that he must pin all his hopes to the personal equation. And about seventy-five dollars more went into an item that was put down on the books under the heading of Personality Equipment.

(Continued on Page 81)

ABOUT WARMTH

you need to know only two words—

IDEAL
BOILERS
and
AMERICAN
RADIATORS

From $180 up

Many people imagine that a hot-water or steam-heating plant is expensive. This company makes hot-water and steam-heating plants including radiators from $180 up.

"IDEAL BOILERS" is the family name for
ARCOLA · ARCO · TYPE A

Tell us the number of rooms in your home and we will send you a booklet describing the IDEAL Boiler designed for it. Address Dept. 1, 104 W. 42nd Street, New York, or 816 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
Your Heating Contractor is our Distributor

PALM

Would you be his choice for the dance?

Admiration, attention—groups of eager young men awaiting her appearance, and more partners than she can dance with—this makes girlhood days the happiest time of a woman's life.

To miss this popularity is a tragedy. Yet many girls are socially unsuccessful because of some lack in charm.

What constitutes this charm is hard to define—but one thing is certain. The popular girl, the successful girl, the gay, happy, all-admired girl is always distinguished by a fresh, radiant skin.

How to have this perfect complexion is the problem of many girls, but we can solve it for you. It's a simple secret, discovered many thousand years ago.

What spoils complexions

Every day your skin accumulates a coating of dust, dirt and general soil. Every day you apply powder, and every day most women use a little or much cold cream. This dirt, powder and cold cream penetrate the tiny skin pores and fill them. Perspiration completes the clogging. You can judge for yourself what happens if you fail to wash these accumulations away.

Once a day your skin needs careful, thorough cleansing to remove these clogging deposits. Otherwise you will soon be afflicted with coarseness, blackheads and blotches.

How soap beautifies

Mild, pure, soothing soap, such as Palmolive, is a simple yet certain beautifier. Its profuse, creamy lather penetrates the network of skin pores and dissolves all dangerous deposits. Gentle rinsing carries them away.

When your skin is thus cleansed, it quickly responds with fresh, smooth radiance. The healthful stimulation results in natural, becoming color.

And the lotion-like qualities of the Palmolive lather keep your complexion delightfully soft.

Now, when your skin is healthfully clean, is the time to apply cold cream. Now, powder and that touch of rouge are harmless.

Cleopatra's way

This most modern method of beautifying is, strange to say, the oldest, for it was Cleopatra's way. She used palm and olive oils as cleansers—the same bland, soothing oils which are blended in Palmolive.

And since the modest price permits its use for every toilet purpose, use Palmolive for bathing. Let it also do for your body what it does for your face.

D L I V E

Palm and olive oil
—nothing else—give
nature's green color
to Palmolive Soap

Note carefully the
name and wrapper.
Palmolive Soap is
never sold unwrapped.

Volume and
efficiency
produce
25-cent quality
for only

10c

PALMOLIVE

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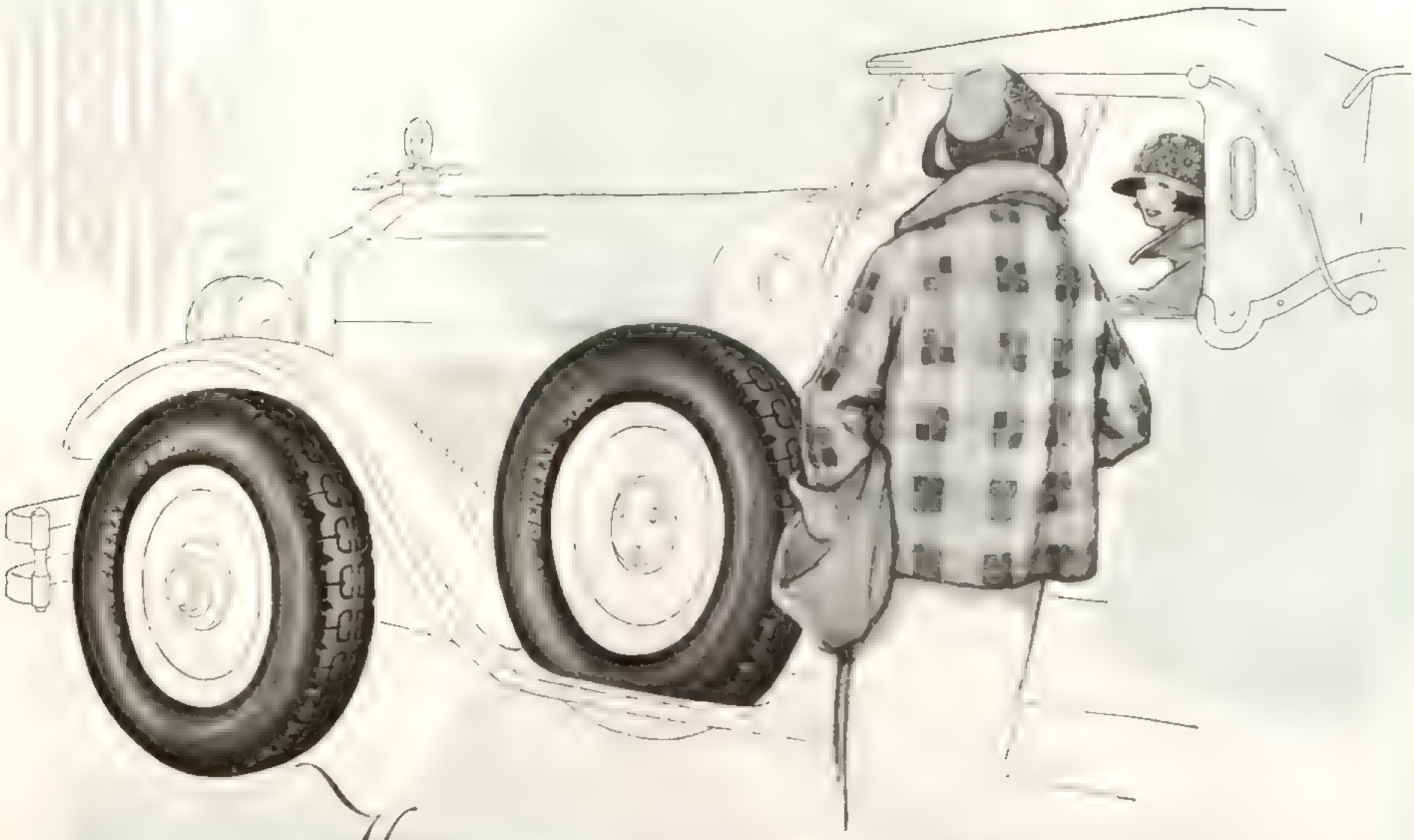
RIDE ON THE TIRE THAT RUNS WITH LESS AIR



The

GENERAL CORD

—goes a long way to make friends

BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO BY THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO.

Continued from Page 76

"Have you got a good trim-looking suit and a hat to match?" Eddie asked Laura Adams the day they received the money from the bank.

Laura flushed.

"No, I haven't. I haven't bought any clothes for three years, and I hadn't many to start with then."

"Then I want you to get yourself one of those plain but sort of nifty-looking suits—you know, blue serge, or something -and a little hat to go with it. A becoming hat, it must be, but businesslike. And shoes -you know, the sort of rig that looks prosperous without trying to look that way."

"I know." Laura's eyes began to kindle. "If you will run the store, I believe I can handle people outside. It will help a lot to know I look right."

And right she [illegible] when her new attire came home. Laura Adams was one of the innumerable women who marry unwisely and too young. The most fortunate thing that had ever happened to her, possibly, was the early demise of Tom Adams. But her poor start had left her shaken in self-confidence. The first kindly wind that had blown upon her in a long time was Eddie Breen's entry into her gray existence, and suddenly she blossomed into the last thing one would have expected of her—a woman with a sense of adventure.

Attired in her trim suit, her attractive face framed in the close little hat, the color of excitement in her cheeks, she set out one morning on a campaign to put Holt, Adams & Co. on the suburban map. She began with the immediate neighborhood and systematically widened her patrol until it became necessary to take out the old car. Every house she could obtain entry to, in every block in the widening radius, she visited. She did most of this work during the forenoons, when women could be counted upon most surely to be at home. If for some reason she could not get an answer to her ring, she made a note of that house and came back to it a second time. And when she had obtained a hearing she told the lady of the house about the new firm, the fresh stock, the Monday-afternoon sales, the one Saturday special, the down-to-the-bone prices. And then she whipped from under her arm a grocery list, printed on thick cardboard, with a little hole opposite each item and tiny pegs to fit into the holes. When not in use, the pegs fitted at the bottom of the card; and to make sure it would not be handed to the baby to play with Laura always said, "Where shall I put this up for you?" and with thumb tacks affixed it firmly above the kitchen sink.

In this position the name, telephone and address of the new firm would be conspicuously displayed. This contrivance represented the firm's largest advertising item. But it was a genuinely workable, practical article; Laura saw to it that not one was wasted, and on a second visit she almost always found that it was being used. It was a sort of permanent visiting card of the firm.

The surest means of bringing trade to a firm is the right kind of personal appeal - and the most difficult thing to do well. If the new firm had had to hire a trade solicitor, half the kitchen memorandum cards would have been wasted and 50 per cent of the doors slammed in his face. But with Laura it was a matter of life and death. A door was seldom shut in her face, but if it was she blinked her eyes rapidly, counted seven and whispered over and over, "Eddie expects you to get these women, and you will, you will!"

She always carried a small order pad in one pocket, and when she had succeeded in attaching one of the memoranda to some kitchen wall, she would take out the pad suggestively and say, "Our Saturday special is going to be canned pumpkin, Mrs. Wells. It's Perry & Sons' best brand. I made a pie of it myself yesterday and you wouldn't know it from fresh pumpkin. Wouldn't you like me to save a few cans for you? Twenty-one cents if we deliver and nineteen if you carry them home yourself."

Sometimes it was a former customer who came to the door, and then Laura discussed with her the faults of the old store and the improvement of the new. She learned also to be persuasive enough to collect over half the long-overdue account. These few hundreds were put aside toward the note due the bank, and each Saturday night as much as could possibly be spared was added to it. As Eddie said, their relation with the bank must be sweetened, whatever happened. In the third month another order was placed with Perry & Sons, and the discount enabled Eddie to sell at prices appropriate to the neighborhood. But what Eddie thought about night and day was a wider field, and one Sunday evening he handed to Laura the rough draft of a letter to a name which Laura recognized.

"Why, those folks live over near the country club! I don't think they'll come to a grocery on Red Bank Street, do you?"

"They will if they want fresh picked mushrooms at a lower price than they pay in the city."

Laura looked bewildered.

"But we haven't any mushrooms."

"We will have on Wednesday - fine ones, absolutely fresh."

And Eddie explained that in one of his recent rambles of exploration he had discovered an Italian raising mushrooms in an old stone-quarry cave. The man said that he sold most of his output to the best known firm of grocers in the city. He would let Eddie have a few baskets if he would come for them.

"Those golf-club folks buy the mushrooms after they have been taken past their doors into the city, and they pay the top price. Why won't they buy them from us, fresher and cheaper?" Eddie asked "At any rate, we'll call it an investment in bait."

So they carefully typed fifteen letters to the golf-club-neighborhood addresses. Wednesday morning Eddie fetched the mushrooms, and all day passed without a single nibble. Eddie was about to write a placard and sadly place the mushrooms in the window when over the telephone a harried voice demanded to know if he had any of those mushrooms left and could he deliver at once to the golf-club steward.

"Certainly! Anything else you need?" Turning away from the telephone Eddie cried to Laura Adams, "I'll go myself. Want a chance to talk to that steward."

It transpired that one of the mushroom letters had reached a man who was giving a dinner at the club on Wednesday. He had straightway ignored the letter, but when the club steward telephoned him during the afternoon that one item on the menu would have to be changed because the mushrooms had failed to come out from the city, the man recalled a local merchant who had offered him mushrooms for that very day. And thus the club steward got Eddie on the telephone.

This trifling accident resulted in a very good emergency customer—the club steward. Which gave Eddie an idea for his next week's letter to the golf-club neighborhood. In two lines he set forth the idea that when the big city store failed one on the eve of a dinner party, it was well to have a reliable local store to fall back on; why not try our fresh importation of Gruyère cheese?

It took several weeks and the waste of one or two luxuries such as alligator pears, which Red Bank Street looked upon as some sort of green eggplant, before one Wednesday brought the voice of a lady over the telephone asking to have sent over to Fernbrook Terrace before tea two jars of those French conserves he had written her about. Laura jumped into the old car and delivered the sweets herself, and she came back with a promise from the cook to try their anchovy paste next day.

It was not that Eddie Breen deluded himself with the idea that a few casual customers from Fernbrook Terrace would be worth to him more than six regulars from the other end of Red Bank Street, but it was the effect on his own morale—and possibly the effect on his banker—that Eddie instinctively sought.

For already, in these first months, he was looking ahead to a larger store, with the best class of customers, in some busier part of the suburb.

Not that they were yet by any means safe. But they were at least swimming, and less desperately than at first. The note at the bank had been met on time; they had paid off Reimer's and were once more in good standing with two other creditors; their credit with Perry & Sons was established; and the stock, though still slender, was of the best grade. Laura's work had resulted in bringing in new customers, and once they were in, Eddie's friendly personality and his salesmanship kept them.

Thus another six months passed. By doing all the work themselves except for the help of a delivery boy on half time, they managed to keep down expenses and overtake their debts. It seemed strange that two persons could be happy working so hard for so meager a return. But Eddie and Laura were absorbedly happy. Eddie felt younger and gayer than he had done in years, and Laura grew each month prettier, with her outdoor work and her belief in Eddie. And as if the relief from acute worry had a tonic effect on Jackson Holt, his health improved so much, there was a prospect of his coming downstairs soon.

It was towards the end of the new firm's second year that one afternoon a man strolled into the store, and after chatting awhile with Eddie Breen asked if the firm would like to sell the store and house. He had relatives in the city and he thought he would like a business near by. His offer was voted against without hesitation by each member of the firm.

"You've made the place look so beautiful," Laura told Eddie, "he thought we were making a fortune."

"I wonder. Funny, right out of the sky, like that."

A few days later there came an offer from another individual for an option on the property.

"You don't think there's oil in the back yard, do you?" Eddie asked Laura.

"Why don't you go talk to Mr. Siebold? He knows everything that's going to happen around here," Laura suggested.

Eddie had taken some pains to keep the president of the little bank in touch with the store's progress, had asked him to look them over now and then, and had sometimes sent to Siebold's house a box of new honey or an especially fine melon with the store's compliments. Siebold in consequence had not forgotten or lost interest in the firm that to his knowledge was putting up an honest and intelligent fight for success.

As soon as Eddie mentioned his two visitors, Siebold smiled.

"My advice to you is not to sell—not before next month, anyway. After that you can do as you please. No, I can't tell you why, but you'll know shortly." And as Eddie was going out of the door Siebold added, "By the way, do the Holts own the vacant lot next the store? No? It would come in handy, wouldn't it, if you should want to increase your floor space."

"Increase? In that neighborhood?" Eddie stared.

"Nothing the matter with the neighborhood, you'll see. If you can get a cheap option on that lot, if I were you I would at once."

Eddie valued Siebold's shrewdness sufficiently to obtain an option on the weed-grown lot next door; and three weeks later, glancing at the morning paper when he opened the store, the sight of one headline sent him charging up the stairs towards the kitchen where Laura was getting breakfast.

"The Warner people are going to build a two-million-dollar factory right out there at the foot of Red Bank Street!" he shouted.

"Oh, Eddie! What will that do to us?" Laura turned pale.

"Why, it ought to put us on the map. They're going to build houses for four hundred employes on that vacant land out there. Three hundred and ninety-nine new customers for us."

"But there will be other stores springing up right off ——"

"All the better for us. Red Bank Street may hum yet. Well, we're ready for 'em, aren't we, Laura?"

Within a few months the sleepy street had, indeed, changed from a weedy backwater to a main-traveled thoroughfare, through which all day long trucks moved with the material for the new railroad spur that was being flung out across the empty acres. Then when the spur was opened a temporary village of workmen sprang up. Long before this happened, Eddie had obtained from the Warner people the lease of a small lot in what was to be the center of the coming colony, and here he built a hasty shack which he kept supplied with provisions and groceries, tobacco and fruit.

The day the shack was opened for business he turned to Laura and said, "The first of our chain of stores."

It looked as if this prophecy, made half in joke, was about to come true. But one evening, just when the first exciting success of the firm's life was in sight, something happened which brought the firm's prosperity to a standstill. Four lines on a printed page jerked the very foundations of Eddie Breen's new existence out from under him.

Eddie had been all the afternoon superintending the work on the small new store which was to take the place of the shack in the future colony, and he came back to Red Bank Street at dusk. As always when he came back to it, he looked ahead eagerly, and tonight he felt an especial satisfaction as he neared the brightly lighted window.

It was a raw, misty evening, and he had worked hard all day. But this was worth it. A shine of polished fruit, the gold of butter behind clear glass, the varnished luster of pineapple cheeses, the twinkling nickel plate of the coffee grinder, the bright japanned tea boxes. Order, cleanliness most exquisite, fragrance, prosperity. This was what he had created out of a small and sickly thing. And for two other persons it was a haven of safety. For him it was home. His whole being felt light and warm as he gazed through the window.

He went in, and among the afternoon's mail he noticed a copy of a trade journal devoted to news and gossip of the Grocers' Association. For the moment he was idle. He glanced at the new clerk to see that he was properly putting the store to bed, and standing there behind the frosted-glass partition where Laura did her bookkeeping, he slit open the wrapper of the Grocers' News.

A moment later he was staring fixedly at a short paragraph which had given him so intense a shock that he read it again without getting anything out of it except one fact: Diantha was going to marry again!

He was utterly, benumbingly astounded. This was a contingency he had, like a fool, left out of his calculations, and yet it was the one thing most to be expected. When he had left her, hoping to force her to stand on her own feet, she had simply reached out and fastened onto another man.

Eddie Breen dropped like an old man into the nearest chair. After a moment he read the paragraph again, and this time he uttered a faint groan of dismay. For Diantha was going to marry a man he knew and liked—Job Henderson!

"—— J. H. Henderson," the paper put it, "who is continuing the successful grocery business formerly owned by Breen & Son."

Eddie saw it all quite clearly. Diantha going back to their home town in all the attractive pallor of her bereavement. Diantha appealing to Henderson, possibly, to increase the payments specified in the agreement. Diantha wringing Henderson's heart with her lovely voice ——

Eddie Breen clenched his hands.

"She'll ruin him! She'll make him give up the store just as she made me! All the rest of his life he'll fetch and carry for her! It's a shame!"

Then suddenly he felt a curious hot shame running over him. Oddly enough, it was not caused by the thought of Diantha's possible bigamy, nor of his wife as the wife of another man, but by the thought of another man's shouldering the burden he himself had thrown down. He stared at himself unsparingly, and he perceived that it had not been an unmixed heroism, his snuffing himself out. To be sure, he had been fanatically convinced that it was the only way to save Diantha, but now he knew that hidden beyond this conviction was the fact that he had been unbearably weary of his burden.

Sitting there, staring at nothing, Eddie Breen strangely snarled at himself.

"Weak-kneed, despicable rat, that's what you were! And look now what you've done! Job Henderson—fellow you went to school with—good grocery man, too—keeping the old store up in fine shape—thinks a lot of it, just like I did ——"

Abruptly he stiffened himself, rose and made a pretense of an entry in the ledger. The clerk was taking off his white coat, making ready to go home.

"Good night, Mr. Breen. Those things for the golf club are all ready to go off first thing in the morning."

"All right, all right, Barry. Good night."

He followed the clerk to the door, locked it, turned out all but the night light high in the ceiling. The golds and browns and greens grew indistinct, but bright points of light winked back from the polished coffee grinder. Eddie Breen stood still in the midst of the spicy shadows. He stood there a long time, leaning against the counter, benumbed by a growing, tragic conviction. Presently a brilliant bar of light fell across the floor from the opening stairway door. Laura. He wanted to hide behind something, but she made him out in the semi-dark.

"Eddie, you're in the dark! What's wrong? You're not sick, are you, Eddie?"

"No, I'm all right. But—I'm—I'm done for."

He had not meant to admit anything, but her voice had pierced him strangely. And

Frank Talk on the Price of Dentifrices

When you pay more than 25c for a dentifrice, does your imagination do the spending instead of your common sense?

Ask yourself what you get for what you pay above that price.

When you pay 25c for a large tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream you have bought a dentifrice that is *safe* and that cleans teeth the right way.

A safe dentifrice should do no more than clean teeth.

Colgate's is free from grit and harmful ingredients. It "washes" teeth and does not scratch or scour their precious enamel. It is the safe, common sense dentifrice. A large tube, 25c.

COLGATE & CO.

Established 1806

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
CANNOT ROLL OFF THE BRUSH
DELICIOUS ANTISEPTIC ECONOMICAL
CLEANS TEETH THE RIGHT WAY
Doesn't Scratch or Scour
If your wisdom teeth could talk, they'd say "Use Colgate's"

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture

now she was coming straight to him. It was like her—no outcry, no question, just her hands stretched out, taking hold of him reassuringly.

"I don't know what's wrong, Eddie, but you're not done for; not while I am here. Come in here to the light."

In the little office was a [illegible] kept there for her father's use, and Laura drew Eddie Breen down beside her.

"Now"—she smiled at him, a smile of entire tenderness—"tell me and we'll see what we can do about it."

"Laura, I've got to leave you. I've got to go back——"

"No! No, you shall not!"

The cry burst from her. She seemed to become a white-hot protest, as if she would fight anything to keep him. Amazed, he stared at her. And then he knew why the new burden had been, from the very first, so light—they loved each other.

The knowledge seemed to come to her at the same instant and her fierceness broke. The tears welled in her eyes. With a sound of pity for the two of them, Eddie sank to his knees before her, with an overpowering impulse to weep with his head in her lap.

She reached out her arm quickly and pressed his face into the hollow of her shoulder. It came over him how sweet this was, how warm and safe. Not since his mother had held him like that had he known what it was to be so cherished, so loved. She laid her cheek softly against his hair.

"Now tell me about it, dear, and whatever is right for you I'll help you to do."

Three days later Eddie Breen walked slowly into the office of lawyer Grantland and paused when he had closed the door behind him as if he braced himself for some outcry of astonishment. But the old gentleman merely looked up over his spectacles, smiled queerly and laid down his pen.

"Well, Eddie! So you've come back?"

Eddie himself might have been astonished at this reception except for the fact that he looked like a man beyond all superficial emotions. He looked as if he had been through some private purgatory of his own and had come out colorless, nothing left but a certain gray patience. He crossed the room and sat down in the same chair he had occupied so long before.

"Will you break it to Diantha?" he asked.

"You know that she's to be married?"

"That's why I came back."

"Umph! Couldn't stand it with her, and you can't stand it to have another man have her, eh?"

"No; that wasn't it exactly. She'll ruin Job Henderson, like she would have done me sooner or later. She'll make him give up the only business he's good at and be nurse to her."

"But, my heavens, Eddie, do you mean to say you came back for that reason only? If you think she's going to be as bad as all that for Henderson, what about yourself? You look prosperous enough. Perhaps you had got a good start again in whatever place you were."

Eddie looked doggedly back at him.

"I'd have been well fixed in another year. But what's that? I can't let Diantha in for bigamy, of course. But it's more important in my mind not to load off onto another man what I ought to have carried myself. He's just got a good start. And I—well, I'm stronger—now."

The old lawyer peered with the sharpest interest at Eddie Breen. It was true, no doubt about it, the man before him was stronger—now. A touch of the iron he had needed was in his kind face, power to endure and to control.

Grantland suddenly got up, came around the desk and clapped Eddie Breen on the shoulder.

"Well, bless your scruples, my boy, but they're too late. Diantha was handed her final decree of divorce from you a month or so ago."

Eddie Breen fell back from the lawyer's hand.

"Divorce! Didn't she know I was—was dead?"

"She may have thought so—at first. I know she wore an awfully becoming widow's bonnet. But when I saw how things were going between her and Henderson I suggested divorce myself."

"But she couldn't divorce a dead man!"

"My dear Eddie, I saw you in the Boston station eight hours after I had read of your suicide in the morning paper. You looked to me depressed, but not at all ghostly."

"And you didn't tell Diantha!"

"Eddie, the day you were in here I suspected you. I've seen men before getting ready to throw up the game for one reason or another. At that time I thought you were yellow. But I sez to myself, let's wait a bit and see what this woman does. I realized that what you wanted her to do was to go to work. But pretty soon I saw that she wouldn't—not while there was a man left in the world. She's a human limpet, sez I to myself. So I just sat quiet for a while, and——"

"And let Job Henderson walk into her net!"

Old Mr. Grantland made a soothing gesture.

"Eddie, don't be fanatically good," he chuckled. "I studied Job Henderson a bit, too. Eddie, he's a dyspeptic, and he loves to talk about it. Besides that, he has a chin like a rock. Do you know, I believe they'll cure each other."

"You're just talking to—to make it easier for me," Eddie muttered.

Bewildered, he turned and walked to the window. There below were persons, a cab rank, an apple stand.

The crimson glow of the fruit brought a thought to his mind that suddenly started his frozen blood to stirring. He whirled around and stared at the lawyer.

"Why—why, I'm free then, ain't I?"

"Free as air, my boy. Anything I can do for you?"

"Where—where is the nearest place I can send a telegram?" Eddie panted.

The lawyer pushed a pad toward him. If Eddie would write it out his clerk would telephone it in right away.

Eddie seized the pencil and in a hand that shook with rapture and excitement wrote:

Mrs. Laura Adams: Coming home. Everything all right. Order those four gross pickled pears. Tell workmen go ahead new store. Business as usual. I love you.

EDDIE.

Duchess Rock, Newport, Oregon

You may think you know BUT—

YOU feel sure your office is running perfectly, don't you? That any change would be just another expense? Sometimes that's true. Not often. Usually methods can be bettered, made to show a saving of money, time and uncertainty.

Why don't you make sure?

Take your purchase records, for instance. If there's an easier way, a better form or method, Baker-Vawter can show it to you. To simplify—cut out waste—improve methods has been our job for 36 years.

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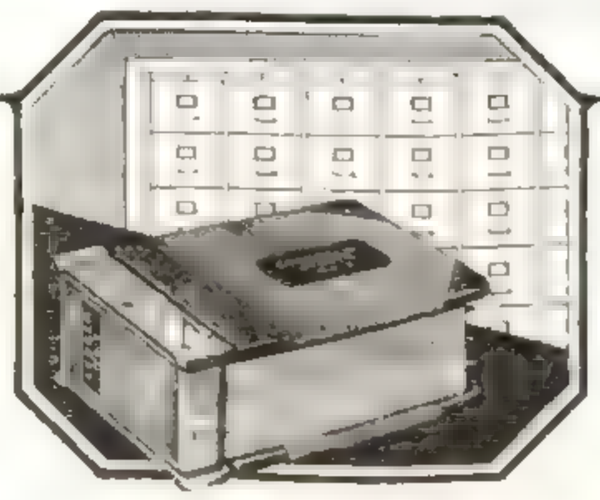

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Attach to your letterhead and mail

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY
Benton Harbor, Mich.

Tell us your experience with Buying Records.

Name__

P 1

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

A good many of those who thought, in the beginning, that equal suffrage would cure the patient, now believe the doctor will have to make another visit

Give a reluctant taxpayer a chance to vote against a proposition to build a hard-surfaced road and he will ask no other boon.

Henry Stump, whose reticence in the matter of his marital troubles has been noted, finally has told his side of the story to a few close friends. "I got tired," he said, "listening to my wife talk about her male relatives. To hear her tell it, there was nothing her father, her brother Sim, or her nephew Willie couldn't do. On the other hand, she never admitted there was anything I could do. I stood it as long as I could, but there is a limit to human endurance."

A good many prescriptions have been written, but another thing that is needed in this country is a campaign of education designed to teach farmers to stay on the farm. The most miserable men in our town are the thirty or forty farmers who, having accumulated a competency, retired to it to spend their declining years in luxury and ease. Probably the most tragic figure with which our people are familiar is that of Alex Shimp—who retired at fifty—standing at the corner of Main and Fourth streets at six o'clock in the morning wondering what he is going to do with his day.

Shep Barker's failure in business was forecast when, a short time after he inherited the drug store from his father, he ordered a carload of ukuleles for the fall trade.

For the information of our people it is only fair to say that the picture of night life in New York on view at the Little Gem Theater does not typify the existence of the average New Yorker. A vast majority of the people of New York are in bed by eleven o'clock in the evening, see Broadway by electric light not more than two or three times a year, and then only on occasions when the performance is free. Thousands of persons who live in Brooklyn have never visited New York City. Primarily New York's night life is staged for visitors from other sections of the country, and is paid for by them.

George Gerson, long our leading Socialist, has returned from the East very much discouraged.

When Mr. Gerson, some months ago, inherited twenty-five thousand dollars from the estate of an uncle he went back to New York State for the purpose of sharing his unearned increment with those who had produced it. It was Mr. Gerson's purpose to divide the money equitably. But the workmen who had been employed by his uncle got into such a violent row over the manner in which the legacy should be prorated that Mr. Gerson was obliged to cancel his eleemosynary program. "Nobody was willing to take one share," he has told his friends here. "Most of them wanted two or three; one man asked for six." Mr. Gerson has purchased an expensive motor car and is striving to heal his disappointment by taking long drives in the country.

Reports current in Washington to the effect that the farmers in this section of the country are starving to death are greatly exaggerated. The stories in question probably had their origin in the fact that, due to the unprecedented demand, farmers have had some trouble in securing prompt renewal of worn flivver parts

The fact that Buzz Hopgood has worn the same overcoat for fifteen years no longer is considered much of a distinction by our people. If Mr. Hopgood is to retain his standing as a leading citizen it will be necessary for him to seek some new avenue of publicity.

Young Jake Lunsford, who has been casting about for a year or two, has about decided to become a snake doctor. "Unless the evils which threaten it are corrected," he has been telling his friends, "the republic is in grave danger." Young Jake's choice of a profession is a perfectly natural one; snake doctoring runs in his family. His grandfather was an original Greenbacker, his father was a leader in the Populist Party, and one of his uncles went crazy over The Crime of '73.

Hamp Ebright, who offended a great many people by refusing to loan his copy of Jurgen during the period in which the book was suppressed by the authorities, hasn't had an application for it since the ban was removed. "Probably it is just as well," Mr. Ebright said the other day. "Their inability to find out what the book is about would have greatly disappointed my friends and neighbors."

A Definition. The Locust—A Very Destructive Migratory Insect

Our people are settling down and becoming conservative. The fact that there are more than a hundred millionaires in New York seems no longer to excite them. The fact is a man can have a million dollars nowadays without exciting a great deal of unfavorable comment anywhere.

The statistics compiled by those who travel about the country show that, of those unfitted for their work, a greater proportion of the people go into the hotel business than into any other calling.

—*Jay E. House.*

Foresight

WHEN war between Merance and Foretia appeared inevitable the King of Merance summoned his commander in chief to a private conference.

The general of the armies of Merance, reporting in his best uniform, with medals and sword, found his sovereign looking rather troubled.

"Before we begin," said the king at length, "I must have your promise that no word escapes to my cabinet. They are so aflame with holy hatred of our enemy that their common sense—which I fear was never their dominating characteristic—has entirely evaporated."

"With you, sire," responded the general, "I need not conceal my opinion of politicians. My lips are sealed"

"Then tell me," said the king, "just what you intend to do in this war."

The general expanded his chest.

"Sire, our plans are perfected down to the minutest detail. We strike at the heart of Foretia. In a month we shall have wrought such desolation as will leave them crippled for a generation at least."

The king, looking unhappy, drummed on his desk.

"Just as I feared," he muttered. "Really, general, do you think all that is quite necessary?"

The general's mouth opened and remained so. The king's face took on a look of infinite patience.

"I will try to explain," he continued, speaking slowly and distinctly, as though to a child. "We are a manufacturing country. We sell most of our products to the Foretians. If we ruin their agriculture what becomes of their purchasing power? If our manufacturers can no longer sell their goods abroad what becomes of our workmen? I suppose your plans call for killing a good many Foretians?"

The general being beyond speech, the king went on.

"I realize," he said apologetically, "that there is little time for discrimination in the heat of battle, but I wish you would do what you can to spare their best producers. Because, when we have won this war, we shall have to collect the cost of it, with, of course, a fair return on our investment, and naturally our enemies will have to get the money somewhere. Oh, yes, we could take some of their territory, but with economic conditions as they are it is not a good time for expansion, to say nothing of policing a subject population, and probably fighting several of our dear, jealous neighbors as well."

The general had regained his dignity. "Sire," he asked in an icy tone, "what would you have me do?"

The king glanced warily toward the corridor, thinking he had heard his premier's voice.

"Hit them hard!" he thundered, bringing down his fist with a thud. Then he winked and added in a whisper: "But not too hard."

"I am a soldier," said the general brokenly, "and though I lose my head for it I must say your sentiments are perilously near ——"

"—treason!" supplied the king blandly. "Oh, no; I am much less romantic than that. I am merely a forward-looking business man." —*J. M. S.*

The Song of the Pip

AIN'T much wrong with Thaddeus King;
Nothin' against him—not a thing;
Honest and sober and upright too;
But he's had the pip and he's had the flu.

It's "Hello, Thad!" and it's "Hello, Sam!"
Then Thad shuts up like a sad old clam,
A-jinglin' the small change in his pants
While I talk of the late news out of France
And the terrible fix that the Old World's in
And the threatenin' cycle of crime and sin

Thad just sits there; but I plainly see,
Though he listens close, he don't hear me.
Then I stop to spit and Thad goes on,
With a brightenin' eye and the droop all gone
From the hopeless sag of his lower lip,
And tells of the time that he had the pip.

In all the years that I've known Thad King
He's never omitted one single thing;
The pain in his liver, the stitch in his lung,
The cramp in his stummick, the fuzz on his tongue—
I listen and listen; and when he is through
I feel that I've got every one of 'em too.

I'm patient, but once in a while I get mad
Like when I attempt to talk sense to old Thad,
Recallin' the time when I had the grippe,
And Thad interrupts me to tell of the trip
He made to New York, and come down with the pip.

Thad doesn't remember the joys he has known;
To him life is just one long grunt and a groan;
Good days are forgotten; and only remains
The sweet recollection of far-away pains.

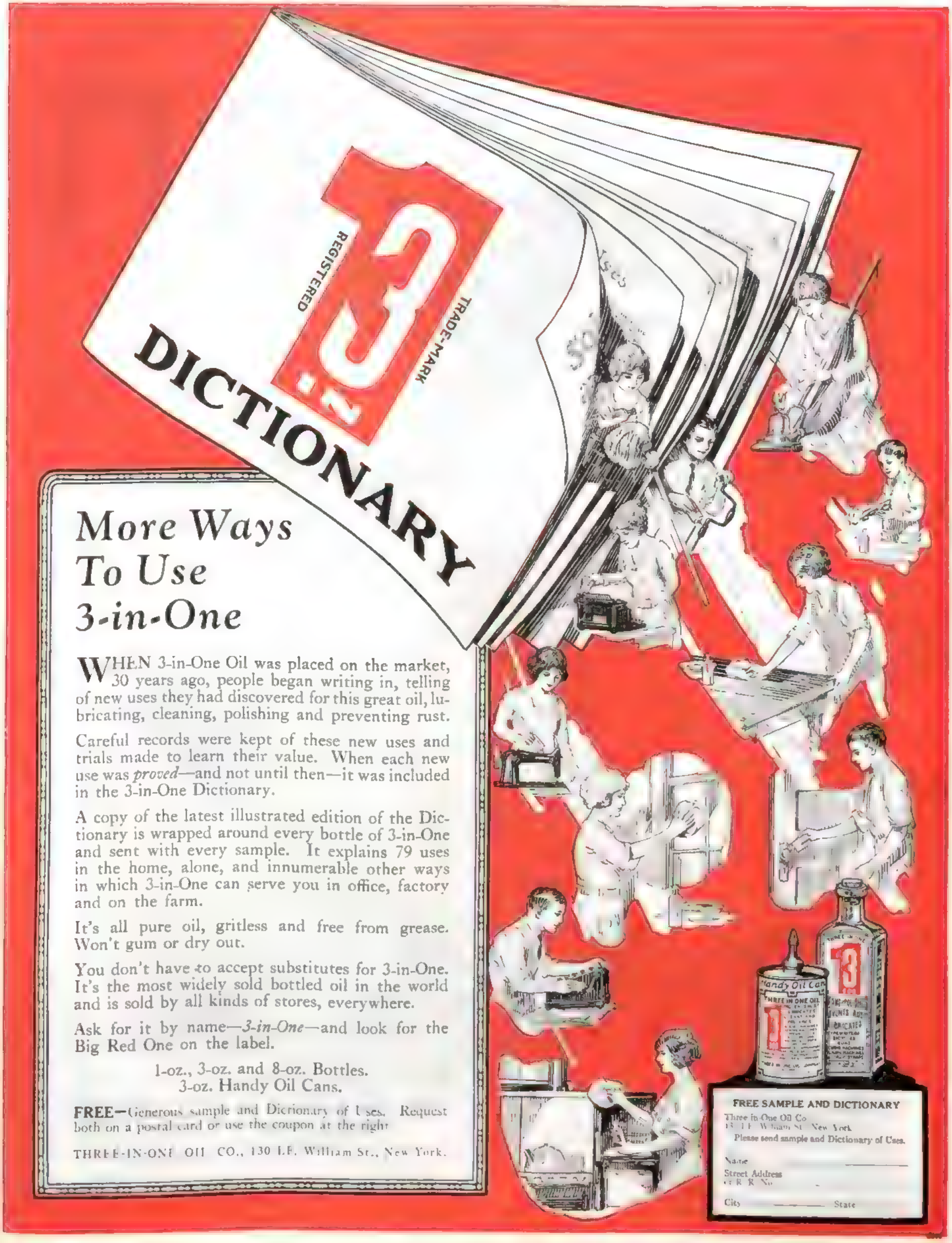
Remembrance of all of his blessings is gone;
But the things that stand out in his mind and live on,
As green as the grass and as fresh as the dew,
Are his hospital days with the pip and the flu.

I've tried to reform him, but what is the use?
As well try to reason the squall from a goose.
The habit's too strong. And I know when he dies
And toddles away to his home in the skies
There's one piece of baggage he'll take on the trip—
The tale of the time he was down with the pip.

Sweet peace will abound and the heavens will ring
With songs of rejoicin' and everything,
But I am acquainted with Thaddeus King.

Experience tells me that habit's too strong;
Thad's voice won't be lifted in shoutin' and song;
I know what he'll do—
He'll bore the poor angels eternity through,
A-tellin' the story that always is new
Of his hospital days with the pip and the flu.

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*



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Careful records were kept of these new uses and trials made to learn their value. When each new use was *proved*—and not until then—it was included in the 3-in-One Dictionary.

A copy of the latest illustrated edition of the Dictionary is wrapped around every bottle of 3-in-One and sent with every sample. It explains 79 uses in the home, alone, and innumerable other ways in which 3-in-One can serve you in office, factory and on the farm.

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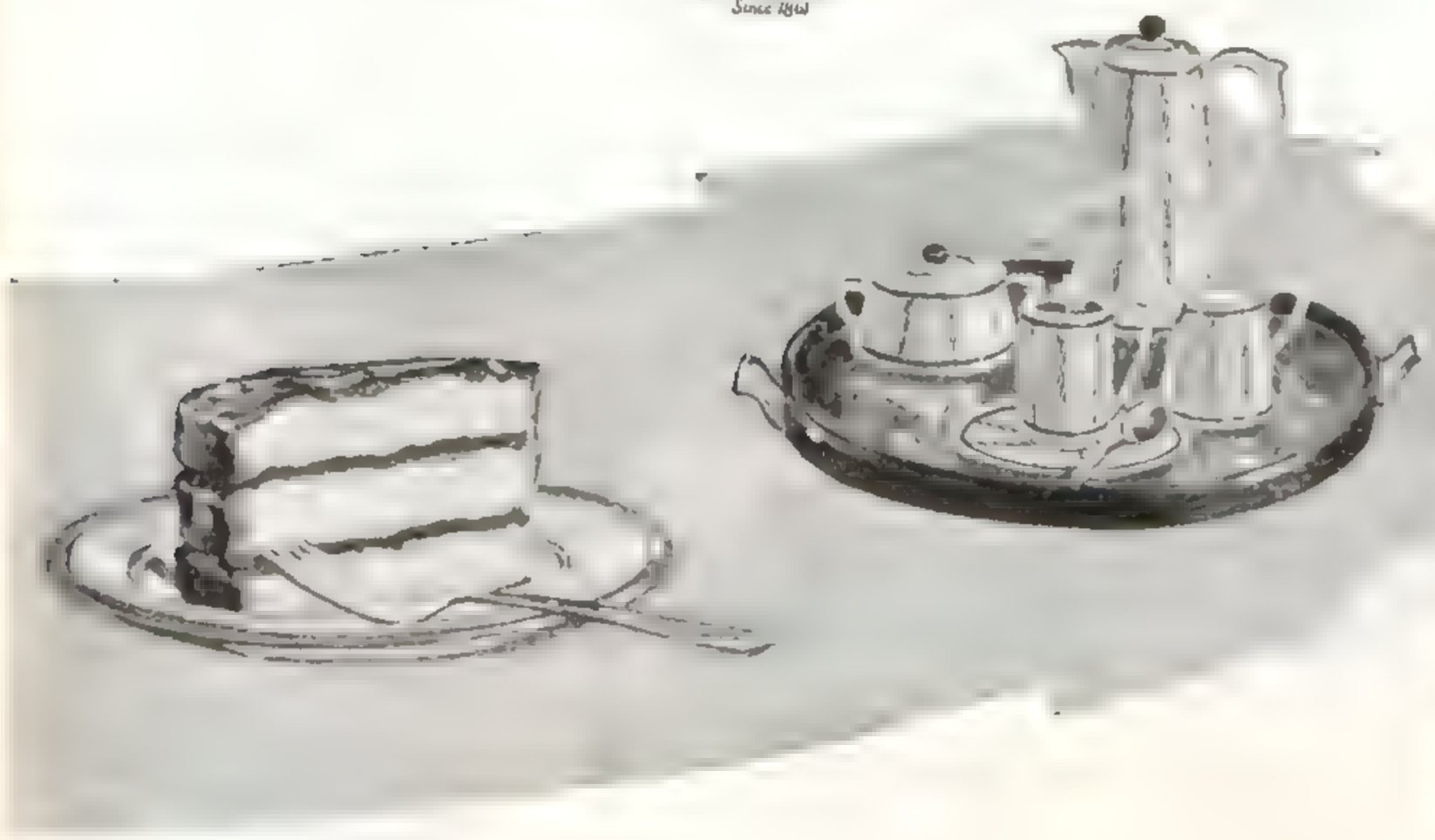

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"SWEET-RUNNING"
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THE car that is bushed with genuine Bunting Bronze is notably free from piston pin knocking, spring bolt rattling, defective timing and wobbly steering. The difference between the cost of a Bunting and the poorest substitute is so little that it cannot add more than a few cents to factory cost or repair shop bill. The difference in car performance is startling.

The piston pin, the spring bolt, the cam shaft and the steering knuckle are points on any car where good bronze bushings are vitally necessary. Worn bushings destroy car efficiency and riding comfort, and jeopardize the entire mechanism they are intended to protect.

Hours of costly labor, long days of waiting while the car is "in the shop", the terrific cost of tearing down and reassembling a complicated part; these are the hardships that a poor bushing puts upon the motorist. Bunting Bushings give a long life of snug, smooth service. They guard the reputation of the car manufacturer who specifies them; they bring good will to the service man who applies them; they insure "Sweet-running" for the car owner who demands them.

Manufacturers—Bunting products and Bunting efficiency will help you solve many troublesome problems. Send in your blue prints. Remember, Bunting's 268 "Ready Made" Bushing Bearings are always in stock. Look over the sizes. Write for list 10

Automotive Jobbers—Bunting Bushings packed in neat cartons for replacement in all popular automotive vehicles are shown on Piston Pin Bushing List 11 and Spring Bolt Bushing List 102.

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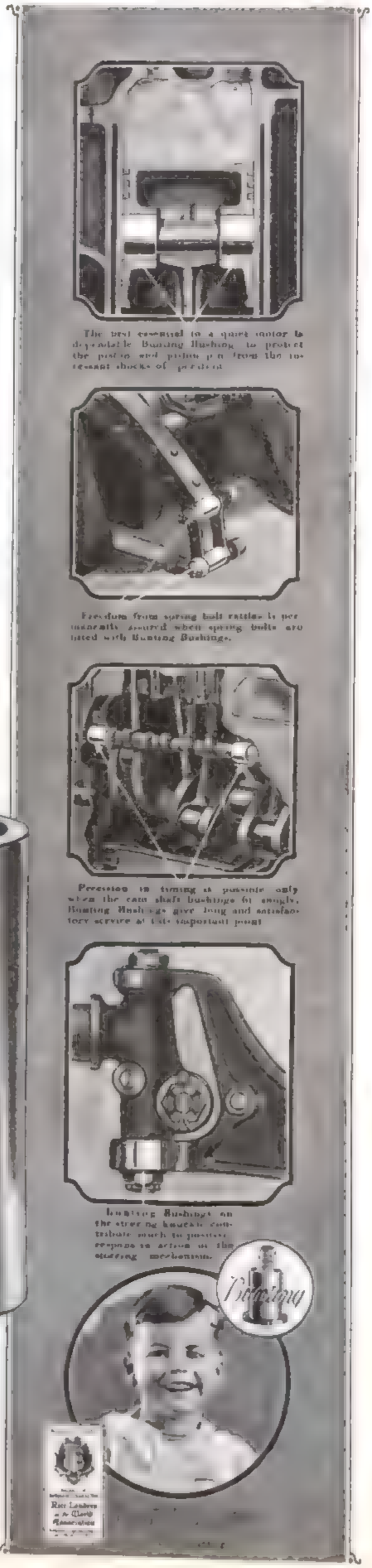
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Bunting Bushings on the steering knuckle contribute much to positive response to action of the steering mechanism.
Bunting

AMERICA'S FIRST HORSELESS CARRIAGE RACE, 1895

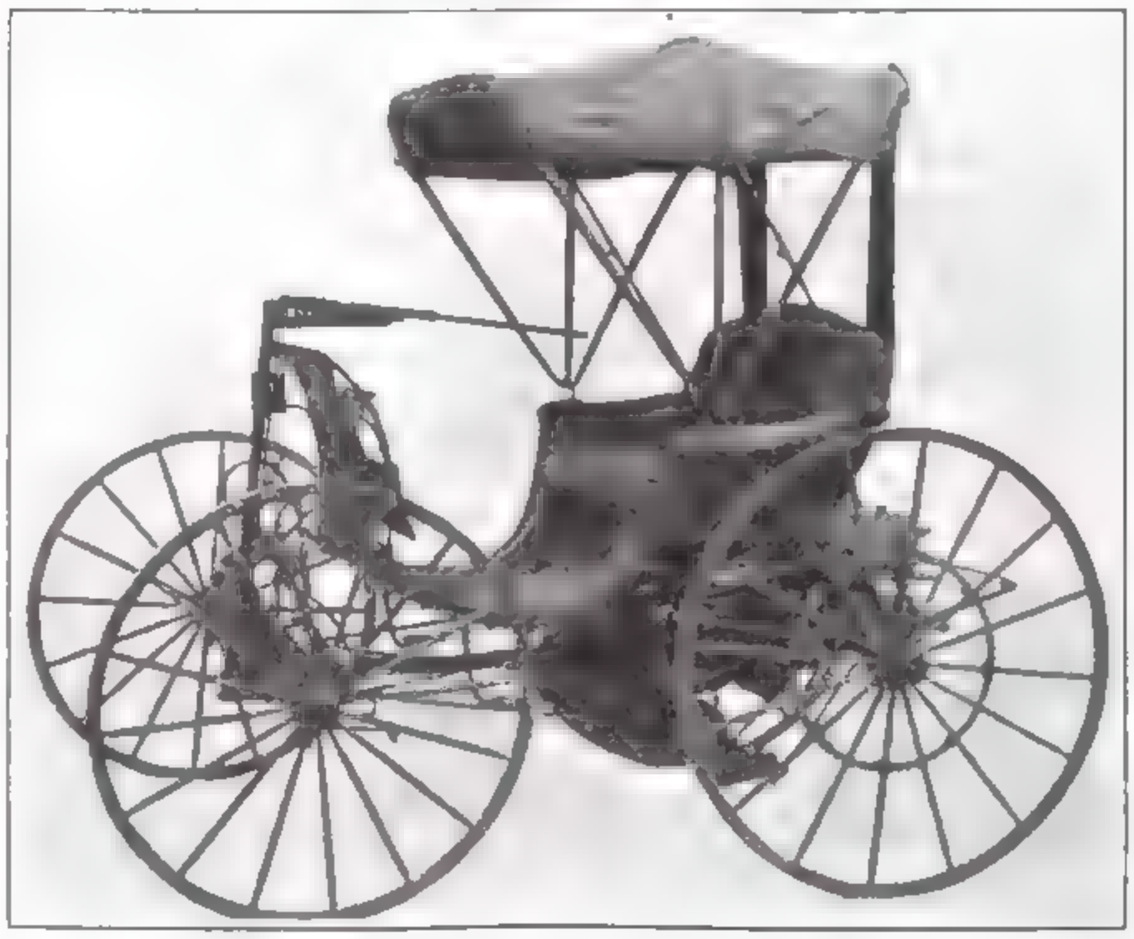
Continued from Page 21)

The thousands lining the boulevards were not greatly impressed with the future of the motor car. In the first place, the love of the horse, an instinct of the human race, prejudiced the crowd against the ugly motors, which were generally buggies with the shafts taken off. Again, the constant breakdowns did not add to the interest of the new toy, as it was called.

The Chicago Tribune, with ridicule, was the only paper that mentioned the race at all and echoed, I believe, the general sentiment by printing three inches of space under the caption Old Dobbin is Still in the Ring.

The four other machines that started broke down and did not finish the race. Out of the sixty-odd entrants of America's first horseless-carriage race only two were able to go the fifty-three and a half miles with an average speed of five and a quarter miles an hour.

In 1914 I visited Detroit and carried a copy of The Motocycle of 1895. A friend suggested I show the magazine to Henry Ford, and arranged a meeting by telephone. After lunch I showed Mr. Ford the book. He went over it page by page with eager interest and remarked, "I never wanted anything so badly in my life as to go to that race, but I could not get anyone to loan me the car fare to Chicago." My banker friend said the day he made the remark Mr. Ford had twenty-eight million dollars in bank subject to his check.



One of the First Automobiles—a Duryea

Official Report of the Race

FREDERICK U. ADAMS, who had charge of the race for H. H. Kohlsaat, said that the contest was satisfactory in every particular and that the tests threw those made recently in France far in the rear. "The Paris-Bordeaux race," he commented, "was worthless from a scientific standpoint, but the contest of today may result in the establishment of good data concerning what many believe the vehicle of the future. The progress of the preliminary tests has been watched by thousands of manufacturers in every part of the world, and there is no doubt that there will be a great interest in the manufacture of these horseless vehicles, now that it has been demonstrated what can be done with them."

Several Breakdowns

THE victory of the Duryea machine was all the more remarkable as this was the one which broke down in the minor race a month before. Under the box of the vehicle and at the rear there were two chains which broke several times, but Mr. Duryea succeeded in repairing them so as to avoid much delay. This inventor was working on two machines which he expected to enter for the race in the place of the one which was successful, but the time was not long enough to allow of their completion.

The Morris and Salom, Philadelphia, electric, and the Sturges Electric Motocycle, Chicago, broke down shortly after leaving the starting post and before they got out of Jackson Park, leaving only four in the race when the motocycles reached the Michigan Boulevard.

The first motocycle to come into view at the first relay station, Grace Street and Sheridan Drive, several miles from the starting point, was the R. H. Macy carriage.

Several minutes' stop was made while the operator looked over his machinery. The wagon had butted into the rear end of a street car it was following too closely and this had thrown the gear out of shape.

Twenty-two minutes later the Duryea motocycle passed without stopping or even slacking its speed. The umpire yelled out as this wagon bowled along the Sheridan Drive going northward: "How far ahead is the other fellow?" A policeman told him, "Twenty minutes, sor." "We'll overhaul him pretty soon," said the man in the wagon.

At Evanston great interest was shown in the race. A large number of people gathered near the Industrial School and received the first comers with cheers. The Macy machine was then slightly in the lead. Two blocks farther on, just after they had turned north on Forest Avenue, the Duryea motocycle was pressing the leader, and in accordance with the rules of the contest the Macy drew to one side and allowed the faster competitor to pass. The groups of people along Forest Avenue applauded the unusual sight of one horseless carriage forging ahead of a rival. Up the gentle incline from Forest to Chicago Avenue the motocycles ran easily. Shouts of encouragement from the spectators greeted them along Davis Street as they made the turn on Chicago Avenue and started upon the return trip to Jackson Park.

Following the progress of the motocycles was a cutter containing Frederick C. Hass, who had abandoned the race with the De La Vergne machine at Michigan Boulevard and Sixteenth Street. In crossing the tracks of the railroad near Calvary Cemetery the cutter was just ahead of the Macy machine. The sleigh's runner caught in a frog and the occupants of the cutter were thrown on the tracks. Before they had time to pick themselves up and count bruises the Macy wagon came along. The steering gear of the motocycle had given out and as the wagon came opposite the overturned sleigh it switched suddenly into the cutter. No damage was done, however, with the exception of a few bruises, and the motocycle passed along.

While coming back through Rogers Park the Macy carriage met a hack which did not give the right of way. In trying to turn out, the tire of the motocycle slipped and its front wheel collided with the rear wheel of the hack. By the collision four spokes were badly chipped and the steering gear bent so as to be almost useless. Fortunately the gauge of the vehicle was the same in width as the street-car tracks, and by keeping the car track it managed to reach the second relay station a mile farther on.

The third and last motocycle to pass the second relay station was the Mueller machine. Several stops had been made to oil and to fix the clutch, which had been bent by the rough roads. After replenishing the fuel and repairing, the machine started again and was working smoothly as it disappeared around a curve in Clark Street.

Duryea Reaches Douglas Park

WET and cold, darkness already coming on, and not a motocycle in sight, the small boys and the little girls and the older folks went home. Consequently when, a few minutes before six o'clock, the Duryea motor came through Douglas Park, laboring with a very bad roadway, there was no one to greet it on California Avenue but a representative of the Times-Herald. Ahead of the machine drove the umpire, and after the good wheeling on California Avenue was found he had a lively time keeping ahead of the vehicle. On Thirty-fourth Street and the first approaches to Western Avenue the roadbed was comparatively hard, and the motor made magnificent time, traveling one pace at the rate of eight miles an hour with ease. Lacking spectators, except here and there a solitary workman on his way home, or the belated watchman of one of the ill-smelling soap factories of the district hastening to his odorous place of duty, the men on the motor gave vent to war whoops, cheers, cat calls and other manifestations of joy over the victory they were winning. Western Avenue Boulevard was not so easy going. The path was poorly broken and the underbed rough. Progress to Fifty-fifth Street was slow and tedious, but the motor held to her work without a break. As the boulevard was turned, onto the final run, on the home stretch the cry rang out "This is 5:5:55."

To Ashland Avenue but one sleigh was passed. The darkness was on, and hidden behind two horse-moving rigs the motocycle was comparatively unnoticed. But at Halstead a woman crossing the street with an escort caught sight of the strange rig and jumped back from the crossing, frightened. On the opposite corner at the drug store a crowd of men cheered. Young boys began to chase the motocycle and shout, but they could not keep up.

No delays were met with but stoppage for gasoline and the holding of the motor at the crossing of the Fort Wayne Road by passing trains for four minutes. After this the run to South Park and then to the starting line of the morning was uneventful. Not fifty people saw the last stages of the finish or knew that the Duryea had established a world's record in the capacity of a motocycle to conquer even King Winter himself. It was just 7:18 when Frank Duryea threw himself out of the seat of the motor and announced the end. His hand was grasped by the few who saw him cross the line. The congratulations were hearty. The crowd of travelers were hungry. The Duryea was wheeled about and started for her quarters on Sixteenth Street.

At 8:53, with John Lundy, one of the judges, holding the watch, the Mueller motor crossed the line, second in the race, and, considering the lateness of the hour at which she started, really only twenty-four or twenty-five minutes behind the Duryea. Her journey through the parks and boulevards of the city proper was even more lonesome than that of the Duryea to the spectators. An enthusiast might be found at some point who had waited all the afternoon for the sight, but these were few. The gayeties of the evening had called away the large and jolly crowds of the morning, and only the officials of the race and the reporters saw the end of the great battle against the snow and a too kindly sun.

Lieutenant Samuel Rodman, umpire for the Macy motocycle, reported shortly after twelve o'clock that the Macy had been compelled to quit the race at California and Ogden avenues at 6:15 P.M. At that time they were only twenty-five minutes behind the Duryea machine, and were ahead of the Mueller motocycle. Their motor gave out at that point, and although they labored with it for five hours, or until 11:30, they were unable to make it run satisfactorily again. They consequently abandoned the race. The Mueller machine passed them while they were trying to repair the defects of the motor, but they could not follow it.

Lieutenant Rodman was convinced that the collision which the Macy had on Evanston Avenue early in the day with an ignorant, obstinate coachman, and which injured the steering apparatus, so destroyed the adjustment of that important mechanism that after that time the motor could not be run at its full capacity and eventually broke down altogether. Still, at California and Ogden avenues, where it quit, the Macy was second in the race, with a fair show of overtaking the Duryea and producing a neck-and-neck finish.

Thus closed America's first horseless-carriage race.

A Morris and Salom Electrobat

Confession

I LIKE to see the home team win
Whatever game they're playing in,
And any time they lose a yard
I want to see them come back hard.
I can't abide the cultured throng
Who always say our crowd is wrong—
Those high, defeatist Sons of Light
To whom their land is never right.
I'm no "true sport"; I would not choose
To see my friends and neighbors lose.
Though worth must be the only test,
I want our own to be the best.
I hope that we're the best by far,
And, worst of all, I think we are!

—Arthur Guiterman.

Capitol Boilers

The home with a Capitol Boiler is always a comfortable home. You will like its warm, cheerful atmosphere. And you will undoubtedly like its people because they are sensible, far-sighted folk who appreciate the really good things of life.

Talk to several of the Capitol owners in your neighborhood. You will find them in perfect agreement so far as heating equipment is concerned. And you will find that they all express the same degree of pride and confidence in the thirty year old Capitol name plate.

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BILL BROCK'S GOOD TURN

(Continued from Page 15)

A quarter of a mile below, Fang-over-Lip had crept through a thorn hedge, jumped a ditch and run across two meadows. He was making for a distant earth that he had adapted for himself some years ago from the ruinous earth of a vixen that had been killed. The earth was in a lychet, or hollow, in the southern slope of the downs. Fang-over-Lip knew that he could reach it in safety, so he did not run his fastest. Frequently he sat down and listened with ears pricked, with red tongue dripping sweat, and brush swishing the grass. His upper canine teeth were long, yellow, and when he shut his mouth to listen they pressed on his lower lip. When he opened his mouth he seemed to grin. He was in no hurry, he knew that scent was weak; seasons ago he had overcome the fear of being hunted; he knew that another fox was in the habit of lying out in a field near him, and wanted to be certain before the long run to the downs that the pack was hunting him. But the voice of Nimrod speaking at the hedge through which he had crept made him get on his pads and canter straight for the earth, four miles away.

He crossed stubble and plowlands, sending up partridge and pigeon plover, finch and rook. To delay the pursuit he ran among a drove of bullocks, driving them to splash and wallow among the rushes and water grasses in the boggy land beside the brook. He stopped suddenly and rolled, while they trotted near him, snuffling and with horns held low, ready to back and bound away. He sat up, stretched himself and walked on slowly, the bullocks following and stamping out his tracks. Fang-over-Lip had rolled and made them timidly curious to follow him because he knew that they would trample out his scent. He led them thus to the hedge, and selecting the thickest thorns, he crept through and crossed other fields and lanes before reaching the short turf of the downs.

There was a thick patch of dead thistles in a lychet at the base of the hill, and through this he leaped; hounds would have to follow nose-to-line and would prick their muzzles.

Fang-over-Lip knew many more ways of hindering and baffling a pack, but at present there was no need to exert either himself or his wits.

He lay down on a chalky cattle path a few paces above the thistle patch and watched hounds a mile away. He saw the riders behind, some taking the fences and others going through the gates. He heard the thin twang of the huntsman's horn and the answering bay of a hound. He waited and rested while they came nearer and the cattle in the water meadow blundered round their rushy field. He listened to the voice of Captain declaring that Fang-over-Lip had turned left-hand and run down the vale which led to Colham. He grinned a foxy grin and rolled with pleasure. But the anxiety he felt under his self-confidence made him sit up immediately. He saw the first-flighters of the field wait behind the pink-coated master while the young hounds followed the babbler.

But Nimrod, Doomsday, Solway and Thunderer made wide casts round the field, running the hedges to find the broken line of scent.

Fang-over-Lip dallied no more. He heard Nimrod baying and knew that he had found his line. The full clangor of the pack floated up to him with the jubilant notes of the horn, and Fang-over-Lip fled. His brush was straight behind pads crushing the little empty shells of snails that strewed the turf.

High overhead a mouse hawk watched silently, fluttering brown wings into the wind that buoyed its flight.

In a groove of the downs where the plow never scarred the sward was the brake of furze and thorn, under the roots of which the claws of the dead vixen and of himself had scratched out the tunnel. Fang-over-Lip ran straight for the earth, where he might hide deep and defy his old enemy, Daisy the terrier. By the hoarse cries of men in the field beneath him he knew that he was seen; the hounds' chorus swelled louder. He ran swiftly over the sward which rose steeply before the lychet; he climbed the hump before the thorny hollow, to see two men with spades in their hands standing by the earth, which they had just filled in. Like a menace of certain death the deep voice of Nimrod, terrible and relentless, filled the hollow in the downs.

II

FANG-OVER-LIP looked at the men during the space of five heartbeats. He thought of the other earth in a gravel pit he had been working on at night; he thought of running up the hill and over the downs to the plain beyond—a journey he had made the winter before, during the great snow famine. He knew of the badgers' holt in Rookhurst Forest. For this he decided to make. His heart contracted for the sixth pulse of blood as he turned his face to the sun and ran downhill.

The huntsman saw him as he put his mare at the last hedge, and instinctively checked her. The slight check caused the sensitive animal to hesitate, but answering the pressure of his legs upon her ribs she gathered her hocks under her and sprang at the tall fence. Originally it had been a wire-and-post fence, but fieldfares and other birds perching on it in winter had dropped peggles and sown a hedge of hawthorn, which under the wind had grown straight and tall. Her forefoot caught in the rusty top strand of the wire fence; she fell on her neck, and the huntsman took a toss. He fell clear, however, with muscles relaxed and head tucked in, and so he did not hurt himself. By the time he had picked himself up hounds were too far to be urged by horn and cap to where Fang-over-Lip had doubled. After Nimrod they lolloped uphill to the lychet, and led by that faultless eight-year-old they streamed downhill to the plain again.

Fang-over-Lip was no longer cool. He ran with tongue quivering and slavering over his grinder teeth. Over plowland and stubble, water meadow and winter wheat field he ran, creeping under hedge and gate. When half an hour later he came to Skirr Farm and ran through the farmyard, in a red rage against mankind that was hunting him, he chased and captured one of man's tamed creatures, a turkey, and dragged it over fifty yards. Two small boys rushed out of the house and pursued him with wild, excited cries; a sheep dog followed, soon outstripping them. Three hundred yards behind, Nimrod ran with Solway and Doomsday, the pack just behind them. Fang-over-Lip hung on to the turkey until the sheep dog snarling by his brush made him loosen his jaws and drop it. Seeing the base dog, Nimrod bayed in a tongue so savage that the sheep dog immediately turned and fled away, with long tail tucked under its hindquarters like a hairy letter S drawn inside out.

The hounds passed the boys, and after them came the huntsman, who had a thorn tear across his forehead, the whipper-in, two men and a young lady; behind, for nearly two miles, other riders were following. Fang-over-Lip was sinking; and seeing him lie down three hundred yards in front of Nimrod, the huntsman urged them with voice and cap to a final burst. Four fields ahead the first beeches of the forest had their roots in the slope of the hillside, and he wanted to kill his fox in the open.

Fang-over-Lip was in distress. His brush drooped with the weight of mud clinging to the under hairs in a lump that grew bigger over every plowfield. His pads were hot, his heart slogging blood in thickening pain against the base of his skull. Nimrod was two hundred yards behind him. He fell into a ditch half filled with water, and found it difficult to climb up the bank; his claws tore long smooth scars in the clay, but he managed to bite on a root and haul himself up. He shook the water from his coat and turned to see Nimrod, less than a hundred yards away, with three hounds at his heels, running at him.

Fang-over-Lip stood still with lowered head and mouth opened in a grin; head, back and brush made a curve of snarling defiance. But the water had refreshed him, and he thought he could reach the Brock holt. So he turned again and ran away from Nimrod with all his strength, gaining distance because the slippery clay bank balked hounds. He heard them splashing; he heard their short cries of excitement and rage. Then Nimrod was through the hedge, and gaining swiftly upon him with long strides of heavy legs. One more hedge to scramble under, a brook to leap, and he would be in the forest. Fang-over-Lip leaped stiffly, and fell into the water. He paddled against its flow a few strokes, then gave up and drifted with the current. It bore him downstream; he lapped as he floated Soon he heard the whimper of Nimrod at the place where he had leaped; he listened to the puzzled note. In his fatigue he had a desire to run no more but to let hounds tear him and eat him, so that he could drift forever in cool waters; but the touch of gravel on his pads made him fully awake, and fear came back with refreshment, and the will to live. He paddled to the left bank of the stream, where it was deeper; softly and slowly he drifted. Then he heard, with joy, the voice of Captain telling lies upstream, the full, savage, joyful tongues of the pack, and the harsh "*Leu-leu-leu, get-on-to-'im! Get-on-to-'im!*" of the huntsman.

Fang-over-Lip crept out of the water and walked stiffly uphill to the holt among the crisp brown beech leaves. He did not shake himself; he left a line of water behind him running from the hairs of his belly.

While he was walking among the trees Captain had returned in silence from the false line. In the heat of the chase he never lied deliberately; his roused hunting instincts were too firm and true. During his first season he had been eager and impetuous; the huntsman had seen in him then the makings of a first-class fox catcher. But from these very qualities of zeal and keenness had come an arrogancy, a desire to be foremost, and the elder hounds liked him not. They had already their special friends and followers, yet Captain's voice had a certain authority among the young entry of the kennels. He had led the pack astray at the stream, not deliberately as he had in the Big Wheatfield, but because his quality of high imaginativeness and the keenness of his desire laid the scent upstream, and he believed it was there. He led the pack fifty yards, then returned in silence.

Meanwhile Nimrod had run the bank downstream and, finding no scent, he had leaped into the water and crossed to the opposite bank. He climbed out and immediately spoke to the scent of Fang-over-Lip. Hunting cries came from thirty-five hasty-breathing throats; with plunging leaps hounds blundered into the stream; a thousand rooks rose from the tree tops, and the wind from black wings scattered the brown leaves on the path below. Nimrod leaped up the mossy slope; Fang-over-Lip staggered in front of him. The lemon-and-white hound gained two yards to the fox's one yard, and with head thrust forward and stern thrust back he bared his teeth to chop.

But as Fang-over-Lip struggled on he saw before him the entrance of the badger's holt, and the path leading to it. His brush, so heavy with mud, seemed to drag him back. He heard the throat breath of Nimrod as the hound flung himself forward in a last burst of speed. The hound leaped at the brush; the polished hardness of his ivory teeth snapped the air. The sudden stop flung him on his back. He turned, but the fox had vanished where Nimrod could not follow.

III

A BIG boar badger was sleeping in his kitchen, curled in a fresh bed of grass, bracken, moss and bark fibers, all bitten into small soft fragments. This oval chamber—which was a little over three feet wide and about two feet high—in one direction led along eight feet of pipe to the open air. The holt had been tunneled, more than four centuries before, diagonally into the hillside. Many diggings by man had brought it near the light; but there were other chambers deep under the hill. A corridor led to the second chamber, five feet deeper; beyond this were three more. From the last two the pipe branched. One corridor led to disused kitchens, and the other led to the exit beside a tindery beech, one hundred and nine feet from the entrance. Two feet outside the entrance were dug the latrines, for the tribe had a regard for cleanliness and health.

The badger's sleep ended. He lifted his head, sharp nosed and small and black, marked with a white broad arrow from brown weasel nose along cheeks and over forehead. His little eyes peered at the entrance, and he sniffed. He felt the shake of the ground, he heard in the tunnel the dull far-away bay of hounds. He heard the thin twang of the horn; the badger diggers used an identical horn and notes to speak to the terriers underground. He knew what it meant. He waited.

The white dimness in the tunnel was darkened. Two eyes, a pale green, bleared with breath came woefully to him. He smelled Fang-over-Lip. Fang-over-Lip's distressful panting filled the kitchen. He came to the badger in utter dejection. His mud-balled brush dragged on the dry crumbled earth. The badger did not bite him. He had bitten other foxes, but never Fang-over-Lip. He let him pass into the kitchen, although he liked not very much the smell of his pads and his breath.

Fang-over-Lip dragged himself deeper and deeper into the holt, passing various kitchens, where other badgers were curled, but none of them were so big as the one on guard. They were the growing children of the big boar, and he loved them all; his mate would give him another farrow during the next month, which would be February; there was never a whelp born to the Rookhurst Forest holt in any other month. Fang-over-Lip was neither welcomed nor resented by the growing cubs; he had the freedom of the holt; he crept to sanctuary deep and dark, and collapsed in a damp kitchen beside a heap of rusty gins.

The sentinel boar remained where he was. He waited in the first kitchen, and during the wait he curled himself up and rested. He knew by the noise outside that a troubled time was coming. His eyes, the size of ripe hawthorn peggles, but black, blinked towards the light and his nostrils worked. Suddenly the ground shook and the baying of hounds roared down the pipe. He heard the scratching of heavy feet and the shrill furious whimpers of Captain. Minute after minute the rough roaring boomed in the tunnel air, until a long keen note of the horn and the voice of man and the cracks of a lash drove the hounds back. Still they bayed, and still the voices of huntsman and whip urged them down the hill.

Slowly the sounds drew away, and then a single voice was heard speaking softly, "Goo' girl, Daisy! Fetch 'un out. Goo' girl, Daisy!" and the patting of the hunt terrier's neck. She was short on the leg and experienced with foxes; her yapping had driven many from earth and drain. Daisy had been riding in a leather satchel slung across a groom's chest during the chase and she was fresh. Eager for a fight, she crept down the pipe, and came to the kitchen where the badger, the fiercest boar in the West Country, was waiting also for a fight. His name was Bloody Bill Brock, and it was a very good name for him.

IV

THE master, in his cap of blue velvet, pink coat, white breeches and black hunting boots, stood upright and held up his hand. He wanted the fox to have a real sporting chance when it bolted from the sturdy terrier. The hounds were in a leaf-filled hollow fifteen yards below the entrance, which they could not see. They were sitting on their haunches, alert and anxious, watching the master's face and waiting the sign of the lifted cap

"Let no one tally, please!" the master urged in a loud confidential whisper to the dismounted horsemen standing near. "Let no one tally when he slips out! Give him a sporting chance. No tally, gentlemen, please!"

Their voices murmured in respectful obedience.

They could hear the yapping of Daisy under the ground. The sharpness of the noise was dulled by the earth, but it was regular and unceasing. Horses in the field across the stream shook bits and bridles and pawed the ground; a mist of sweat rose from their lathered flanks. The cawing of the rooks ceased as the flock drifted away.

Again the master, on hearing a sudden increased yapping of Daisy, whispered urgently, in a hoarse voice, "No tally, pease! No tally, gentlemen! No tally! Please, no tally!"

The yapping rose to a frenzy of snarling. The white-haired master, immensely apprehensive lest an accident unworthy of the hunt's sporting reputation should happen, whispered, "He's coming out! No tally! No tally! No tally!" with beseeching eyes and a finger of warning that trembled.

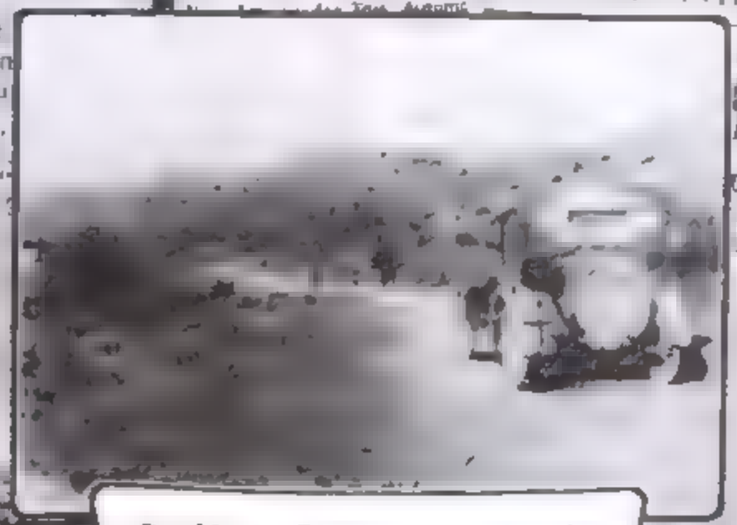
All stood still. The white-haired master glanced round at the pack; he could see

(Continued on Page 94)

All America Approves

Car No. 1. Pontiac to San Francisco

Wherever the True Blue Traveler stopped, an interested crowd quickly gathered to inspect its many new features.



Car No. 2. Pontiac to Los Angeles

This True Blue Traveler encountered many miles of desert driving in the southwest as well as rain-soaked gumbo in Iowa

Car No. 3. Pontiac to Dallas

Roads like the above were traveled for days but True Blue Traveler No. 3 never faltered. Local residents said it couldn't be done.

1924 Model Delivers Goods

OAKLAND CAR GIVES EXHIBITION OF SAFETY

OAKLAND TRAVELER SQUAD VISITS HERE

Oakland "Traveler" Arrives in S. F.

OAKLAND TRAVELER IS WINNING FRIENDS ON HARD JOURNEY

OAKLAND TEST CAR ARRIVES ON TIME

The New "True Blue" Oakland is Tried Out by News Reporter and Found to be Above Par All Around

Oakland Is Non-Skid Even On Most Slippery Paving

"SAFETY CAR" COMPLETES LONG TRIP

Oakland True Blue Traveler Here, Ends 5353-Mile Journey

Oakland 'True Blue' Traveler Arrives in Denver on Long Tour

4-WHEEL BRAKE DEMONSTRATION IS MADE HERE

True Blue Traveler Speeding to Coast; Pauses at Phoenix

OAKLAND SHOWS SAFETY DESIGNS TO AID TRAFFIC

OAKLAND TRUE BLUE SHOWS STUFF HERE

"TRUE BLUE TO

Sun And Rain Fail To Dull Finish On 1924 Oakland Cars

OAKLAND TRAVELER WELCOMED TO CITY

CITY OFFICIALS PRAISE BRAKES

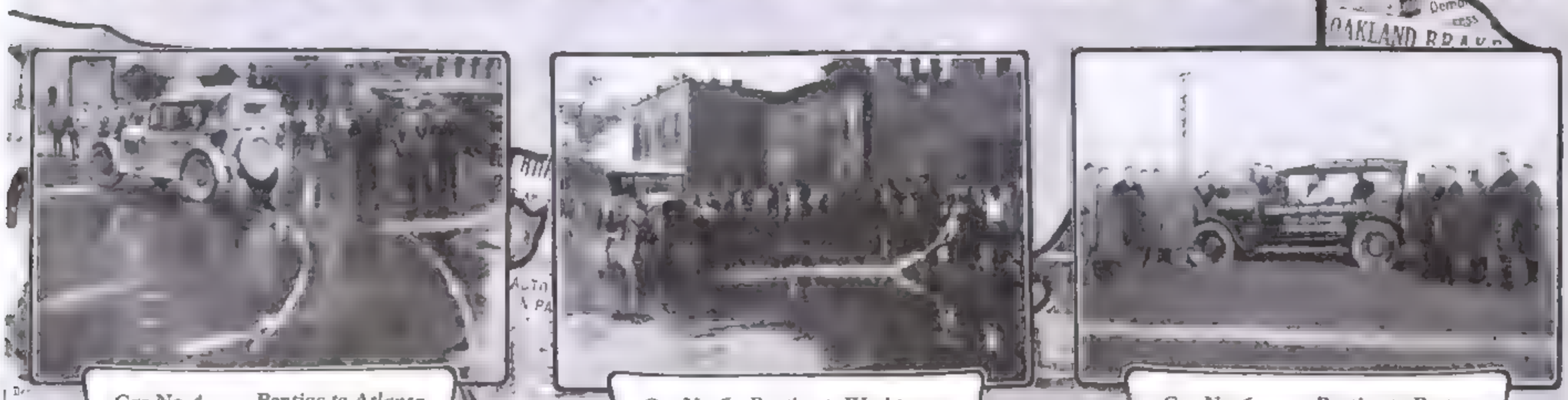
ON September 8th Oakland's True Blue Travelers were dispatched to six distant corners of the country.

These six True Blue Travelers—which had already covered thousands of miles of gruelling test service—were strictly stock models of the new 1924 Oakland, the 6-54.

Traveling on definite, published schedules, these six cars demonstrated the remarkable ability of this new Oakland to city officials and thousands of interested citizens in hundreds of cities.

Through mud, sand and rain, over prairie, desert and mountain these True Blue Travelers maintained their difficult schedules.

True Blue Oakland



Car No. 4. Pontiac to Atlanta
This Traveler was turning a street corner on a wet pavement at 25 miles per hour when four-wheel brakes were applied. Tire marks show absolutely no skidding.

Car No. 5. Pontiac to Washington
Fire departments always made it a point to get the streets good and wet for the quick-stop, four-wheel brake tests

Car No. 6. Pontiac to Boston
At most points city officials, newspaper men and leading citizens were out to welcome the Travelers. This view is in Rochester, N. Y.

Many People Watch Action of Oakland Four-Wheel Brakes

Oakland True Blue Traveler Shows Economy Beyond Expectation

OAKLAND TRUE BLUE TRAVELLER UNDERGOES SEVERE LOCAL TEST

'OAKLAND SAFETY REVELATION TO CHICAGO POLICE'

'True Blue' Oakland Shows Strength on Muddy Iowa Roads

OAKLAND TRUE BLUE SHOWS STUFF HERE

Oakland Car Develops Amazing Lot of Power

New Oakland Models Win Public Approval

NEW OAKLAND CAR EASILY HANDLED

OAKLAND BRAKE IN LOCAL TEST PROVE SUCCES

Police Indorse 4-Wheel Brakes on New Oakland

One of the Latest Sensations In Motor World

TEST OAKLAND IN UNION HILL

FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES UT TO TEST HERE

OAKLAND TRAVELER ARRIVES IN CAPITAL

WAKES NON-SKID WET STREET STOP

OAKLAND MAKES FINE SHOWING

OAKLAND IS SURPRISE IN GAS CONSUMPTION

New Oakland True Blue Traveler Arrives Here

OAKLAND BRAKE DEMONSTRATIONS SEEN IN ORLEANS

TRUE BLUE CAR IS FEATURE OF STREET PARADE

OAKLAND CAR PROVES MERIT

NEVER before in automobile history has a new car given such a convincing public demonstration.

Never before has the car buyer had such an opportunity to determine the real worth of a new model.

This evidence of all-around high quality—of the sturdy reliability of Oakland's new six-cylinder engine, of the added security of its practical 4-wheel brakes—is most convincing.

And it is further borne out by the enthusiastic approval of tens of thousands of satisfied True Blue Oakland owners everywhere.

You cannot afford to choose a motor car *this* year without giving the True Blue Oakland Six the most serious consideration.

Oakland

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

The Touring Car **$945**

All Prices f. o. b. Pontiac

Roadster	$ 945
Sport Touring	1095
Sport Roadster	1095
Business Coupe	1195
Coupe for Four	1345
Sedan	1395

Glass Enclosures, Touring Cars $60; Roadsters $40

The CITY of many GATEWAYS

Many gateways in El Paso open wide to every American family that has even moderate resources.

With 330 days of sparkling sunshine each year; with summer temperatures moderated by mountain breezes; and an elevation of 3,762 feet; with Winter much like Autumn at her best, and with never a tornado, earthquake nor seriously destructive storm, El Paso builds health, strength and enthusiasm for everyone, especially for those to whom other climatic conditions are less favorable.

Whether you are seeking a home for the Winter, a few delightful days of recreation, a place to rest and recuperate, or a permanent abiding place, El Paso supplies a complete and satisfactory answer to your quest. Ours is a metropolitan city with clean streets, pure water, good public utilities, excellent schools and numerous churches. It is the key-city of an area as large as the United States, east of the Mississippi River—an area of inestimable natural resources and great productiveness.

Early Days in the "GATEWAY"

In the Rio Grande Valley, just outside of our city limits, are 180,000 acres of rich farming land under irrigation with alluvial soil many feet deep, a long growing season with plenty of cheap water and no floods, abundant low-priced labor, paved highways and good roads, schools, churches and co-operative, agricultural associations—Rio Grande Valley farm lands offer opportunities unequalled anywhere else.

Let us send you our new illustrated booklet —"El Paso and the New Southwest." It tells you of our numerous gateways through which you will find many desirable things. The Gateway Club is a non-profit organization—here to serve you. Let us send you the book. Return the coupon or write. Address

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- ☐ Filling the Sunshine Prescription (For Health Seekers)
- ☐ Farming that Pays (For those interested in Farming)

*Name*_____

Address

(Continued from Page 91)

the heads only of the front hounds. His big blue eyes in his round red face were wide with the important moment.

But curiously his expression changed. At the same time several hounds growled. The whipper-in spoke to them by name, sharply; Captain leaped up and was clouted on the head. The master frowned. For the buried snarling of Daisy had risen to a shrill howling, telling of pain and fear, which had ended most unexpectedly in absolute silence. Not a sound came from the earth.

The master looked at his huntsman. He said one word to him, and stared anxiously at the hole. It was a circular hole, about a foot in diameter. The earth scratched out of the pipe had long ago been thrown by badgers' hind legs down the slope, and trodden hard and flat.

"Sam, there must be badgers in the earth," said the master, tapping boot with the handle of his whip.

"Big boar inside, sir," replied huntsman. "Never been able to dig 'im out. Known as Bloody Bill Brock, sir. Once killed a fox at Skirr Farm."

He beckoned the whipper-in, who came forward smartly.

"Go and get a couple of men with spades from the farm, Jack."

Nimrod stole up to the hole, and Captain crept behind him, with Solway and Queenie, Thunderer, Firefly and Starlight. Other hounds followed, squatting on haunches, while with breath-flacking tongues they looked from the hole to huntsman's face, to whip's face, to the earth again, hearkening for the voice of Daisy. It came no more.

The huntsman knelt at the hole and turned his head sideways to listen. A few grains of earth trickled on the ribbon bow at the back of his blue velvet cap. He got up suddenly and jumped away from the hole. Bloody Bill Brock stood there, looking at him. With four lumbering steps he was outside the hole. He scrutinized the master's features and then turned his gaze to the pack. He neither grunted nor snarled; he showed no sign of annoyance. He did not even sniff.

▼

EVERY hound stiffened. They had arranged themselves in three tiers before the hole, and Nimrod, the largest hound, sat behind in the center. When the face appeared he was panting. He sucked in his tongue and closed his jaws with a click and fixed the small face at the hole with an intent stare. The red haws below his eyes became more sunken. Standing motionless except for distinct but minute movements of the head each time his gaze shifted, Bloody Bill Brock looked deliberately at every hound. From Dewdrop on the left to Dragon on the right an intent scrutiny was made, and back again, as though he was estimating the strength of the pack. When his gaze returned to Nimrod it remained there; he yawned; and then he came forward, his gray squat body low on the ground.

He ran straight at Nimrod, pushing through hounds in the first and second rows; he looked up into the face of Nimrod, at his bared yellow teeth and the red haws of his eyes. He snapped at his paw and sank his teeth into tendons and bones; he twisted his thick neck, set so firmly on his immense shoulders, and threw the hound on his back.

Without pausing he turned to Firefly and threw her over. Immediately he was inclosed by a hot and solid wheel of hound flesh, a wheel of black and white and brown patches, a wheel head hubbed and snarling. Teeth found nothing to bite on the thick hide; there was no hold on the long hair. Solway tried to seize his off forepaw; he crippled Solway. Then Tunable, mother of many puppies, seized his yellow goatlike scut, or tail; he turned and nipped her through the nose. He knew that they would try to hold him by his pads; then it would be over, and they would send him where he had sent Daisy. So he ran under Guardsman and quickly under the bellies of Grappler, Pealer, Voluble, Singwell, Vagabond and Castaway. He got clear, and waddled on as though indifferently. It was his way of fighting in the open.

The pack gave tongue. He went downhill, hounds behind him and on both flanks of him, chopping at his head, at his neck, at his back, at his pads. Nimrod in fang-frothed rage limped to him; with a movement like the awkward bobbing bow of someone self-conscious of his stumpy fat legs among so many tall thoroughbreds, Bill turned and bit through his other fore paw. Then he blinked his ugly little pig eyes like someone snubbed, and bit the paw of Prudence; and turning again, he bit Choirboy, a young hound who immediately lifted up his muzzle and sang, but not a hymn of praise. And all the way to the brook the rough fellow lumbered, bobbing left and right and blinking as though ill at ease among the lordly ones; but he bit a paw every time.

At the bottom of the hill his action was neither so swift nor so smart as it had been at the beginning of the fight. His face was smeared with red, and not all of it was hound blood. He coughed crimson froth from his mouth, for his tongue was broken by many bites. Sometimes he turned and ran among them, his little, fierce, piglike eyes blinking; but it seemed that they were not quite so eager as they had been to punish him for his bad form in considering himself worthy of being hunted by foxhounds.

By its smell they knew not the strange beast, and neither Captain nor Nimrod remained to lead them. So the fight went on, up and down the hill.

The huntsman was agitated and cursing because his hounds were being hurt. He ran down to the stream, where the kennel boy was holding his horse's head, meaning to flick a stirrup iron and leather from bar under saddle flap, and to kill the badger with a blow on the nose. But the badger was downhill first, and the huntsman's mare, who loathed the smell of blood, as do most hunters, plunged with a terrified snort into the brook and dragged in the plucky kennel boy after her. Another horse, a vicious black gelding with a red ribbon on its tail, reared and lashed out at Baronet the rabbit chaser, who howled so painfully that he started off another horse, which bolted among the trees and caused the pack to scatter.

But half a dozen couple of hounds, led by Thunderer, had not finished with him. Among themselves they swore a hound oath of vengeance; they heeded neither the notes of the horn nor the lash of the whipper-in. A hound called Mutinous bit the hunt servant in the whip hand, and returned to the worry. Bloody Bill crippled Mutinous ten minutes later, after staving off their rushes for three hundred yards up the hill.

He was making for the holt again, but his progress was slow as he left red drops on the leaves and mosses wherever his bitten pads pressed. He limped on at his own pace, making neither grunt nor chatter, until he waddled into the holt again, and as a final insult to them, kicked a shower of sand into their faces.

This is the story they tell in the village inn at night, of how Bloody Bill Brock took on thirty-five hounds and one fox terrier, in the Forest of Rookhurst, and how he vanquished them. They tell also how the pack went home to kennels that winter afternoon, as though on crutches. But only the Brocks know why the mighty boar went out to fight the enemies of Fang-over-Lip, whom he found, on his return, slumbering in a kitchen beside a heap of rusty iron gins—two of which the fox had, years before, patiently dug up when one night he had found Bill helplessly trapped by fore and hind paws.

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The FLINT *Six*

THE PRICELESS PEARL

(Continued from Page 23)

disgusting exhibitions of slave driving that he had ever heard.

"It is entirely my fault that we are late," he said, giving his mother a steady, brave look.

She answered irrelevantly, "Why, Durland, how nice you look! Are you going anywhere this evening?"

"Very likely," he answered coldly. He thought to himself, "Why must she give Miss Exeter the impression that I look like a cowboy generally?" He was of course going nowhere.

So, having completely alienated her two elder children—Antonia had early supper by herself—Mrs. Conway found herself obliged to direct her conversation to the interloper. She had her revenge, if she had only known it, by talking about her brother, questioning Miss Exeter about him. Had he seemed very much rushed? Did he say anything about his golf clubs? Wasn't it a delightful office? Wonderful! So cool in summer

Pearl hazarded that the harbor was very beautiful, and learned that Mr. Wood's office looked north—up the Hudson. She must be careful.

Durland inquired with a friendly grin whether Uncle Anthony had frightened her to death.

"Frightened me?" said Pearl, trying to gain time.

"Some people are awfully afraid of him."

"Naughty little boys are," said Dolly.

It always annoyed her to see her brother sitting at the foot of the dinner table. They had fought about it for five years—whether she as eldest child or he as the only man in the house ought to occupy this place of honor.

"I'm not afraid of him," said Durland.

"Oh, are you a naughty little boy?" said Dolly, laughing in an irritating way.

Mrs. Conway, to avert war, began talking about the day's schedule—the problem of how to work in a few lessons without interfering with any of the more important pleasures of her children.

"Antonia first, I think. Wouldn't that be your idea, Dolly—Antonia at half past nine? Dolly and Durland sometimes sleep rather late—so good for them, I think—but Antonia is up early. She reads sometimes from five o'clock. She reads a great deal—everything."

"Quite the little genius, according to mother," said Dolly.

"She is clever," answered Mrs. Conway passionately. "I don't know why you two are always so disagreeable about your little sister."

"Because you spoil her so, mother," said Dolly.

"Because she's so dirty, mother," said Durland.

Mrs. Conway made this attack a means of aligning herself with her children against the governess.

"Oh, well," she said, "that is all going to be changed now. Miss Exeter is going to make us all over. Antonia is to be clean and tidy, though why in the world your uncle thinks it desirable for a child of eleven to think of nothing but clothes I can't see. And Durland is to be made into a mathematician. I suppose I'm very ignorant, but I never could see what good algebra does a person—all about grayhounds leaping after hares, and men doing pieces of work at seventy-five cents a day. I wish I could find some like that. Poor Durland, like so many people with a creative turn of mind, simply cannot do mathematics."

"More people than creative geniuses are poor at mathematics," said Pearl genially; and Durland, afraid that she would identify him with his mother in this ridiculous point of view, looked into those pools of gray light and said modestly that he was just a dub at problems.

"Then at half past eleven," Mrs. Conway went on, "you'll be free to take Antonia to the beach the public beach, where she likes to get a swim and see her little friends."

"Fight a round or two with her little enemies," said her brother.

"She's only fought once this summer," said his mother. "And I for one think she was perfectly right. Maud is the most annoying child—ugly and impertinent like her mother, and very badly brought up."

"Well, that's not a patch on what they think about Antonia," said Durland, and he turned to Miss Exeter. "Gee, it was great! This Maud child said something rude about Antonia's bare feet, and she sailed in and landed her one on the jaw; and they fought so that the nurses and governesses all ran screaming away and the life-saving men had to come in and separate them."

"It May be Easier for You, But Not for Us. We Have to Suffer"

Mrs. Conway hated this story about her youngest child.

She rose from table in order to interrupt it, observing that Durland needn't worry, as now they were all going to be made perfect.

Pearl on the whole felt encouraged. Augusta, with all her efficiency, could not have swung this job, she thought. It required a solid, almost irrational good temper, which Augusta did not possess. Mrs. Conway would have rendered Augusta acid and powerless in one evening. Pearl was not so efficient in certain ways, but she had good temper and a robust will.

She and Durland went into the sitting room while Mrs. Conway was getting Dolly off to her bridge party. Durland did what, alas, men have been doing for many centuries—he attempted to impress the object of his affection by doing one of the things most certain to alienate her. He stood before her, lighting a cigarette, shaking the match deliberately in the air, his legs rather wide apart. Pearl, who had sunk into a nice deep chair, sprang up and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Oh, don't smoke," she said.

Hundreds of women had said that to him. Even the lovely Caroline Temple his former love—had said that her parents had forbidden her to have him at the house on account of his smoking; such a bad example.

"Caroline," he had said quietly, "I simply do openly what all the others do secretly."

He had not wavered about it. Neither had her parents. He and Caroline met at the tennis club and at the beach—no longer at her house. But he had never thought of changing his habits. His cigarette was to him what a car is to a theatrical star—a symbol of greatness. He was firm now, even under the pleading of a new idol.

"I'm afraid I can't give it up," he said. "I'm afraid it has too much of a grip on me for that."

He frowned as one who, looking inward, saw nothing but vice and ruin. He was disappointed to find that she just let it drop—as if she were not vitally interested in saving him. But before he had time to commit the natural mistake of asking her why she did not rescue him from his worse self, his mother came back into the room.

Her first words were, "Do you think that a good picture of my brother?"

Something mocking and teasing in her tone unnerved Pearl a little; so that instead of following the direction of Mrs. Conway's eyes she said rather wildly, "Where?"

Durland came to her rescue by politely giving her a large silver frame in which was the photograph of a man she was prepared to admire, and so she did admire him—so much that something tense was apparent as she gazed into those China-blue eyes, which looked—if one had not had private information—as if they were brown.

Mrs. Conway watched with sly amusement. The mocking quality in her question had not arisen, as Pearl half feared, from any doubt as to the new governess' identity, but rather from the suspicion that there was more between her brother and this lovely creature than had been confessed. Like many gentle sweet people, Edna Conway was extremely suspicious; her mind ran rapidly over a situation, examining though not necessarily believing all the darkest possibilities. She did not actually suspect her brother of finding a safe home for a dangerous girl during his absence, but she did say to herself—perhaps not unnaturally, "There's more in this than meets the eye."

A voice from the piazza called, "Did Anthony's pearl arrive?" And a woman in evening dress entered.

"Yes, Cora, this is she," said Mrs. Conway, and she added with a certain hint of malice, "You ought to know each other—both so consecrated to doing whatever Anthony wants done. Miss Exeter, Miss Wellington"

Miss Wellington's emotions were clearly written on her face. She had been in love with Anthony ever since he succeeded. This which sounds like a paradox was the simple truth. To her, success was not necessarily financial—though Wood's had had this agreeable aspect—but importance and preëminence were to her as essential elements in male attraction as feminine beauty is to most men. When she was eighteen and Anthony still in the School of Mines there had been sentimental scenes which had left her cold. She occasionally referred to them as "the time when you thought you wanted to marry me," and he did not contradict her. He had thought he did. He still admired her—she was elegant in appearance, beautifully dressed, competent in all the practical aspects of life. If she had married someone else he would have said to her, "Your marriage was a great blow to me, Cora. I had always fancied that some day you and I ——" But he never would have said it until after she was safely married.

She had, however, no intention of marrying anyone else—for the simple reason that Anthony was by far the most attractive man of importance that she knew. Her feelings on discovering Pearl—the young person she had heard described as being of merely pleasing appearance—to be an exuberant beauty, and discovering her, moreover, staring sentimentally at Anthony's picture, were not suspicions; she had the conviction of disaster. She couldn't be cordial; and Pearl, who had the kind of sensitiveness that comes from generosity, not from egotism, saw that the moment had come for her to go upstairs and write her first letter to the man whose face she liked so much.

She had always been a poor correspondent. She had never enjoyed writing before, but now the idea of pouring herself out—or rather not herself, but her observation of a situation in which he was vitally interested—delighted her. All of us, it has been said, can write well if we have something interesting to say. What Pearl had to say could not fail to be interesting to the man she was writing to. There was no motive for caution. At last she had found a man with whom she could be candid and natural. Late into the night the sound of a portable typewriter could be heard ticking from the room of the new governess.

(Continued on Page 101)

A VENETIAN *breakfast room featuring a rug of* KLEARFLAX
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(Continued from Page 96)

It was not easy to put a routine into operation in the Conway household. At half past nine, the hour set for Antonia's lessons, Antonia was nowhere to be found. Pearl at last ventured to tap at Mrs. Conway's bedroom door. Mrs. Conway was sitting up in bed, in white satin and yellow lace, with her breakfast tray on her lap.

In response to the news that her youngest child was missing, she answered, "She's probably gone crabbing. I'm afraid that if you want to do lessons in summer you will have to get up a little earlier. She was out of the house by seven, I dare say." And she smiled maliciously.

Pearl saw that coöperation was unlikely, hostility probable, and withdrew.

Durland, her second pupil, presented himself a little ahead of time. He came downstairs at ten, drank a cup of black coffee and ate a peach. He was recklessly wearing his last pair of clean white trousers. He was paler and more like a young bird than usual. He, too, had his problems.

While willing to oblige Miss Exeter in every particular, while eager to help her and make her appear a worker of miracles, her mere proximity prevented his mind from functioning at all. Do what she could, her efforts to get him thinking about the problem of three men, A, B and C, who, working together, could do a piece of work in three days, was like trying to crank a dead automobile. She tried beaming upon him, she tried being severe; either way his intense emotion flooded his mental processes.

She thought, "I've solved worse problems than this, but I'm sure I don't know what to do."

He himself gave her the clew. She had explained for the third time that if you let x equal the number of days that it took A, working alone—when he interrupted her. He was sitting beside her, leaning his head on his hand and staring at her in a maze of admiration.

Suddenly he said, "Do you like teaching, Miss Exeter?"

"I like teaching girls," she answered with a quick inspiration.

He drove his unwilling intelligence to take in this incredible statement.

"Girls," he said, opening his honest blue eyes and wrinkling his forehead. "Why girls?"

"They're so much cleverer than boys."

She tossed it off as if it were a well-known and generally admitted fact. He was gentle with her.

"People think just the opposite," he said.

"Men do."

"I think you're wrong about that, really," Durland said. "I think anyone—even a very just man like Uncle Anthony—would say that women can't think, at least not like men."

"Would he, indeed?" said Pearl. "Well, I don't know him; but he may be the kind of man who prefers inferior people of both sexes"

Durland was leaning his head on his hand, looking wistfully into her face for a sign of relenting.

"Of course," he said, "you are very unusual. You must not judge other women by yourself."

"I was fifteenth in my class," said Pearl. "Quite stupid compared to the others; but even I never had any trouble with algebra. I put my mind on it. That's the trouble with boys—they're so scattered."

This was cruel, considering who had scattered him; but like many cruelties it worked.

As the hour finished, Dolly came downstairs and said, without looking at anyone, that she herself was going immediately in the motor to Shinnecock for her golf lesson and could not delay an instant; but if Antonia were there and ready there was no objection to dropping her and Miss Exeter at the public beach. At that moment Antonia, who, just as her mother had suggested, had been crabbing since dawn, appeared on the lawn, streaked with seaweed and exuding a faintly ancient and fishy smell. Dolly was like steel and would not allow her a moment for changing; and so, dropping her crabs and nets on the piazza, Antonia and Miss Exeter got into the car after Dolly, and were duly dropped at the little group of dark-red bathing houses that formed the entrance to the public beach.

Pearl found the child, in spite of her personal untidiness, a most agreeable companion. She had read widely and with imagination. She knew a great deal of poetry—rather martial poetry—by heart; all of Horatius, for instance, which she said she usually recited to herself in the dentist's chair and from which she gained comfort.

They were walking up the wide steps to the bathing house as she spoke, and she stopped and bent down to examine a boy's bicycle—she was a connoisseur of bicycles.

They came in sight of the beach now—all set out with bright-colored umbrellas like gay poisonous mushrooms. It was the hour when the beach was given over to children.

Pearl was thinking that it looked very pretty, when once again she heard Antonia's clarion voice break out at her elbow.

"Hi, there, you kids! Leave that fort alone! It's mine!"

She darted down the narrow boardwalk toward an immense hole in the sand, scattering a band of neatly dressed children, much as the effete Romans were scattered by the first onslaught of the northern barbarians. Pearl could not help laughing as she saw children run to their governesses or snatched back by their nurses; but the next moment she was sorry, for she saw that it was being said in various tongues that Antonia was quite the worst brought-up child in the world. Pearl was nothing if not a partisan, and she was already completely on Antonia's side.

She and Antonia were supposed to bathe early so as to leave the two Conway bathhouses free for Mrs. Conway and Dolly when they appeared at a later and more fashionable hour. "Everything in our family is done for Dolly," said Antonia when she was finally dragged out of the water. "It makes me tired the way mother indulges every whim of hers."

Rebellious or not, however, Antonia was dressed—as much dressed as she ever was, which was about three-quarters as much as other little girls—by half after twelve.

She and Pearl went back to the beach and sat down under the red-and-black-striped umbrella which the life-saving man had stuck in the sand for them as if he were about to do a pole vault with it. And presently Durland, ready for his swim, came and plopped down beside them, and immediately a girl in a one-piece tomato-colored bathing dress rose from another part of the beach and came and sat on the other side of him.

Antonia, with a thin brown arm, still smelling very slightly of crabs in spite of her swim, clasped about Pearl's neck, blew in her governess' ear the information that this was Caroline Temple, Durland's best girl. Like so many courtships, this one, to the outside world, seemed to be carried on principally by the lady. She neither looked at nor spoke to Pearl and Antonia.

To Durland she said, "Shall we go in now?"

Durland was digging a small hole near Miss Exeter's hand; his shoulder was turned to Caroline and he did not shift it as he replied, "You can if you like."

There was a pause. Apparently she didn't like, for she did not move, and after a time she said in the same tone of lowered confidence, "I have the car here. I'll drive you home."

"Thanks," said Durland. "I'm on my bicycle." Another pause.

"Shall we play tennis this afternoon?"

"I may," answered Durland.

Pearl began to feel her sex pride wounded. She bent forward, and beaming upon the newcomer, she said, "You play tennis?"

Caroline just glanced at her.

"Of course I do," she said.

She had not the smallest intention of being rude, for she was a sweet-tempered child; even less did it occur to her to be jealous of an elderly woman of twenty-four; but her mind, concentrated upon the pursuit of Durland, was rendered irritable by inconsequential interruptions. Durland, however, though no critic of manners, was aware that a gesture of friendship from a goddess had not been gratefully received.

"You might be civil about it," he said, and then looking up at Pearl, he asked in a softened tone of adoration whether she would like to play tennis that afternoon.

"Doubles?" said Caroline, as if this were, of course, possible though utterly undesirable.

"Would you like to play doubles?" Durland asked again.

"If it is convenient to your mother," said Pearl.

Durland dismissed such an idea as repellent to him and, glancing over his shoulder to Caroline, he said, "All right. Miss Exeter and I will play you—if you can get a fourth."

It was not the way Caroline had designed the set and she said so. She said clearly and rather complainingly that she had expected to play with Durland, and yet she did not seem wounded so much as thwarted.

"I'm sure I don't know whom I can get," she said.

"I suppose you can get the faithful Wally—anyone can get Wally."

"I thought you did not like Wally."

"I?" said Durland, as if it were far beneath him ever to have been aware of Wally's existence; and without any further answer he got up and walked into the Atlantic so suddenly that Miss Temple, scrambling as rapidly as possible to her feet, was several yards behind him as he dived into his first wave.

"Isn't she pretty?" said Antonia. "She's been his best girl for two summers."

"I don't think he's very nice to her," said Pearl.

"Well," said Antonia, giving one of her little shakes of the head, "it would seem wonderful to me if Durlie spoke to me at all. However, it may be over. Like what Shakspere says—one foot on land. Next time I have a chance I'll look and see if her picture is still in the back of his watch."

Presently they were back in the same order—Durland first, and Miss Temple following. He sat dripping, and taking a cigarette from a package he had left on the sand, he began groping for a match.

"Oh, Durland," said Miss Temple, "I do wish you wouldn't smoke. It isn't good for you. It looks so badly." Durland gave a short laugh that seemed to say that if he had regarded public opinion he would have made of life a very different thing. In her distress Caroline turned to the stranger whose presence she had so far refused to acknowledge. "Don't you think it's wrong for him to smoke?" she said.

It was Pearl's moment.

"Why, no," she answered, "I can't see anything wrong about it."

She put out a lazy hand and took one from the little paper envelope. Durland's hand, with the match in it, was arrested.

"But you're not going to smoke here? On the public beach?"

"Isn't it allowed?" asked Pearl, all innocence. "It must be you are smoking. Let me have a match."

"I haven't a match," he said, and threw away his own cigarette so that she could not get a light from that. It was an important moment in his life. He thought rapidly. "I hope you won't think me fresh or anything," he said, "but I don't think a governess ought to smoke, if you know what I mean—not in public anyhow."

She wasn't angry, only thoughtful.

"Well, that's only your opinion."

It touched him that she knew so little of the world—or of her own position. He said gently, "I'm afraid you'd find it was everybody's opinion."

"Ought you to be so much influenced by the opinion of other people?"

"Yes, indeed," he answered. The cigarette with which she was still playing might separate them forever. His mother, he knew, was just waiting for a good excuse to send her away, and where could she find a better one?

She argued it further, tapping the cigarette on her hand as if she were about to place it between her lips.

"But you don't pay any attention when people say you oughtn't to smoke."

Even then he did not know that a trap had been set for him. On the contrary, he thought he had an original idea of some beauty when he said impulsively, "I tell you what, I'll swear off if you will."

She seemed to debate it through an agonizing second or two, while he looked at her with doglike eyes. Then she smiled and gave him a strong hand.

"All right," she said. That's a bargain."

Durland felt flooded with joy—not only at having saved a beloved woman but at having done it in just the right way. He picked up the package of cigarettes and flung it toward the sea. It did not quite reach the water and Caroline sprang up and brought it back to him.

"I suppose you thought that was empty," she said.

He tossed it away again without thanking her, but at last to her repeated clamors he yielded the information that he had given up smoking.

"Oh, Durland," she said, "now you can come to the house again. Is that why you did it?"

He did not want to deceive the girl, but he could not resist the temptation of allowing her to deceive herself. He did not answer directly; but rising, he said, "Anyone who wishes to swim to the barrels with me may now do so."

It was more like an invitation than anything he had said all morning, and they were soon swimming side by side.

Presently Mrs. Conway in a dark-blue silk bathing dress with ruffles appeared and dropped a string of pearls into the lap of the governess as if they had been beads. Pearl had never had such pearls in her hands before. They were heavier—much heavier than she had imagined, and brighter, more iridescent, better worth looking at. She was not given to envy, but she was aware of thinking that there was something slightly wrong with a world where Mrs. Conway had pearls and she had not. Antonia insisted on her putting them round her neck.

"It's much safer—you can't drop them in the sand—Cousin Cora always does—that's Miss Wellington; she's no relation, but she likes us to call her cousin—she wants us to call her aunt, but mother says, 'Wait till she is.'"

"Oh," said Pearl, conscious of a distinct pang, "is she going to be?"

Antonia gave one of her head shakes.

"Mother says, 'Say not the struggle nought availeth.' Older people make a lot of fun of their best friends, don't they?"

"Would you like her for an aunt?" said Pearl.

"Yes and no," Antonia replied. "I think the wedding would be fun, and I think I'd be a bridesmaid or something; but as a family we prefer to keep Uncle Anthony to ourselves. Mother says if he marries Cora we wouldn't lose him as much as if he married a stranger. There was a Russian actress one year, with red hair; I didn't think her a bit pretty. She used to send mother flowers and seats for her plays. They were all pretty sad though. Then there was another time—she was married this time, but mother said ——"

Antonia broke off to call Pearl's attention to Dolly, who was coming down the boardwalk in a bathing dress of as many hues as Joseph's coat. Everything about her was bent—her back, her knees, her elbows, her fingers, and every crook was obviously intended to charm the young man by whose side she was walking, who was staring out to sea and very thoughtfully putting cotton in his ears. Even Pearl, indifferent as she then supposed herself to be to all men, could not but admit that he was as splendid an example of young blond manhood as she had ever seen. Then as he came nearer she saw a certain pale red-rimmedness about the eyes, and she thought, "He's the kind you'd have to describe as handsome, and yet if anyone else did, you'd say, 'Oh, do you think him handsome? I don't like his looks at all.'"

Antonia meantime was poring his life history into her ear.

"Allen Williams. He's twenty-one and has been a freshman for two years—isn't he handsome?—and very vicious—gambles and drinks and everything. I heard the Williams' governess telling someone the other day that Monsieur Allen was *déjà très connu dans le monde—le monde gal—gal*—something or other. I wish I knew more French. You can't really tell much what goes on on the beach unless you know French. Of course, he's just amusing himself with Dolly."

"I tell you what I think," said Pearl, suddenly becoming aware that she had been staring, and not only this, but also stared at. "I think it's horrid of you to be against your own sister."

"But look at the way she's giggling and wriggling. I feel ashamed of her," said Antonia.

"That's the very time you ought to stick up for her," said Pearl.

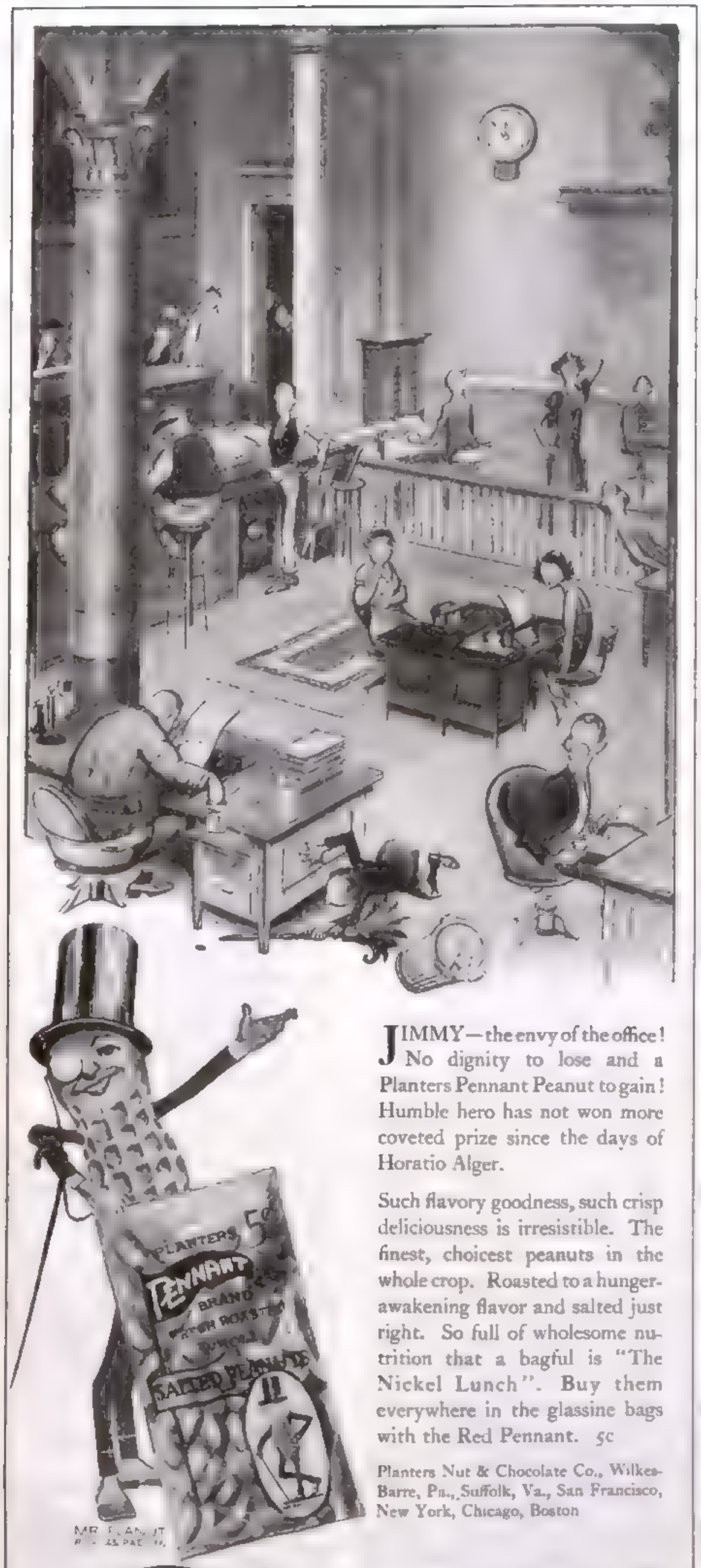
"Well, it's a point of view," said Antonia. "That's what Uncle Anthony always says when he doesn't agree with you but is too lazy to argue it out."

Dolly and Mr. Williams had reached them by this time. Dolly was for passing by, but Williams stopped and said in a voice clearly audible, "And who is the beautiful girl in the pearls?"

Dolly's voice was too low to be audible. She stopped. Spoiled and selfish she might be, but she was at heart a lady. She introduced Mr. Williams to Miss Exeter with perfect civility. Williams took Pearl's hand and looked at her with something fierce and blank in his eyes.

Oh, how well she knew that look!

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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THE LANTERN ON THE PLOW

Continued from Page 30

"I'll say you are thorough," remarked Colter, following the direction of Drake's eyes and thoughts. "How many years before you'll quit experimenting and plant, you tortoise?"

"I don't know," said Drake. "There's no hurry."

He stood stock-still, gazing at the hand-groomed trees, until Colter joggled his elbow and nodded toward the pasture. They went on, but not until he reached the zigzag of the split-rail fence did Drake turn questioningly toward his companion and suddenly abandon the idea of speech, his eyes fastened on an incongruous vision Silhouetted against the black cloud of Colter's favorite cedar overlooking the quarry was the figure of a woman.

Those were the days when the daily press was given over to the inanity of Fluffy Ruffles competitions, but the figure at the edge of the cliff was decked in no furbelows. There was something poised in its pose as though it felt the eyes of the world to be watching. One hand rested on the knob of a parasol and the other at the hip; one knee was slightly bent, the other straight. The head, beneath a drooping picture hat, was dropped forward, and one could imagine a gaze, intent and calculating, directed toward the busy scene below. A tan dress of some clinging material floated in the breeze, wrapping itself around long limbs so closely that an impression of molded nakedness was produced. Even at such a distance, however, and in spite of Colter's insinuation, the woman did not appear statuesque; one knew that she lived and breathed.

As they watched she turned abruptly and walked straight toward them. Colter was for running to the shelter of the wood; but Drake stood firm, his eyes staring, his lips parted in a half smile. As with an easy, languorous stride, her head still bowed, the stranger came nearer and nearer, picking her way, Colter uttered a startled exclamation.

"Drake," he whispered, "do you know who it is?"

"Yes," said Drake, "I think so." He paused, and presently added, "Yes, I know her."

"You know her?" cried Colter, puzzled by Drake's composure. Receiving no answer he turned and walked away along the fence. He heard Drake say "Hello, Lessie," and could not resist a backward glance over his shoulder. The woman stopped and threw back her head.

"Hello," she replied very slowly, questioning eyes fixed intently on Drake

He stared back at her. It was as if her puzzled pause had given him what he most wished for—a chance to study her brazenly. He began with her hair, drawn in two smooth amber bands from the center of her forehead down over her ears with a severity which no commonplace features would have dared. Her brows were sharply penciled, and beneath them were long almond-shaped eyes, brown, at the moment rather glaring, but presently growing cynically humorous. Her nose was straight; her lips were irregular, full in repose, twisted to a quirk at one side when she smiled. As he persisted with his downward inventory she spoke, awakening him from his trance.

Holding out her hand across the fence, she said, "You have gone far enough, Drake. It is Drake Sherborne, isn't it? How are you? For a minute I couldn't think where I was or who you were."

He took her fingers, which closed over his with a firm grasp.

"I'm all right, Lessie. How are you?"

"I'm very well," she answered; "just as well from the neck down as I am from the neck up, and you ought to know by this time how well that is."

He laughed nervously.

"All right," he said, "I won't look any more. Do you want to get across the fence?"

"I do, unless there is some way for the hired automobile I told to drive around from the quarry to get into the pasture."

"No, there isn't," said Drake, and started to work out the top rail.

"What's the need of that?" asked Lessie. "Don't you suppose I know how long it takes to pull down a snake fence and put it up again? Give me your hands."

He took her hands. The rings on one and the agate head of the parasol in the other bit into his fingers, but Lessie did not seem to feel the pressure or to flinch. Her hands were strong. She walked up the rails as easily as if she were climbing a stair, stood for a moment at the top and jumped. As she came down her body brushed against his

What happened during the next five seconds was so astonishingly unexpected to Drake as well as to Lessie that one is tempted to pause and flounder in explanations of the inexplicable. Under command of an irresistible impulse, he released her hands only to take her in his arms, hold her tightly and kiss her gasping lips. Instantly her face became contorted: she writhed her body free, drew back and slapped him with all the strength of her swinging arm.

There was something tremendous about Lessie at this moment, something greater than the ordinary reactions of manhandled virtue, something which declared her equally above prudery and innocence, something individually splendid and flaming.

"Low!" she cried. "Low down! Beast! Just because you think—just because I am on the stage—just for no reason at all in this dirty world of Christians ——"

She stopped, arrested against her will by the frozen immobility of Drake's face. Save for the blotch of vivid red where she had struck him, it was white as paper, empty of expression; no shade of triumph in it, nor yet any dismay. His steady gaze met her angry eyes without a tremor. He stood very still; so still that she could not help but wonder if he heard her.

All fury wears the tragic mask; the most mobile features become fixed in anger. But rage may admit of no questions, for once it does, the mask breaks and tears threaten. Lessie's face suddenly began to crumple, her dilated nostrils quivered and her lips twitched spasmodically; but she was not yet through with anger. Her eyes, seeking something within reach, something vulnerable, fell upon the parasol still held in her left hand. She stared at it. Another moment and she had broken it across her knee.

"That's you!" she gasped at Drake. Then, as she tore its silk to shreds, scattered the tatters about her and tossed the wreckage aside, "That's you—and that, and that, and that!"

Colter arrived, panting, upon the scene. He laid his hand on Drake's shoulder and whirled him around.

"Drake," he cried, "in the name of heaven what came over you?"

As if he had touched some powerful hidden spring, Drake struck him with his closed fist. Colter, a look of childish amazement spreading on his face, threw up his hand instinctively, but only partially warded off the blow. The seal ring which he himself had unearthed only the day before gashed his cheek from jaw to temple. He raised his arm to stanch the flow of blood with the sleeve of his shirt.

"What did you do that for?" demanded Lessie, her own troubles instantly wiped from mind.

"Because," said Drake, "he meddled in our business."

"Our business!" she cried. "Did you say our business?" Her sense of humor began to return, and with it some measure of that level-headedness which had made her one too much for her father, Tryer Mattis. "That's interesting," she continued. "You'd think I'd be overjoyed, coming across stock in a company I never heard of; but I'm not particularly happy about it. No; I'm sorry—sorry for you, Drake. Because the truth is, you don't know what you're talking about. You don't even belong here. You belong in a lunatic asylum."

"I do belong here," said Drake quietly. "We both belong here."

Lessie's long eyes narrowed and her face hardened.

"That's right," she said, her moment of banter passed, "cast it up to me that I started from here." She threw out one supple arm in a sudden wide gesture. "Look around you!" she cried. "Look at this parasol," giving the wreckage a kick. "Look at my brute of a father when you see him, and then look at your own beastly face in the glass, and remember as long as you live that Lessie Mattis was through with all kinds of dirt and her own name at seventeen. Bah!"

She made a triple snap of her fingers under his nose, turned and started toward the automobile, which had come around the cliff and

(Continued on Page 105)

A Career is Born

IN A thousand homes to-night a familiar scene will be enacted—a scene simple in its setting, yet dramatic in its enduring significance. For it will witness the birth of a career.

A young man, possibly feeling for the first time the serious responsibilities of home and family, is face to face with the fact that the income from his daily work is not adequate to his needs.

Ambitious to get ahead, yet realizing his own limitations—knowing the need of special training, yet wondering where to get it—half decided on a career, yet none too sure that even his half-choice is best for him—he has hesitated between decision and indecision, hope and discouragement.

Then comes the suggestion of an opportunity that may well make this moment of desire and indecision the most important moment of his life. That suggestion may come through a familiar advertisement, or through the counsel of a friend. But however the interest may be prompted, it brings to him a man qualified by experience to consider his circumstances and to meet his need—the representative in that community of the International Correspondence Schools.

In the quiet of the young man's own home they talk over his problems and his dreams. And out of that talk comes decision—the fire of ambition is rekindled—special training is provided that will develop his natural talent—a career is born.

Yes, to-night—and every night—in a thousand communities throughout the United States and Canada, these representatives are rendering this same service. They have possibly done more than any other single group to carry the benefit of special training to men and women who could not get it in any other way.

And once they have set ambition resolutely upon the road to a chosen accomplishment, they return again and again to encourage and inspire. In every field of business and industry there are men in positions of leadership who will tell you that they owe their success in no small measure to the friendly help and sustained encouragement of a representative of the International Correspondence Schools.

These men have been selected and trained with a serious regard for the importance of the work they are to do. It is natural, therefore, that in his own community the I. C. S. representative is looked upon as a substantial business man making a valuable contribution to the welfare of those he serves.

Five of these representatives have been associated with the International Correspondence Schools for nearly 30 years, 12 of them for more than 20 years, 50 for more than 10 years, and 164 for more than 5 years. Such a record is striking evidence of the character and stability of the men and of the institution they represent.

By the very nature of his work the I. C. S. representative is equipped to intelligently assist men and women in choosing a career. He is the registrar of an educational institution with 304 courses covering almost every technical subject and practically every branch of business. His greatest desire is to help the prospective student in selecting a course of study which will prepare him for the position he wants in the work he likes best, and lead him most directly to advancement and increased earnings.

He is himself a specialist. He offers advice and judgment based on his service to many men in many circumstances. He is familiar with the needs of industry. He has the co-operation and the confidence of many employers. He comes primarily to serve, and he brings a medium of training available for spare-time study in the home that will develop natural talents, whatever their trend, and help the student most speedily to achieve a satisfying career in business and in life.

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See Biflex at the New York and Chicago Automobile Shows

"Protection with Distinction"

(Continued from Page 102)

was waiting at some distance on the road that ran past the homestead. While she spoke a flush had mounted from Drake's neck to his face, almost obliterating the red mark of her slap. He gulped and tried to speak.

"Lessie!" he called at last. "Wait!"

Without looking around, she threw one hand up above her head, the fingers slanted backward in a gesture eloquent of conclusion and denial. Drake, as if petrified, followed her only with his eyes. The free movement of her body added to his intoxication. No one, looking upon her with attention, would have called her a large woman; but she was nobly proportioned, with a breadth of shoulder, a depth of bosom and a length of limb which seemed the outward symbols of a fundamental generosity.

He did not stop to give a name to what had overcome him; he only knew that as far as he was concerned the great die of life had been irrevocably cast. This woman or none other. He watched until she entered the waiting car and saw it start. Then, turning, he started for the house at a run.

Colter, mopping his cheek, followed more slowly, his face still wearing the look of childish amazement induced by Drake's unexpected blow; but oddly superimposed upon it was a puzzled frown. Reaching the stables, he found Tom hastily hitching up a rig with nervously trembling fingers.

"What's come over Drake, Bob?" called the old man.

"I don't know," replied Colter.

He went into the house in search of Drake and found him in his room, packing a large bag with haste aided by method. All the drawers of the dresser had been pulled to the floor in a semicircle. On the bed were suits, ties, shoes, a light overcoat and an extra hat. Drake's face looked as though he were in a trance, but his fingers and hands moved with incredible rapidity, picking out six of this and a dozen of that, sorting clothes and ties, choosing one article, discarding another, until he had gathered in a single large heap all the objects which he purposed taking with him.

"Drake," asked Colter, "what are you doing? Where do you think you are going?"

"I don't know. Don't bother me, Bob. I haven't time just yet even to tell you I'm sorry. If your face doesn't hurt too much pack those things into the bag while I wash and change my clothes. You'd better go into town with me to have your cheek plastered."

Half an hour later they left Rattling Run Fields at a furious pace, the buggy caroming from one rut to another along the rough going of the private road. When they reached the smooth surface of the highway Drake longed for the speed of a motor car for the first time in his life. Nevertheless, they covered half the distance to town before he spoke.

"Bob, I've got time now. I'm sorry about your cheek. I mean, I'm sorry I had to do it."

"Oh, that's all right, Drake," replied Colter. "I suppose I'll never get over my habit of sitting on your log at the wrong time."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Drake, half absently.

"Nothing, nothing at all—to you. But let that go. I'll forgive you the blow if you'll only tell me what you think you're doing and where you're going. This isn't butting into your business again. Believe it or not, I'd like to help you if you'll let me."

"I have told you the truth," said Drake quite gravely. "I don't know where I'm going or what I'm going to do." His lips closed tightly, and then opened to add, "But I'll know when I get there."

At the station he had no time to lose. He turned over the horse to Colter, dragged his bag from the back of the buggy and started straight for the train without stopping to purchase a ticket.

"Drake," said Colter loudly, delivering a parting shot, "I believe you don't even know who she is. She isn't known as Lessie where you're going."

He called out a name which lately had become familiar to the theatergoers of the metropolis with that suddenness which makes the star of an hour seem to have belonged to all time. Drake paused in his stride and half turned around. Two belated travelers, in spite of their haste, threw up their heads and smiled. One of them, an elderly man, laughed good-naturedly:

"Go to it, kid! But you're flying high."

No sooner had Drake gained the platform than the train started, but before it had reached the first station he had ascertained that his surmise was correct and that Lessie was on board. He placed himself at the back of the car in which she sat and sank low in the seat so that she would not notice him if she chanced to glance around.

XXXVI

JUST as each arriving moment, for the length of its insignificant existence, is a culmination of eternity, so is life a distillation, drunk blindly, of all that has gone before. Thus is it made evident that while Drake stared out of the car window with aching eyes and brain, asking over and over again what had happened inside of himself, the gods could look on and laugh, remembering Vic Teller and her electric blood. Here was irony on a broad scale—Tryer's daughter and Eunice's son joined in battle; and that no less incongruous couple, Jimmy and Io, left behind to linger in the gloom of the gumberries.

Strange, hazy summer; drowsy, yet importunate; to Io Sherborne, so full and withal so empty. Drake gone from Rattling Run Fields. Jimmy forever at hand. Bob Colter, more solitary than ever after his extraordinary half revealment, wandering around in shirt and flannel trousers, here today, away tomorrow, like a white ghost with irregular habits, haunting the outskirts of her consciousness. She watched him out of the corner of her eye, not ready to see him fully, and he seemed to know it.

Boys and men began to take on form as differing in substance as well as in outline. She perceived Tryer Mattis, stalking up and down through the land, eyes now perpetually round with staring at an accomplished vision. He had added unto himself a new nickname—they called him the cement king of South Jersey. Strange individual, pompous and harmless, whose touch as a child she could never abide. She wondered why.

How different was his urbane partner, the judge, grown wealthier than his ambition or his dreams, benevolent to all with whom he came in contact, a pillar of the church and in the state, a sort of deep reservoir of strength. He was a silent and contented man, occupied and preoccupied, but never too absorbed to give her a kindly understanding glance. She loved him deeply, and yet with an affection quite different from the love she accorded her mother. That was another thing to ponder over, for the relations between Io and Eunice had come to a peculiar impasse. They cast fond, puzzled looks at each other over a wall, one woman looking at another.

It requires a wider vision, however, than that of Io to perceive Eunice at the close of the most somnolent and perhaps the happiest period of her existence. Let us choose a moment at church when she sits with William Alder, Jr., trapped in a corner, Io at her right, and the judge exercising the male prerogative of the seat on the aisle. Her expression is not that of one who is engaged in a perfunctory duty, even though it lacks the concentration of the ardent and unquestioning believer.

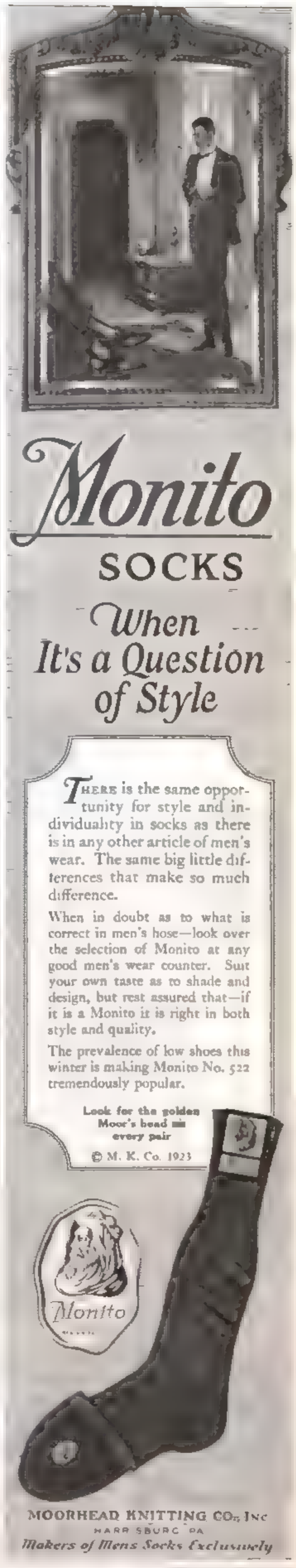
Her face seems rather to mirror a profound peace born of the understanding that controversy is among the most negligible factors of existence, and that all the varied sources of eternal life spring from outside the limits of the inquiring cynicism of the world's Abraham Tellers, however intrinsically lovable the skeptic may be in moments of aberration from the sturdy philosophy of doubt.

She had grown almost subconsciously to feel that church was worth while to the spirit; she knew it irrespective of whys and wherefores in the realization that an act of worship is essentially indefinable, bounded by neither walls nor creeds. Even so, gazing at her trim figure in its setting of the variegated yet dominant personalities of her family, one felt no need to abjure Vic Teller as the antecedent of this quiescent woman. Something vibrant within her, as within all those with whom she came in contact, still marked the division between the quick and the dead, drew and satisfied the eye.

Sitting erect in the pew, Eunice was not intent on the preacher or his sermon, but on preparing herself to abandon the idea of peace as an end in itself. She was thinking that William Alder, Jr., had been and still was a source of illimitable comfort owing to his understandable simplicity, and that when she turned from the open book of her younger son to meet the mystery in her daughter's gaze, pellucid and yet unfathomable, the violence of the contrast filled her with dismay. She had begun to ask, not what was Io thinking, but how did she think?

One evening she came in from a

"I Could Tell You," He Said Recklessly, "Something You Did Once Which You Will Never Remember and I Shall Never Forget"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chance encounter with Tryer Mattis, her face white and her eyes flashing; but nevertheless a little frightened. She was up in arms, angry, angrier than she remembered ever being before. She stepped into the library and glanced at the judge, but did not speak to him. She entered the loneliness of the cool drawing-room and stood for a while in thought; then she went upstairs to her own sitting room and sent for Io.

"Io," she said, "sit down. I want to have a talk with you. I met Mr. Mattis on the street a while ago. He stopped me. Would you like to know what he said?"

"Yes," answered Io, perched on the extreme edge of a chair.

"He said he was getting ready to give Jimmy the thrashing of his life for your sake."

"What did he mean?" asked Io.

She felt a catch in her breath and in the beating of her heart. Her mother seemed very near, lovable, beautiful; but like a picture which is tangible and yet remains in its essence intangible. Was it possible that all of us, each one of us, is imprisoned in a frame? Was her mother trying, as she herself was trying, to step for a moment down from her frame?

"I don't know, if you don't," replied Eunice, and waited.

How tell her? thought Io confusedly. How put into words feelings, thoughts, vague speculations which had no form even to oneself? Jimmy? What was Jimmy anyway? A hitching post, a car track, in rare moments perhaps a gondolier upon a sea of dreams? Almost; never quite. How tell that? What did he matter? There were things infinitely more important than Jimmy; things she herself would like to ask, if only she knew how. She began to feel awkward, empty, hopeless. A lump rose into her throat.

"Everything you ask," she murmured, "when you speak and even when you look at me these days, I have asked of myself over and over."

"Io!" exclaimed Eunice, throwing out her hand in an impulsive gesture of acceptance.

"Oh," cried Io, springing to her feet and intertwining her fingers, "I wish Drake were here! I wish he had not gone away!"

Eunice's eyes contracted suddenly as if something within her winced.

"Why, dear? Why do you wish for Drake just now?"

"I don't know," replied Io; "but I do, with all my heart. Bob Colter says not to worry—that he's only traveling. Why should he travel? Five weeks! More than a month away from Rattling Run Fields—and in summer! Do you remember when he ran away from school and left me behind? Do you?"

"I'll never forget it," replied Eunice.

Her eyes widened and turned soft as if she abandoned deliberately all thought of further inquisition.

"Well, he's done it again," said Io over the lump in her throat. "He's gone away and left me behind. Mother, may I go now, please?"

"Yes, dear," said Eunice, half absently.

On the stairs Io met the judge.

"Jimmy's out front," he said

"I know," she murmured, not trusting herself to speak aloud.

He drew aside to let her pass, but stopped her as she came even with his eyes, one step above him.

"Are you going out with him?" he asked, fumbling with his fob as if his watch were in some way mixed with his thoughts.

"Yes," said Io. "It isn't very late."

A faint flush mounted to his cheeks and a sudden fire of allegiance lighted up his eyes.

"Io," he said, "you have the straightest figure and the straightest eyes I ever saw. Shouldn't wonder if you were the straightest little person in the world."

Without waiting to measure the effect of his words he hurried past her. She stood for a moment with the long fingers of one hand opened spiderlike against the wall. What had he meant? She went slowly down the remaining stairs and out to Jimmy.

"Where shall we go?" he asked.

"I don't care. Anywhere; but quickly."

"Not too quick. I got to stop for some calcium carbide."

"Nasty, smelly stuff," said Io. "Can't you do without it?"

"Sure; if you'll go for a canoe ride instead, I can."

"No; not the canoe," she decided promptly. "Go get the carbide. I'll wait. If I'm not out here when you come back it means I'm not going for a ride at all. Hurry!"

While he was gone she walked up and down the path between the horse block and the dignified portal of the house. Within her was a turmoil, not of weaknesses but of swirling forces which demanded intelligent arrangement. She was furious with herself at not having been able to say just this one thing to her mother: "I am full of things I don't know anything about; but since I'm not afraid, why should you be frightened? How can I tell you? How can I? Listen! If I could fly, everything would be all right. Does that mean anything? No? Well, there you are! It means everything!"

For no reason that she could fathom, a memory of the deep, controlled rumble of the cement works assailed her ears. When Jimmy came back she sprang in while the machine was still moving and told him to drive straight on.

Presently she said, "Go out to the plant. I've never seen it at night—only from far away, I mean. And I've never been over it since the day you took me. Do you remember?"

"Sure I remember. I wouldn't call it going over the plant, though. The old gyratory crusher was as far as ever you got. 'Member how you hung on and Tony Mazaro didn't dare pull you off or let you go?"

Io nodded her head.

"Yes, I remember."

"And then dad come along," continued Jimmy, "and said he'd hold you for a spell. The minute he put his hands on you, why you fought like a cat. Got away, too, and when I wanted to know what was the matter you just said he touched you. Remember?" He laughed.

She glanced at his snub-nosed profile curiously. As if he felt her eyes upon him, his face sobered and assumed an expression she knew well. He was going to ask her for the hundredth time to marry him. Well, let him. While he talked she settled back in the seat, narrowed her eyes, and set out deliberately upon an orgy of random thinking. Her mother, worrying, who never used to; the judge giving out riddles on the stairway; Jimmy laughing—what was there to laugh at? Oh, that she should ever have minded being touched. Was that it? Had he found it irresistibly amusing that she should ever have minded? Drake. "I wish—I wish with all my heart Drake were here." Tom—poor Tom—so old, but not so old as Alexander, because Alexander was dead. Tryer Mattis. He had come to the funeral too. No; not Alexander's funeral—her own father's. Tom and Tryer—they had both come that day. Tryer had brought his girl with him, just as old and as big as Drake—bigger, almost. She had refused to play, and her name was Lessie Mattis, the same Lessie who had run away. Tom had known her well.

Jimmy was saying, "Will you, Io? Will you marry me? Listen ——"

"Jimmy," she interrupted without compunction, "what's ever become of your sister Lessie?"

"Lessie!" he exclaimed, startled, and then asked, "What do you know about Lessie?"

"Nothing; only that she ran away. I was just wondering."

"She came back for a day four or five weeks ago," said Jimmy after a pause. "Wouldn't go to our house. Come out here to size up what she thought the old man ought to give her, I guess."

"Four or five weeks ago?" repeated Io absently. "Did she? And did you see her, Jimmy? What does she look like?"

Jimmy frowned.

"Well, it's like this," he said: "She ain't pretty exactly—you know she ain't pretty; but she makes you think she's one of the best-looking women you ever seen."

"You didn't think that out, Jimmy," declared Io promptly.

"No," admitted Jimmy. "Tom saw her drive by and he said all that and some more."

"Tom!" exclaimed Io. "Drive by where?"

"Why, Rattling Run Fields. Didn't I say she come out to get a line on how big the works was?"

"Five weeks ago," thought Io to herself. "Drake has been gone five weeks."

XXXVII

OVER ten years of operation had brought about a noticeable enlargement of the cement plant, as well as of the gaping hole in the side of the hill whence the rock was now being rived at the rate of something

(Continued on Page 108)

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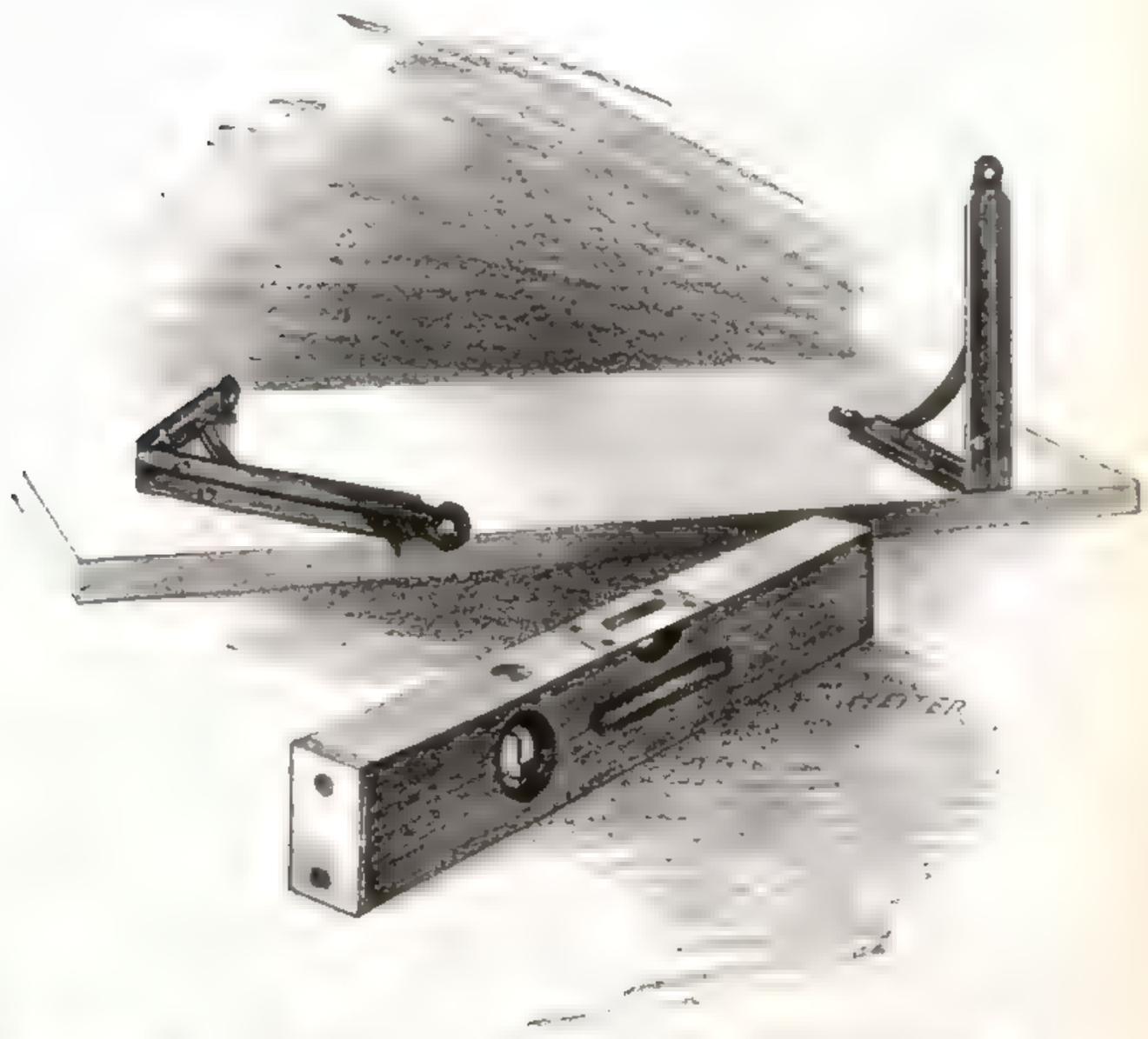

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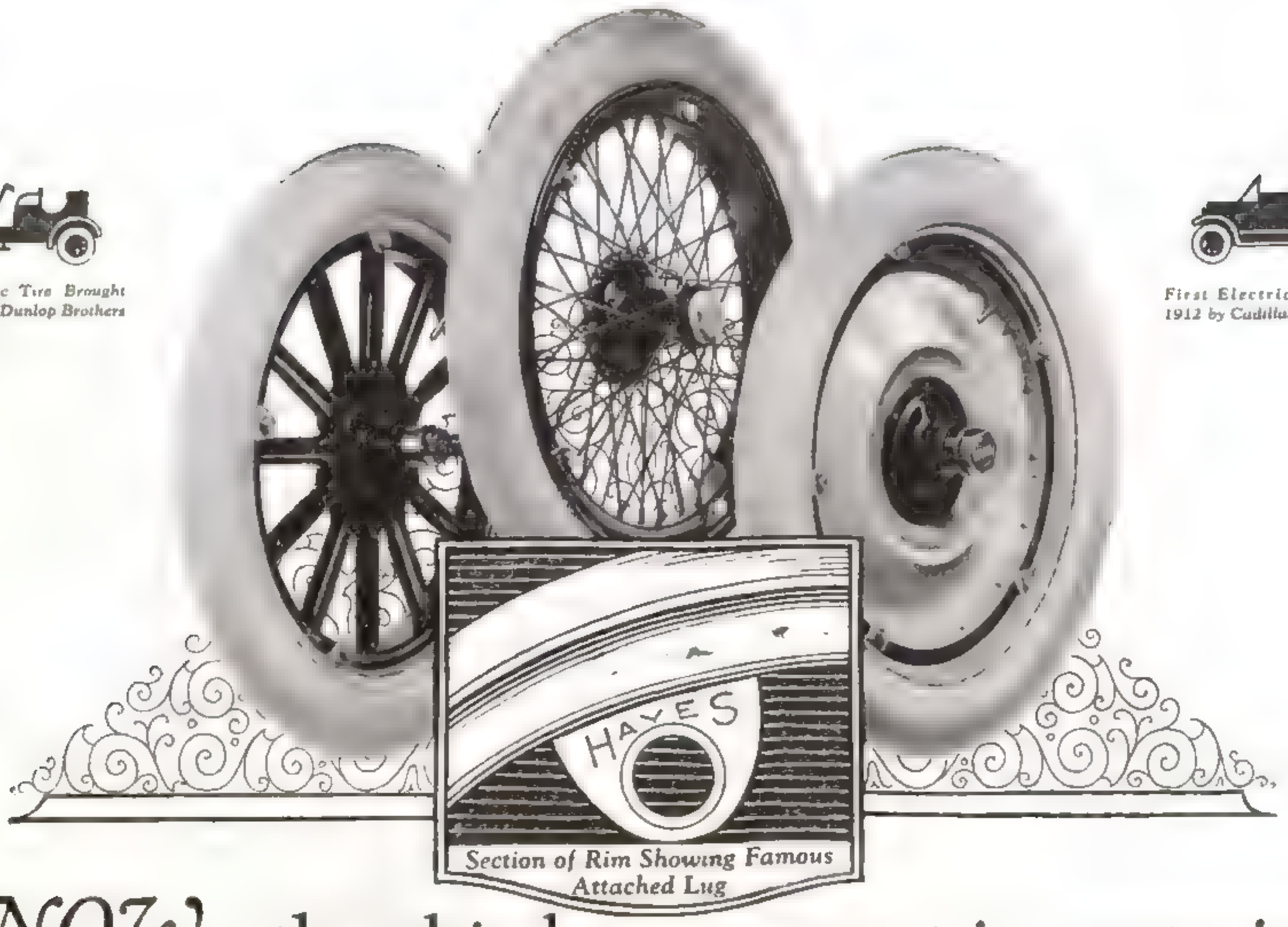

Section of Rim Showing Famous Attached Lug

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No longer are automotive wheels regarded under one general classification. Motorists have always one sure guide with which to distinguish an unusually superior product—it is the name "Hayes." Since the very earliest days of motoring this name has been inseparably associated with the very best to be obtained in automotive wheels.

Now, with the rich fund of experience gained in the manufacture of more than 30,000,000 motor wheels; with manufacturing facilities unexcelled; Hayes again demonstrates that vitalizing force which distinguishes the true leader, by offering a line of *standardized* motor wheels in wood, wire and disc.

Moreover, all Hayes wheels are possessed of certain features which in point of convenience and interchangeability herald an event of unparalleled importance.

The Hayes Attached-Lug-Rim, unlike any other, makes of each lug a driving member, instead of the usual practice of concentrating the strain at but one point in the circumference of the wheel. This distribution of strain means greater *safety*. When the Hayes Attached-Lug-Rim is drawn in place it is in perfect alignment.

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HAYES WHEELS

WITH ATTACHED LUG RIMS—STANDARDIZED IN WOOD, WIRE AND DISC

(Continued from Page 106)

over a quarter of a million tons a year. During the same period the power of a single blast had been increased to a hundred and fifty times that first explosion which had so disturbed Drake. Needless to say, the new works were erected much farther away from the quarry than the old, and also the face of the cliff had steadily receded until one looked across acres of splintered shale, level as a floor, and connected with the foot of the hoist by a fanlike system of tracks.

Io made Jimmy stop the car while she gazed at a scene quite familiar to her from the level of the pasture, but utterly strange when approached from below. Everything seemed now tremendously enlarged except the distant cliff itself, which appeared diminished, especially at that northeastern extremity where blasting had been early abandoned owing to a seepage from some buried spring which had given forth enough water to form a considerable pool. Rather than increase the flow so that it would inundate the quarry, requiring the installation of a pump, the center of activities had been moved to the south and west. All else seemed fantastically magnified, even the men, even the idea that for half her life save for the four weeks of the annual winter shutdown for repairs, and one only holiday, the Fourth of July, the devouring rumble of the mills had been going on night and day. Half her life! Night and day! Clatter and bang!

"Half your life! Night and day!"

There was a moon, and everything in sight was silvered with the white powder from the works. Jimmy insisted that she put on a dust coat and an old cap before he led her along the top of the new hoist to where a powerful roll crusher had supplanted the ancient gyratory one which she had found so entrancingly rapacious. There was still a rail facing the tipple, and over it she leaned as on that long-ago day, except that Jimmy's arm was around her now, holding her more closely though perhaps less safely than had Tony Mazaro's rough and reverential hands. What ages since she had seen Tony, she thought. Why didn't he come for a chat with Tom any more? It was she who had made them friends.

Passing along the covered way leading from the crusher to the huge milling shed, their feet sank to the ankles in dust so fine as to be almost impalpable. It was dark gray; it looked like city snow, only it sifted stingingly into their nostrils. Jimmy was trying to speak to her through the roar. She leaned toward him. Again he put his arm around her as if to steady her, holding her close, and shouted, "The dust doesn't hurt! Good for you! Never goes to lungs. Stops on way."

She nodded; they went on.

"Know what this is?" shouted Jimmy. "You don't remember the old ball mills. This here's a Goliath. Does—work—thirteen ball mills. We got three of 'em on the raw side alone, and that's the comminuter. Boosts—output—one-third."

"What do you mean by the raw side?" asked Io without shouting.

Her voice slipped between the key of the rumble and the pitch of the roar, making itself clearly heard.

"Before you cook the rock it's raw," shouted Jimmy; "but after it's been through the kills it's clinker. You have to grind the clinker same as you do the raw. Everything in the whole works divides on whether it's on the raw side or on the clinker side, see? Want to go down?"

He pointed to the battery of giant kilns below, six of them, each nine feet high and a hundred and forty long. She nodded. He climbed down the narrow iron steps and motioned to the fireman for his smoked glasses. The man handed them not to Jimmy, but to Io. She stooped down to look into the incandescence of the vast revolving furnace. How strange! The entering coal looked like crude oil, sprayed from a nozzle, so finely had it been powdered. Black, red—then white, instantly—white-hot.

"Three thousand degrees, miss, at the mouth of the kill," growled the fireman; "but a lot of the heat still goes up the stack. Too much—ye-ah. Some day some guy will figure out how to cut it down, and perhaps they'll give him a ten per cent raise."

She heard him perfectly, and liked him. She lingered; stayed until she felt her face would peel; then they went on.

"That's the last of the raw side," she heard Jimmy's voice say presently in the comparative quiet of a staging flanked on each side by conveyors.

The one on the right was carrying clinker to the tube mills. The burned rock looked like ashes, dark gray, cool; and then, as each bucket struck its tipple, there was a flash of garnet red, sudden, unexpected, vicious; cool gray on top, raging heat beneath.

More mills—tube mills—revolving, pulverizing. Where there had been eight on the raw side, there were twelve for the clinker. Everything was vast, everything incessant. So few men. One here, one there, like visitors paying calls. They came to call on the huge mills, but the mills had not time to bother with any man. They were ponderously continuous. They never stopped for anyone, night or day—only for Christmas and the Fourth of July.

"Look," said Jimmy, laying his hand on her arm, "that's where it goes into the coolers. See? Better let me go ahead now."

He led the way along a trestle, bringing her out on a high gangway which bifurcated the top of the stock house. It was ankle-deep in soft powder, but the powder was no longer gray—the gray of sooty snow. It was of the palest yellow, almost like ground amber. On either side of the gangway were huge square bins, forty feet deep and wide and long. One or two of them were empty, some were half full, others brimmed with the pale-yellow powder. That powder, fine as flour, was Portland cement of the Rattler Brand. Beneath the bins were shoots, and beneath the shoots were the new Baker packing machines.

Jimmy wished especially to show Io these machines in operation and watch her face when she saw that the bags were completely sewed and tied before they were filled from the bottom. Funny how few people knew that. He would explain it to her. He would show her how, just by a turn of the cloth, they made a valve in the lower corner which closed when the bag was packed full. But first he had another surprise for her. He knelt and thrust his hand into the rippled mass in the bin.

Looking up at Io over his shoulder he said, "Dare you."

"Dare me what?"

"Do what I'm doing. Put your hand in."

She did not hesitate, and in her haste thrust half her forearm into the cement, only to snatch it out. Tears of anger and pain filled her eyes. Her hand was scarlet. He pulled his own out hastily; it, too, was red, but not so red as hers.

"You went too deep, Io. This stuff's been here for a week, and it's as hot as that; but it doesn't really burn. Just grinding anything hard into powder makes it mighty hot. Come on down and see them fill the bags."

Turning, Io was in the lead going back along the gangway. She had scarcely heard what Jimmy said; she certainly had no intention of watching a machine fill bags. The hugeness of everything about her, the insignificance of herself and of the men who waited hand and foot on all this iron-jawed, stone-devouring Moloch of a mill, the very revenge taken on her slender arm by the soft finished powder and, above all, the incessant, unmodified roar—all these things made her feel a subtle exhilaration, a stirring up and confounding of her emotions, so that it became difficult to say what was safety and what danger. Was death, for instance, danger? Say one were ground into a hundred billion particles—what would become of danger then?

Suddenly a sense of well-being swept over her. Without being able to formulate her thought, she knew now why she had had the impulse to come to the works. Here were terrific forces which, were it in their power to run amuck, contained ghastly potentialities of destruction; and yet they destroyed only in an orderly manner, and to create. There was an abrupt reversal in the cry of her heart for Drake; now her longing was that, instead of Jimmy, her mother might be standing there with her—just the two of them; thinking together, saying nothing.

She smiled at herself and looked up to see lounging at the head of the gangway no other than Tony Mazaro. At the sight of him her smile deepened and her pace quickened; only suddenly to slacken. There was no answering smile on Mazaro's face. Save for his beady eyes, his whole expression seemed purposefully apathetic, intentionally inscrutable. In his eyes was a look of inquiry, profoundly eager; under complete subjection, however, to a stare of insolence. His pose was that of a man who debates how much of the right of way he will yield to the talk of the town.

XXXVIII

NEVER was gage more quickly taken up. With a single ripping movement Io tore off the borrowed dust coat and cap she wore. Nothing could have surpassed the effect of her instant transformation from something grotesque into the essence of grace and the spirit of dominance. As she came within a stride of Tony—a stunned, staring and confused Tony—she tossed him the discarded garments. One moment he had been a free man through the talisman of democracy, a great man of muscle and delegated authority, a veritable sledge hammer in the Rattling Run Cement Company's employ; the next he was a slave, a lackey, catching coat and cap, getting out of the way to let her pass, bowing, scraping, following.

Following Io in a simple frock of blue; Io, hatless, dark hair powdering swiftly to white, blue dress turning to silver beneath the invisible shower of the dust; Io, incomparably slight, threading high-headed through gigantic shapes with a mien that made him, Tony Mazaro, tremble lest she hold out her hand and command the huge mills to cease their rumble or call upon the heavens to fall

He caught up with her, groaning and stammering through the roar, "Please, Miss Io, what you want me to do with them? Give them Jimmy, eh?"

She paid no attention to him. Moving swiftly, she gradually distanced him, so that finally he gave up the chase and stood holding cap and duster, afraid to let them go, much as he had held Io in person over the crusher so many years ago.

Ah, these Americans! They were too much for him; he was not one of them, after all! Not yet! Fool! How had he dared look at her like that? Never would she speak to him again.

Escaped from the works, she did not go to the automobile, but toward the path around the quarry to the pasture. Her eyes were wide, the red flecks within them glowing. She moved so swiftly that Jimmy had to exert himself to keep up.

"Io," he panted, "let me brush you off, and you got to shake out your hair. If your dress gets wet with the dust on it, it will be spoiled for good. Just let me ——"

She came to a stop by a cedar, high up, at the edge of the quarry, put her back to it and looked down. Her hair and her dress were white, but she knew that her face was whiter still. She shook her skirt free of the dust, took down her hair and plowed her fingers through it; then she threw up her head. Now let Tony look up, or any man, or the whole roaring mill. What would they see? Her face, a white star against the smoky blackness of the cedar; she herself, all of her, a star, a point of silver in the gloom, æons, millions of miles away, higher, greater ——

Jimmy slipped off his coat and spread it beside the tree. He knelt on it and tugged at Io's skirts. She sank beside him, settling to earth with folded knees, supple as an ash, light as thistledown. He drew her back slowly to pillow her head against his arm. Thus she had permitted him to hold her before, the back of her neck in the crook of his elbow, herself face to face with the sky, never allowing him to bend over her, only to babble, sometimes refusing him even the poor solace of monologue. Tonight, instinctively, he strove to be impersonal.

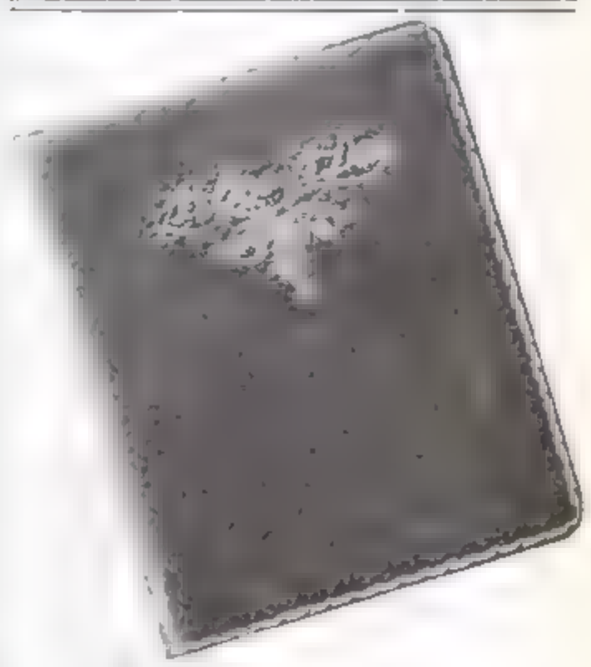
"They're all laughing at old Laning Pearson down to Alloway on account of selling Three Roads Farm to Bob Colter."

She did not move. Presently Jimmy went on:

"The old man took Bob, in his shirt and trousers, for a tramp trying to be funny. The more serious Bob got the doggeder was Lan, thinking it was a joke. The two of them kept on and on, trading and dickering and finally signing papers and things, the old man winking to his friends all day and laughing to himself all night."

Jimmy paused, giving Io a chance to stop him or urge him on; she did neither.

"Well," he continued listlessly, "I guess it was the only sale of its size ever took place in the county without mention of time or mortgage. Just a check for three hundred acres' worth of land with house thrown in, but no stock, and when old Pearson found that it was drawn on his own bank in Salem he laughed himself sick. He'd never seen or heard of a certified check afore he saw that one; but he knows

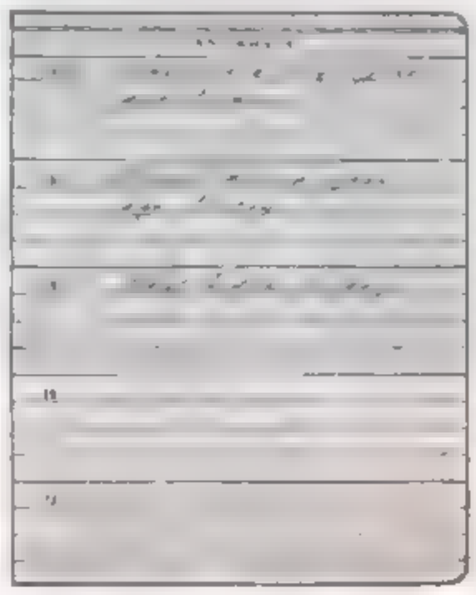


What did you do a year ago today?

NEW YEAR'S! Where was I a year ago today? What was I doing then? Am I happier now? Am I more successful? Two years ago. . . . Fancy goes groping back to things that were, trying to recall the vividness of days that are fading in memory; wishing for just one definite fact out of the past—one little touchstone—magically to bring back all the rest—to bring back a past day clearly, vividly, just as if it were now!

Exactly! That is one of the things an "A-Line-A-Day" Book does.

Specimen page



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now what it is. He took to bed with wondering how much more he could of got, and tomorrow they're moving him to the hospital."

Did Io hear? She gave no sign. What had she made of him, Jimmy Mattis? The stolid pedestal to her sundial? The wooden frame upon which to weave the warp and woof of her fancy? The pillow of her enchanted dreams? Almost a gondolier? The magic carpet of her journeys to and fro amid the worlds? A doormat upon which to wipe her returning feet? Was that all he was to her as she lay, relaxed and floating, in his aching yet ecstatic arms? Well, what of it? Was not that little much? These were not Jimmy's thoughts; nevertheless, he had the intuition to sense a difference tonight—the difference of a great loss subtracted from nothing. For tonight she did not relax, nor did she float. She was less than indifferent; she was inimical.

She put her fingers over her eyes and pressed them there. Myrtle Manor. Jennie. Her own mother. The judge. Tony. Jimmy. Nearthings—toonear; youcouldn't shut them out. Still keeping her eyes tightly closed, she threw out her arms. Her head fell back, making a bow of the column of her throat. She stirred, moved; her body quivered from head to heel. It was too much for such human flesh as Jimmy's to bear. Where was she gone? What flight held her? How bring her back? He leaned over and kissed her throat.

He never remembered how she gained her feet, so suddenly had she become erect before him, standing like an intaglio cut within the blackness of the tree. She was quiet, apparently not at all angry.

She looked at him calmly as she said, "Go home, Jimmy. Stop to tell mother I'm at Rattling Run Fields. And Jimmy, listen! Don't ever come back!"

xxxix

HE DID not leave her; she left him, though he stumbled after her with one hand out, almost blubbering, round-eyed, staring. She crossed the full length of the pasture, climbed lightly up the fence, stood upon its top rail, threw out her arms and leaped. Just so had Lessie Mattis climbed that fence with the aid of Drake's hands; just so had she leaped. How wide would Io's eyes have opened did scenes leave behind them pictures in the grass! What would her troubled soul have said if she could have witnessed under the drifting moonlight the reconstruction of Drake's unpardonable assault?

Without even a backward glance to see whether Jimmy was following, she ran along the path which first bordered the wood, then dipped into it, issued presently to cross the orchard, and finally debouched on the growing seclusion of what had been the back yard of Rattling Run Fields. Here, where once had been baked clay, scattered chicken coops, warped lean-to, weathered outhouses and gnarled trees, were the same gnarled trees, only springing from a mat of freshly mowed lawn. Trim bushes. A lusty privet hedge set within the little one of box. Slow-growing vines creeping hopefully up the face of new stone walls and, drifting from the west, the heavy, clinging odor of fig trees in full leaf.

She looked, expecting to find all Rattling Run Fields a dark bulk; but to her astonishment there was a light showing from the great living room. She flew to its rear door, which gave upon the back garden, knocked lightly, waited, and then beat upon it with her fist. No one came. She went back to the garden, stood on tiptoe and glanced through the window. Drake was sitting at his desk, eyes wide open and fixed before him, lips parted; face thin, gaunt, almost emaciated.

"Drake!" called Io, and then more loudly, "Drake!"

He did not move. She went around to the front and began to throw clots of earth at old Tom's open window, arousing him at last. He came stumbling and grumbling down the stairs to open the kitchen door.

"What's this now?" he said. "What's this, I say?"

She paid no attention to him, brushed by, passed through the ancient parlor and into Drake's presence. Guided by a profound instinct, she threw herself upon him, flung her arms around his neck and embedded her face against his shoulder.

"Oh, Drake, you've come back! Hold me! How could you go away? How could you?"

Thus aroused from his trance, he took her on his knees, rocked her, petted her. What was it his mother had said? "Drake, go up to your room; don't come down until you have made Io laugh." How tiny she had been and still was, and yet how completely formed. Io grown! Io a woman!

Still holding her in his arms, he arose, carried her to her own room, laid her on the bed and tried to leave her. Her arms tightened about his neck; he knelt; presently he sank to one side, sitting on his hip, holding her hands until she slept.

In the morning came Eunice, frightened.

"Drake! You here! Where's Io? What's happened to her?"

Io, curled up in the end of the enormous couch of the living room called, "Here I am, mother. What is it?"

"Oh!" breathed Eunice, sinking into a chair. "That Jimmy Mattis! Why couldn't he have said Drake was here?"

"He didn't know," said Io.

Eunice clasped her hands tightly and looked at one and then the other of her children with puzzled eyes.

"Io——" She stopped and turned toward Drake. "I can't tell you what I've gone through with Io this summer. Not she herself—not that, Drake. But what she does—what peoplesay. Miss Drewwouldn't have taken her back at Myrtle Manor, and now—last night—Jimmy Mattis, coming at two o'clock in the morning like a madman, waking the servants, the judge, everybody; insisting on seeing me——"

She stopped and forced her lips to smile; but they twitched straight in spite of her, and a frightened look crept into her eyes. To herself she repeated monotonously, "If you only love enough, everything is all right—always. Io," she went on aloud, "can't you understand? I'm your mother—your own mother. You can tell me anything in the world. Nothing can stop my love for you—nothing. I mean it. You come to Drake, but never to me. I mean—not like this. Do you think he loves you more than I—more broadly, I mean? Try me! See if I don't understand too. Don't hold back! Please! Tell me!"

"Tell what?" asked Io, white of cheek, her eyes wide.

"What happened," said Eunice desperately. "Something must have happened. If you could have heard him—at two o'clock in the morning—shouting—shouting you'd never see him again—two o'clock! Why, where were you all that time? What were you doing?"

"In the works—roll crusher—Goliath mills——" began Io, and ceased.

Amid the thunder of the works she could have told; here, in the quiet room, how futile were her meaningless words. She looked wilted, like a bent reed; there was no longer any fire in her eyes or strength in the fullness of her lips; she even hung her head.

"Nothing at all has happened; nothing ever happens," she murmured. "I'm just through with Jimmy, because—well, because he called me back. He's always calling me back."

"Back?" asked Eunice. "Back from where?"

What language was this? Had she once talked it herself?

Io turned her head slowly and looked at Drake. He arose, came forward, knelt and slipped an arm around her.

"Mother," he said, "Io's all right. What business is it of ours where she goes? How do you know but what Jimmy dragged her back from making the rounds of a million stars? To the devil with Miss Drew and what she thinks! Send Nora out here to look after Io and to cook. I'm tired, anyway, of all the things Tom knows how to make. And by the way, if it comforts you any to know it, Io was in her own bed and asleep by eleven o'clock." His smile deepened as he looked steadily at his mother. "Try it, won't you?" he pleaded. "Just let Rattling Run Fields have an innings all by itself. Will you?"

Eunice sat for a moment in silence, regarding her two children, who looked back with a soft quality in their gaze which seemed gradually to envelop her in a nameless warmth. She remembered that day and hour when, elated and happily victorious, holding them each by a hand, she had taken a single symbolic step forward. She had possessed them at that moment in a nobler sense than ever before or since—until now. Now she possessed them again. Knowing it, she smiled on them with no rebellious twitching of her lips

"You two!" she murmured. "Have it your own way. Since there's nothing the

matter with either of you, it must be with me, and some day I'll see it."

"No!" they cried in unison, half rising, but she stopped them with a gesture.

She went outside, but did not immediately join the judge, who was driving a restive successor to Gypsy mincingly up and down the road. She waved to him, a little movement of one hand which said among other things, "Everything is all right, Will. Don't hurry. Leave me alone for a moment."

She walked slowly down the steps and to the corner of the house. There she paused. How worn Drake had looked, drained, nothing left but bone and sinew. Not a word as to where he himself had been, or why. What had happened to him? Never mind; some day she would know that too. The important thing was that he had come back. She looked all about her deliberately, and drew a quivering breath at what her awakened eyes beheld.

All of Rattling Run Fields seemed to have emerged from a century of niggardliness into a burst of fruitful liberality. Whether from the quaking of the earth produced by the gigantic blasts or from the disintegration after many years of the marl hauled by Warner Sherborne or from the intensive tilling aided by overhead irrigation introduced by Drake, or perhaps from the sum of all these causes, the hard face of the farm had changed more than its forbidding expression, defying memory to recall its sterile and malicious past. Here, as far as the eye could reach, was a translucent tenderness found only in the texture of living and growing things.

Eunice's eyes opened wide with inner amazement at the fantastic vision which suddenly beset her—a vision of herself, of anyone, lying down to press face against the ground. Still gropingly, but with a definite reaching forth of the spirit, she glimpsed the origin of the endearing phrase "Mother Earth" as springing from some such visualization as now confronted her of the life-giving breast of the soil, not in combat, but in alliance with all womankind.

XL

SOMETHING was preying on Drake's mind, gnawing it day and night; but whatever it was, he kept it to himself. After his mother, Tom; after Tom, the judge; after the judge, Colter, reluctantly, each in turn, gave him a chance to speak out; but he ignored all overtures. Bob was puzzled—more puzzled than the rest, even though he had more to go on than all the others together. What had happened? Had Lessie Mattis, in that world where she was not Lessie Mattis, turned him down? If he felt as badly about it as all this, why wasn't he going after her? Was it conceivable that Drake was a quitter? The answer to that last question was at hand; one had only to look out of the window at his all-conquering handiwork.

But if something preyed on Drake's mind in spite of his entrancing absorption with his hedges, plants and trees, what of Io? Behold her, one slumberous, startled morning, fleeing through the wood with a darting flash of gray wings, rushing up to Bob, seizing both his wrists, casting a glance backward over her shoulder to where Jimmy comes lumbering along, hat off, mopping the sweat from his brow. Io, shaking Bob's wrists: "Please, Bob, make him understand. He must keep his feet off Rattling Run Fields or I'll lock myself in my room and throw the key away. I'll get a dog—a dozen dogs ——"

"Hush, Io, now! Quietly! Go anywhere you please, and he'll not bother you again. Don't give it another thought. Do you understand? Don't worry. Just leave it to me."

"Thank you, Bob."

She gave him just such a smile as had subjugated Tom Bodley a dozen years before. Bob felt something bulge within him, but laid the phenomenon to pity for the unusual emptied pallor of her face and the nervous twitching of her lower lip. He watched her go; then dealt wisely and effectively with Jimmy Mattis, persuading him that his method would gain him nothing.

But for the rest of that day Robert Colter, who prided himself on looking upon all worlds, all tribulations, all vicissitudes of emotion and fortune from without, found himself subtly entangled within a web. Its mesh was unfelt, unseen, yet as present as a surrounding mist; so that he trembled when, late that afternoon, as he lay with his back against a hummock and his head caught in his hands, he saw Io coming toward him, not by chance but by intent. She stood for an instant directly before him, and what the judge had seen he also perceived—that she was an arrow incarnate, direct symbol of ambition and a goal, subject only to the Master Archer's hand.

"Hello, Io," he said, making no move to rise.

"'Lo," she replied shortly, without interest in formalities; then her face became alive and intent; yet apart from him, from Robert Colter, the individual. Of him as a person, as of her own body, she seemed totally unconscious. She sank cross-legged before him.

"Bob," she began with an uncertain smile in her eyes, "what is the answer to this? I'm Io. I get up, I do this, I do that; the day begins, the day goes on, the day grows old and dies. It's gone. I say, 'Good-by, day.' But I'm still Io just the same, am I not?"

"Go on," said Colter.

"One day you smile," she continued more gravely, "and people love you. They don't say so, but you just feel it. Then, while you are exactly the same you, a day comes when you smile and all of a sudden you know here"—laying her hand on her breast—"that they don't love you any more, not in the same way. What is that, Bob. Am I somebody else?"

"Go on," said Colter, drawing himself up to sit erect, his arms wrapped around his knees, his eyes fixed on her face. "Go on. I'll tell you when I know."

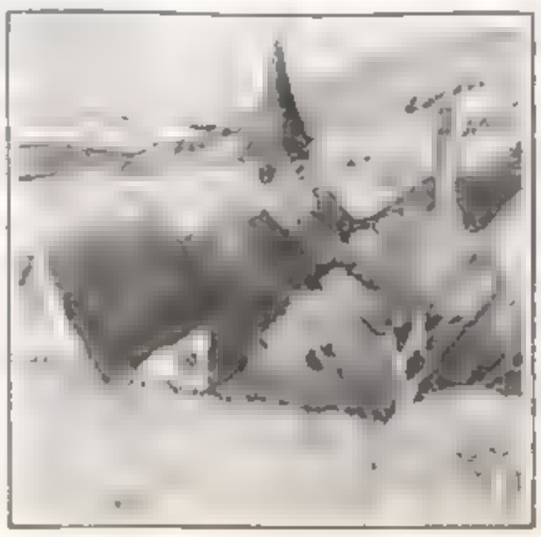
"Mother says 'Danger!' like that, with a big D," continued Io, frowning and trying to smile at the same time. "You meet the judge on the stairs, and he stops and fumbles with his watch, then he turns red and mumbles 'Straight figure, straight eye, straightest little person in the world!' But somehow it doesn't make you happy; it makes you choke. Then I got into Jimmy's car. When he asked where to go I told him the works." She threw out her hand toward the quarry. "Down there," she continued. "I wanted something tremendous in my eyes. Do you understand wanting a funny thing like that? Something big, inside my eyes, so I couldn't see anything else but just that big thing. We went into the works and there I found it. Everything prodigious; everything rumbling and roaring. You know. You can hear it down there now. Only bigger, nearer, a thousand times; then ——

"Listen, Bob." She held out her two hands, closed tightly into fists, white across the knuckles. "Everything terribly wicked, terribly powerful, but held in its place like that! Yes! Like that! I loved to breathe the dust. I loved to hear the roar. I loved the great grumbling mills; and then I turned, and there was Tony."

She relaxed her hands and threw back her head.

"You know Tony. You think you do, Bob, but not this Tony, looking like a dog that's made up his mind not to get out of the way. Well, I took off the coat and cap I had on, and walked at him; through him; I made him carry them as if he were a servant.

"So!" She motioned Tony out of sight and out of mind with a backward thrust of her hand. "Then we came out of the mill and climbed up here, into this pasture. I sat on Jimmy's coat, against his knees, my head thrown back in the crook of his arm, like many a time before, not looking at him, just looking up, tired—tired of asking 'Why? What is it? Why?' Do you see? Just looking up, floating, going away, thinking that somehow I'd found an answer down there in the works, an answer to mother, to all of them, perhaps even to myself. Only I didn't quite yet know what."



She drew erect from the hips, straight as a quivering sapling, and placed her hands against her throat.

"Just then it occurred to Jimmy," she continued in a voice with a thread of steel running through it, "to kiss me here, on my throat. Who cares about lips? People take them as they take your hand. But here! Something turned over inside of me and said distinctly, 'You're not the same Io any more.' What do you think, Bob?"

"Now I can answer you," said Colter, his eyes smiling into hers. "I suppose every girl passes through the mill of herself, but never two of them along exactly the same path. If I were you, I'd stop worrying. Be just yourself. Remember only one thing and stick to it—that you are Io, the same Io, undying, eternal; in the meadow a milk-white heifer; in the skies the crescent moon. Never forget it."

"You mean it, Bob, don't you?"

"With all my heart."

She threw out her arms and let them fall; the frown cleared from her brows and her eyes sparkled.

"Let's look for it," she said, arising. "The baby moon, I mean."

She walked to the edge of the quarry and gazed over the gap at her feet toward the west into the paling heavens.

"Oh, it's there!" she cried. "It really is! How faint! It's like a white eyebrow fallen against the sky. I'd like to slap it—not hard—then blow, and make a wish."

Colter laughed, but his eyes were gravely intent on her straight figure, etched vividly like a spire against the void.

"Shall I dance for you, Bob, and for the moon?"

"No," he answered. "Don't move. Stay just as you are, and listen. I've simply got to quote something:

"As a young beech tree on the edge of a forest
Stands still in the evening,
Then shudders through all its leaves in the light air
And seems to fear the stars—
So are you still and so tremble."

"Lovely!" said Io over her shoulder. "Am I like ——" Her words ceased with an absolute suddenness, final as infinity.

"Jump!" cried Colter, seeing with horror what she had already felt. "Jump back—straight back!"

A tall spar of the rock upon which she stood, loosened by the seepage of the buried spring, leaned slowly outward, leaving a widening gap behind it. With her head twisted sharply on her shoulders, she saw that she was already too late. For an instant her eyes met Colter's.

"Bob," she gulped, "I fear no stars."

She faced the quarry, spread wide her arms and launched herself free of the toppling rock; floated, fell—like an arrow lying flat against the wind.

Even as he rushed at top speed along the edge of the cliff, Colter felt a surge of consuming admiration for the cool nerve which could see so quickly what to do and for the courage that could then do it. When the descending bank became too steep for him to run, he cast himself down, rolled sideways, relaxed all his muscles, and fell heavily down a short drop to the level of the quarry floor. Scratched and bruised, but with no bones broken, he scrambled to his feet and dashed back toward the base of the sheer wall of stone, never pausing until he reached the verge of the pool formed by the treacherous spring.

In its center was Io; just behind her, the fallen spar of rock broken in three sections. She was holding herself up on her arms, her chin just above the level of the water. Except that her head was slowly sinking forward, threatening to immerse her face, she did not move. He waded toward her with long, stumbling strides, seized her, and dragged her upright, but she could not stand.

"What's the matter?" she asked between chattering teeth. "What happened, Bob?"

"Lock your hands around my neck," he ordered, perceiving that her body was helpless from the waist down. She obeyed, and at the tightening of her arms, so purposeful and yet so pitifully light in their pressure, his heart began to thump with battering beats which were to remain forever unforgettable as marking the very pinnacle of all the combined emotions of affection. He had been entranced by her as a child, he had worshiped her girlhood whimsically from afar; but now, in this instant, he loved her overwhelmingly, and knew it.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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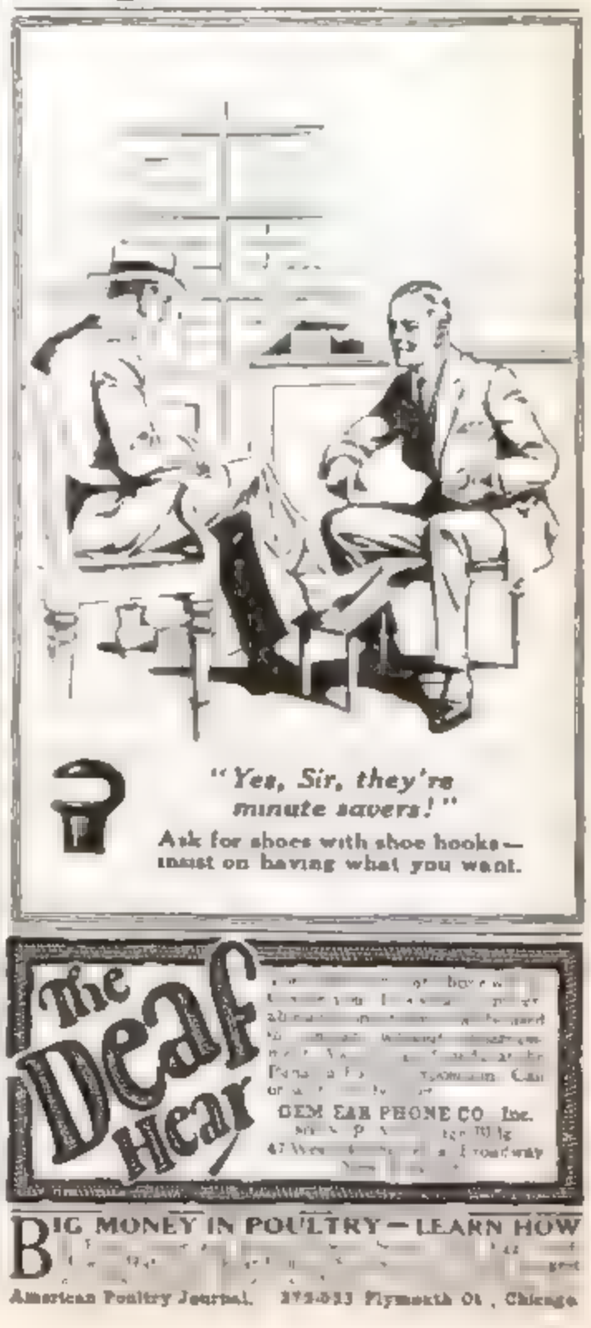

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The Chrysler

Chrysler Engineering Simplicity Produces Wonders in Motoring Results

The Chrysler Six is Walter P. Chrysler's recognition of the public need and demand for a new type of motor car.

More than three years ago he associated with himself a group of the industry's foremost engineers, including F. M. Zeder, O. R. Skelton and Carl Breer.

They now offer the public the result of their efforts—a car tested in more than two years of actual road service—The Chrysler Six.

In this day of general motor car satisfaction, it is a broad and bold statement to say that here is a new type of motor car.

Yet the Chrysler Six cannot adequately be described otherwise.

Touring Car

Chrysler engineers began without the handicap of existing models, existing plants, or existing machinery and tools.

They were given just one task—

The Ideal Car for the Majority of Drivers

To produce the ideal car for the majority of American owner-drivers, and build it of the very best of materials procurable.

We announce with confidence that you will find every ability and every quality you have long desired in a car for your personal use in The Chrysler Six.

Appearance never can be described adequately. And especially is this true of so different and so distinguished a car as the Chrysler.

Certainly there is no basis for comparison among American cars. You will sense in the Chrysler at once that difference which we are in the habit of describing as "foreign," or "French," or "European."

You will be instantly impressed with a perfect balance of proportion and blending of line. You will also feel that here is an exceptionally racy car; due largely to its low-to-the-ground design.

When you enter any one of the six beautiful models, a surprise awaits you.

The Chrysler is a compact car, but here is roominess that is amazing. Either in the driving seat or the tonneau, there is ample room for a six-foot man to sit and to stretch his legs in comfort.

When you know that the over-all length of the Touring Car is only 160 inches, you become conscious, in the Chrysler design, of an optical illusion of much greater length.

As you enter the car, that impression is multiplied tenfold by the extraordinary amount of room you find.

Here are the basic specifications and abilities which owner-requirements established as fundamental necessities in an ideal car:—

Speed over 70 miles an hour to insure rapid pick-up and ample pulling power.

Small, high-speed, perfectly balanced motor, for smoothness, steady pull at low speeds, and for gasoline and oil economy.

Utmost simplicity and accessibility to make essential care easy and inexpensive.

Plenty of room for five full-grown people—wide doors, deep seats and unskimped leg-room.

Road steadiness and the genuine comfort of heavy cars with really light weight.

Wheel base short enough to insure easy parking, but with balance of construction to give easy riding at high speeds over rutted roads or cobbled streets.

Driving convenience and ease to satisfy both the desires and the needs of women drivers.

Materials and manufacture just as fine and high quality as in the big, heavy and expensive cars.

Full equipment built into the car.

Beauty of that distinction heretofore possessed only by the finest European cars.

The Chrysler Six fulfills those requirements in every detail.

You are next impressed by the luxury and beauty of appointments. Here is a light car built of the same materials and with the same artistry as the very costliest cars.

Years of Intensive Study In the Chrysler Motor

Chrysler engineers have built on the principle that a small diamond is no less a diamond than a large one; and, if genuine, much less liable to have flaws.

The Chrysler is a perfect quality car—designed to fit a need, and built fine to satisfy a desire.

The Chrysler motor is, we believe, the most perfectly engineered power plant ever built for a motor car. It is the result of years of study of the thermo-dynamic principles of internal combustion power efficiency.

In every detail of design and construction the Chrysler motor has been built to satisfy the most exacting scientific requirements of those principles.

Its six cylinders of the L-head type are cast in one block with the crank case. There is a minimum of ½" clear water circulation space between each cylinder, and the casting is so designed as to insure no possibility of obstructed or constricted water passages. Each valve seat is completely surrounded by cooling water.

The Chrysler engine has a 3-inch bore and a 4¾-inch stroke, with a piston displacement of 201 cubic inches.

68 Horse Power From a Small-Bore Power Plant

Yet so perfectly is gas distributed to all of the six cylinders, and so completely is power utilized through the elimination of weight, the reduction of friction, and the perfect balance of all reciprocating parts, that this small power plant develops as high as 68 H. P. absolutely without vibration.

The result is a maximum speed well in excess of 70 miles an hour, with a gasoline economy safely above 20 miles per gallon.

Such astonishing results have been secured only through the very finest known construction.

The crankshaft, for example, is actually larger in the Chrysler than the crankshaft of many cars whose gross weight is approximately twice that of the Chrysler Six.

The Chrysler crankshaft is supported by seven large shimless bearings. Through drilled passages in the crankshaft, oil under pressure is carried directly to each of the bronze-backed, babbitt-lined main bearings.

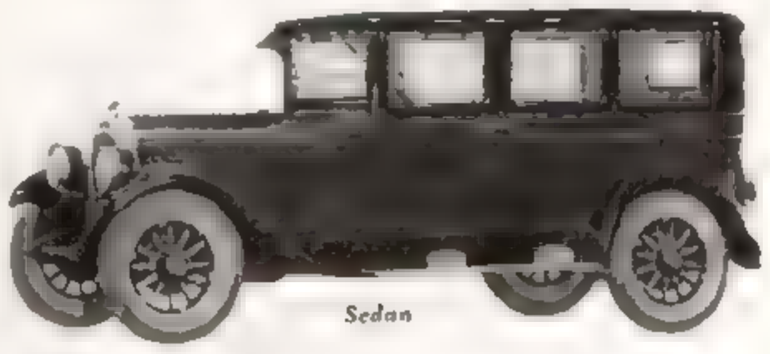
The result is that the crankshaft of the Chrysler car actually rests in its main bearings upon a film of oil—thus eliminating the greater part of the frictional power loss found even in the finest cars.

The extraordinary size of the crankshaft, combined with its seven-bearing support, totally eliminates crankshaft whip and vibration.

Two exceptional features of the Chrysler motor are the oil-filter and air-filter, both important factors in smooth operation, power development and long life.

A Far Higher Percentage of Useful Power

We assert without hesitation that no existing automobile motor delivers so high a percentage of generated power to the actual propulsion of the vehicle as does the Chrysler.



Sedan

The scientific application of a number of fundamental engineering principles contributes to this result.

In the first place, the extraordinarily large valves—1 7-16" diameter in the clear—are placed equally distant from the centers of the combustion chambers. Thus all the incoming charges of gas have precisely the same distance to travel from each intake valve to the center of each cylinder; and each discharge of burned gas has not only the same distance to travel from the combustion chamber to the valve, but is removed from the cylinder with the same speed that the explosion charge is injected.

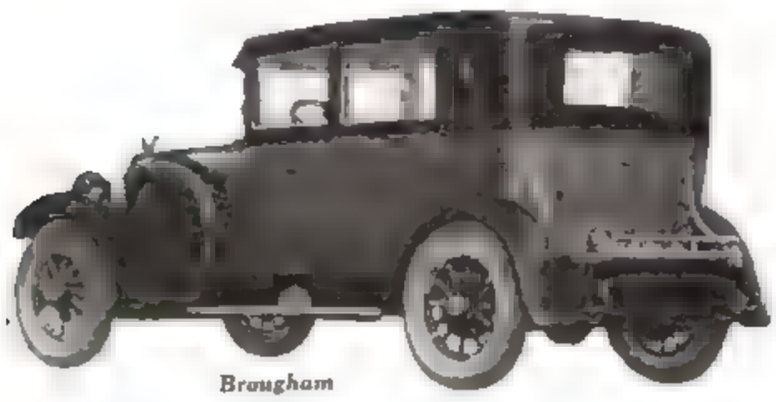
Six

CHRYSLER

On Exhibition at All of the Principal Automobile Shows

Here is an engineering feature that not one owner in 10,000 ever sees in a life-time of driving experience. Yet it is of vital importance in the accomplishment of an even power torque—which means steady pull at low speeds, rapid acceleration on high gear, and smooth high speed ability.

Full utilization of power is further assisted by the use of a specially developed combustion chamber, which insures the burning of *all* gas. This gives not only maximum power from a minimum of gas, but eliminates carbonization of cylinders and valves.



Brougham

Pistons are of aluminum alloy of the cylindrical slotted type—made proof against compression leaks by three rings above the piston pin.

Connecting rods are all drop forged, heat-treated, I-beam section, 10" in length. They are made of the finest steel and tapered to give greatest strength with lightest weight.

Actually Vibrationless at All Speeds

As a result, vibrationless power at all speeds is another notable feature. So perfect is the balance of reciprocating parts and so painstaking is the workmanship that the Chrysler motor is truly without vibration. A ride behind it will be a revelation of smoothness.

The connecting rod bearings, like the seven main crankshaft bearings, are 1⅞" in diameter, lined with babbitt, and bonded to the connecting rods. Drilled oil passages in the crankshaft carry oil under pressure to the shimless connecting rod bearings.

As in the case of the crankshaft, these bearings operate on a film of oil, thus eliminating the friction of metal to metal contact.

The lubrication throughout is equally efficient. A submerged gear type oil pump is spiral driven from the camshaft. This pump gives not only positive force feed through the drilled crankshaft to all main and connecting rod bearings, but it also forces oil through leads to all camshaft bearings and timing chain. Regulation of engine lubrication is checked by an oil pressure gauge on the instrument board and regulated by an accessible oil pressure regulator at the front of the engine.

The camshaft is of drop forged steel with specially designed integral cams, case-hardened and ground. The camshaft operates in four line-reamed cast iron bearings. The front bearing has a bronze-backed bushing.

The camshaft is driven by a silent chain with external adjustment.

Valve lifters are of the mushroom type with specially designed platforms, and operate in a continuous fog of oil.

The Chrysler motor is cooled by water, pump-driven through the extra large cylinder jackets and cellular type radiator. A four-blade fan of 16" diameter is driven from the water pump shaft.

The electrical supply for the starting and ignition systems is secured through the Remy 2-unit system. The charging rate of the generator is thermostatically controlled. Six volt, 105-ampere hour storage battery, with rubber separators between the plates, is used.

The Chrysler Six is equipped with the highest quality dry plate multiple disk clutch. The clutch pedal is adjustable for wear.

The transmission, which is built as a unit with the engine, is of the selective sliding type, with three speeds forward and reverse.

All gears are cut in the Chrysler plant, and are of heat-treated, 3½% nickel steel. You will be astonished at their quietness in first and second speed operation.

Regularly Equipped With Hydraulic 4 Wheel Brakes

All models of the Chrysler Six are regularly equipped with Chrysler Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes.

This is admitted by engineers to be the simplest, surest, and most easily operated four-wheel braking system known.

The hydraulic brakes used on the Chrysler Six are positively self equalizing—applying uniformly equal pressure to all wheels under all conditions. There are positively no points requiring lubrication.

In addition to four-wheel hydraulic service brakes, the Chrysler Six is equipped with an emergency hand brake acting on the main transmission shaft.

The superior engineering of the Chrysler is also evidenced in the tubular front axle, specially designed to take the torsion strains of front wheel braking.

This axle, which is actually stronger than an I-beam section under static load, positively resists the twisting distortion of front-wheel braking.

The rear axle is made in the Chrysler plant, and is of the semi-floating type with banjo housing of alloy steel.

Power is supplied to the wheels through a spiral bevel ring gear and pinion drive. Both front and rear axles are equipped with Timken bearings.

The steering gear is semi-irreversible, with a 17-inch steering wheel.

The tie rod joints are of the ball type. Steering spindles are mounted on ball bearings, a construction previously characteristic of only the highest priced cars.

King pins are inclined to turn on an axis which passes through the exact traction center of the toed-in wheels.

The result of this design is a pivotal action which gives the easiest possible steering. Practically no pressure has to be applied to the steering wheel in driving the Chrysler car around the sharpest turn.

This extraordinary feature of easy steering is supplemented by a new design of spring construction.

A New Method of Mounting the Springs

The springs of the Chrysler Six are, first of all, made of leaves of thin chrome vanadium steel. This construction is used to eliminate rigid jolts and bouncing in the air.

All springs are equipped with snubbers to care for extraordinary rebounds.

Even more important is the location of the springs.

In ordinary construction, springs are mounted on the axle parallel to the frame and close to it. The result is a sickening side sway.

Chrysler springs, on the other hand, are mounted parallel to the wheels, and close to the hubs. Side sway is eliminated.

It is an actual fact that the Chrysler Six can be driven around turns at speeds in excess of 50 miles per hour.

Road stability and riding solidity have been combined in a frame of channel section steel whose side members are 6" deep. Front and rear frame cross members are of tubular-section steel, eliminating frame weaving and distortion.

The result of these new engineering features is that the Chrysler Six—which weighs only 2650 pounds, ready for the road—can be driven at 60 miles an hour and upwards, over rutted roads or cobblestone pavements, with greater comfort than the average 4000 pound car.

Chrysler ease of riding is further accentuated by the use of 4½" tires.

Cord tires of this extra large section eliminate the effects of ordinary road jolts, and in addition, insure extraordinary mileage.

In detail of finish and equipment, the Chrysler Six could not be made better.

We ask you to note the handsome and efficient design of the instrument board—speedometer, ammeter, ignition and light switch, motor temperature indicator (radiometer), gasoline gauge, and oil pressure gauge are all compactly located in clear view of the driver.

Lamps Are Controlled by the Horn Button

At the top of the steering column are located not only the handsomely designed control of spark and throttle, and horn button, but also the dimming adjustment of the headlights.

Roadster

To regulate the Chrysler lights for parking, city driving, and open road driving, it is necessary only to turn the horn button to the right—thus eliminating all of the inconvenience and danger of taking the hands from the steering wheel to reach for a light control on the dash.

Note, too, that all models are equipped with rear-view mirror, windshield wiper, stop light, and a positive-action transmission lock.

Seat and back cushions, upholstery materials, interior metal ware, are of the finest quality procurable.

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UNWRITTEN HISTORY

(Continued from Page 17)

It was after I had written the first chapter of the novel with which I hoped to pay a halfpenny in the pound that I went out to the garden to stretch my legs. With a keen appreciation of what I imagined must have been the aching back of Atlas, I wandered round to the front of the house and leaned a little heavily on the gate. Under the long and lovely twilight of an English evening I could see the village green. To the soft anthems of a choir of countless birds three elderly horses fed, their day's work done. A bevy of boys played cricket in the fading light, with shrill shouts. One after another a party of crows flapped heavily homeward, very black against a cloudless sky. The chimney of a brewery shot out from among the roofs of cottages that straggled round the borders of the green. Oil lamps flickered in the windows of a shop or two and above the doors of three inns. A company of sturdy field girls stumped in single file or in couples along the narrow path, singing softly through their noses; and in their patches of front garden, weary women stood, bareheaded, circulating gossip. A string of market carts, loaded with cabbages, made its way heavily toward London, and over all was God. "Give us strength and courage, Father, patience and hope."

I saw a telegraph boy emerge from the ancient post office and wander up the road. And as I watched him stop to judge the game of cricket, turn off for an exchange of Middlesex with a lad as small as himself, and invent a thousand excuses by which he might delay the delivery of his message, I had so strong a premonition of impending help that the straps about my shoulders eased and loosened and the weight I carried seemed to slip away and fall. With a definite sense of certainty that the boy's telegram was for me, and that it contained something that would round my corner, I waited, without impatience, while he made up his mind finally to approach. I opened the brick-red envelope and the message that it contained was this:

Kindly see me tomorrow twelve o'clock Savoy Hotel.

CHARLES FROHMAN.

When it is remembered that at that time the words, "Charles Frohman Presents," were on the bills of many of the London theaters, and that I wrote plays, the deep significance of this command needs no interpretation. I spent the night with dreams

A Flattering Commission

Big Ben boomed twelve as I was conducted to the Frohman suite, and in the easily recognized Savoy sitting room overlooking the sluggish Thames two men did not seem to be enjoying a serious talk. The sun was shining, but the electric lights were on. One was very spruce and soldierly, but with a rather rounded back; mustached and spatted, hair gleaming, well-boned shoes, a well-cut nose and chin. I knew him for Capt. Robert Marshall, author of The Second in Command, The Lord Lieutenant, The Duke of Killiecrankie and other most successful plays. The other sat on his legs like a mandarin, with twinkling eyes, full lips, a double chin, fine thin hair, small white hands, padded shoulders and a huge cigar.

"How are you?" said Marshall, rising. "I spoke to Mr. Frohman about you yesterday. Let me introduce you now."

Two searching eyes all over me, taking an X-ray picture, a smile, a murmur, a half-shy hand. Marshall began to talk. Lightly but with an underlying uneasiness he explained that he had been commissioned by Mr. Frohman to write a comedy with music for Seymour Hicks and Ellaline Terriss for production, as quickly as possible, at the Vaudeville Theater. Two months ago he had gone off to Monte Carlo for inspiration, had missed one and come back empty-handed, barren of ideas. The position was really a little serious, as the piece in which Hicks and his charming wife were appearing had run beyond its course. A successor was urgently needed, a collaborator had been suggested; and as he, Marshall, liked my work, and especially the dialogues in the London World, would I join him in writing the much-desired play? In other words, would I, Hamilton, young and fairly prolific, do what Monte Carlo hadn't achieved—supply Marshall with an inspiration and, under the patronage of a temporary idealess brain, do all the work that was required to complete the commission and save the day?

No, I wouldn't; but I didn't say it like that. I shied at collaboration, though I was highly flattered at the thought. I was just beginning a novel which, in addition to my regular weekly work, kept my nose to the grindstone; and when eventually Marshall left—none too pleased, I am afraid, at my intractable attitude—I was asked by Charles Frohman, to whom a hint was infinitely better than a nod, if I would undertake the job myself. Would I? I had never imagined the possibility of writing a play with music, and knew very little of the sort of thing that suited Seymour Hicks. Under any other circumstances I should have confessed my absolute inability, shied again and gone. But all those bills had to be paid somehow, and a speedy dividend, however small, would prove my good intentions. Would I not? How soon must the work be delivered? Not later than a month. A check on account? Another smile, more X-rays—why, surely. And off I went to the lawyers with the first of the dividends.

Catch or Snitch?

Years later when, as we were coming out of Voisin's in Paris, I asked Charles Frohman why he ran such a risk with me, he said, "That's my business—running risks, isn't it? Besides, I liked your tie and your darned independence; and when I asked you if you'd do the job something came into your face that told me you'd burst before you let me down." And I very nearly did. I had no more notion of what to write or how to write it than a fantail pigeon wabbling on a croquet ball. A month was mine, however—four weeks of priceless days. It would be perfectly simple to make up a plot in the bath, on the golf links, riding through lonely lanes on a bicycle, practicing boop shots alone, walking, walking, walking.

At the end of the first week, nothing; tremors of nervousness. At the end of the second week, nothing; insomnia and panic—the chance of my life to be missed, money taken under false pretenses, the little laugh from Marshall, ignominy. It appeared that I was suffering from obliteration of the brain. I turned over everything that I had written. Useless! I went over everything that I had mapped out to write. Hopeless! I considered several ingenious methods of suicide. And then, in the middle of a night, when moths were cracking in my candles, I sat once more at the desk I hated the sight of and wrote on a sheet of untouched paper the following paradox. Cinderella of Berkeley Square, and left it only for sleep and meals until the play was finished.

The verdict on the first act that I sent untyped to Frohman was "Fine! Go on!" And from Hicks, "Great! We're hard at work on lyrics and the music." When the second act was done under the intoxication of approval, the first was in rehearsal. During these, under the brilliant and never-sparing direction of the restless Seymour Hicks, it was decided to change the title; and when I suggested The Catch of the Season, Hicks came back with "But if it fails they'll call it The Snitch of the Season"; but the new one stuck. It was not going to fail!

The evening of the *répétition générale*, at which J. M. Barrie, Arthur Pinero, Alfred Sutro, H. B. Irving, Dion Boucicault, Robert Marshall, Frohman himself and hosts of his other friends were present, in addition to Lord Esher, Sir Alfred Fripp, Sir Harry Poland and half the members of the Garrick Club.

Hicks and I left the theater after the final rehearsal at five o'clock. Dog-tired, but in the highest spirits, we walked to Lockhart's in Covent Garden for something to eat and drink. London made it very inconvenient for hungry people at that hour of the day. The men who drove the fruit and vegetable carts to the market from the country were there in force, and in his best Charles Surface-David Garrick manner the sympathetic, homogeneous, delightful Seymour Hicks—who, if he had been able to stand still on one spot long enough to take himself seriously, and recognize the genius that was his, must have become the greatest actor on the English stage—stood cups of

(Continued on Page 117)

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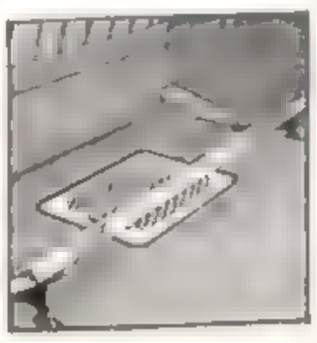

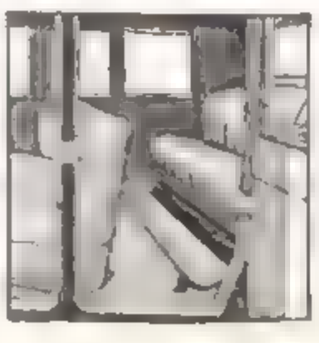

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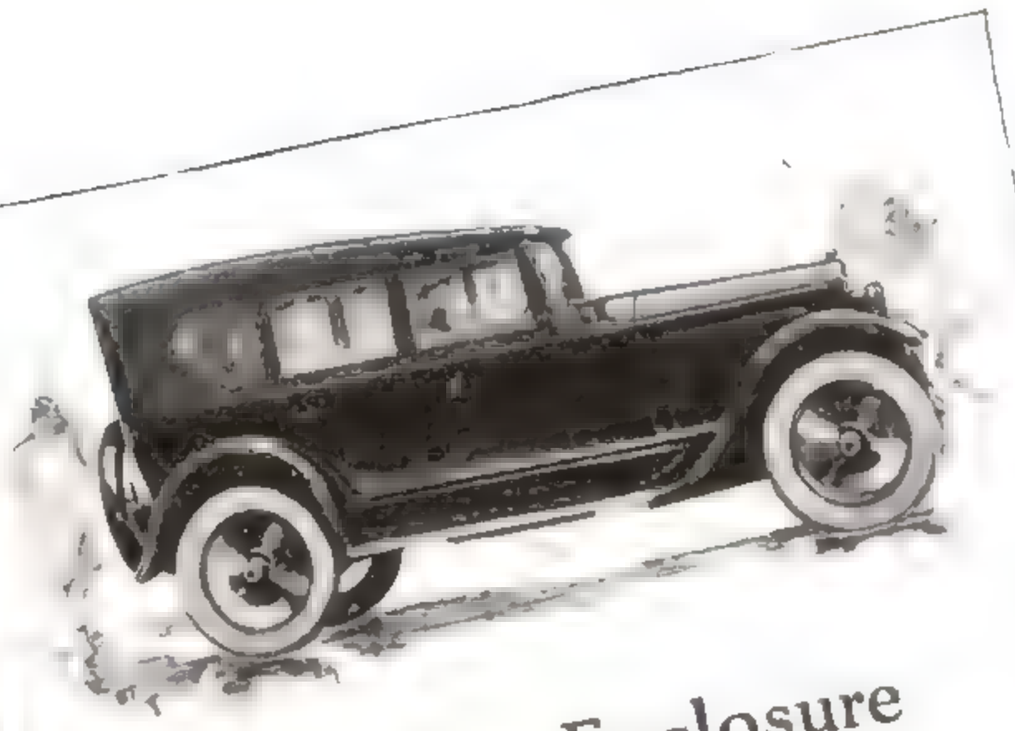

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Rex Tops and Enclosures

ECONOMICAL CLOSED CAR COMFORT

(Continued from Page 114)

coffee, sausages and mashed potatoes to all in sight. After which, with a sudden change of mood and his hat at a rakish angle, he took my arm and we walked the empty streets, talking of life and death and the great hereafter until the city woke and the bees began to swarm. Whereupon we surprised Romano's when the cleaners were still at work and clicked our tankards of velvet to the success of the play which meant a good deal to him but everything to me. Translated into plain English, velvet is a mixture of champagne and stout. The Catch was not a snitch, although it was produced on Friday. It ran long enough to put me on temporary velvet and settle all my debts. Also, it was the means of forming a close and intimate friendship and future collaboration between Seymour Hicks and myself, and a most affectionate relationship with Charles Frohman which continued until the Lusitania sent him on the great adventure of death.

Picking the Winners

An extraordinary man, Charles Frohman; a kind, simple, loyal, courageous, resilient, hard-working, honorable man, to work for whom was a privilege and a pleasure. For one whose business it was to control theaters, collect plays and create stars on both sides of the Atlantic; who was the czar, the High Panjandrum; whose room was the Mecca of the dramatists; who loved Barrie as a brother, Sutro as a cousin, Pinero, Marshall, Guitry, Rostand, Haddon Chambers, Somerset Maugham, Granville Barker, Augustus Thomas and an army of others, equally gifted, as his friends, but was scared to death by Bernard Shaw. Frohman knew more about the theater but less about plays than any man I knew. It seemed to me that he accepted plays either because they were the work of very successful writers or because they contained the leading parts which appealed to his stars. It is probably incorrect to say that he never produced a play by an unknown man. There must have been exceptions to his rule. I was one. It is, however, correct, so far as I can remember, to say that he went after success, which he worshiped, with an avidity, backed by all the money in the world, that led to a corner in the play market, which had never happened before and has never happened since. And yet there was a closet in his sitting room in the Savoy in which all the plays that were ever written were piled in a heap during his meteoric régime. And once, when I was waiting for him to come back from an early rehearsal of Peter Pan, at which he gazed with awe, amazement and many misgivings before it was produced, I opened the door of this Black Hole of Calcutta and gasped with horror at the sight. There must have been hundreds of plays there, all in envelopes, each one being the brain child of a would-be dramatist, five feet deep. Hundreds of beseeching voices seemed to cry out to me as I stood there, appalled:

"Help us, you who know this monarch, you who have been produced! Fish us out into the open, give us a friendly word! Remember that but by the grace of God you might be lying here too. We are better than your stuff; there is that in us to shake the world. We are the embryo Pineros, Maughams, Barries, Sutros. We have been written not in ink, but blood; and oh, the joy, the effort and the heartbreak that went to the making of us!"

And when Frohman came in I turned upon him and demanded to know what right he had to treat these sleepless nights and strenuous days in such a cavalier way. This was Frohman's answer, with a twinkle of his eyes.

"Every play that's got anything in it is alive," he said in effect. "So every night I open this closet and take the first that comes to my hand, because that's the one that's worked its way up to the top. The others are dead."

Among the other plays that I wrote for Frohman were The Belle of Mayfair, The Beauty of Bath, The Mountain Climber, Arsene Lupin, the London version of A Woman's Way, The Hoyden, A Sense of Humor, A Bolt From the Blue, and Pro Tem; these two were adaptations from the French, and immediate failures.

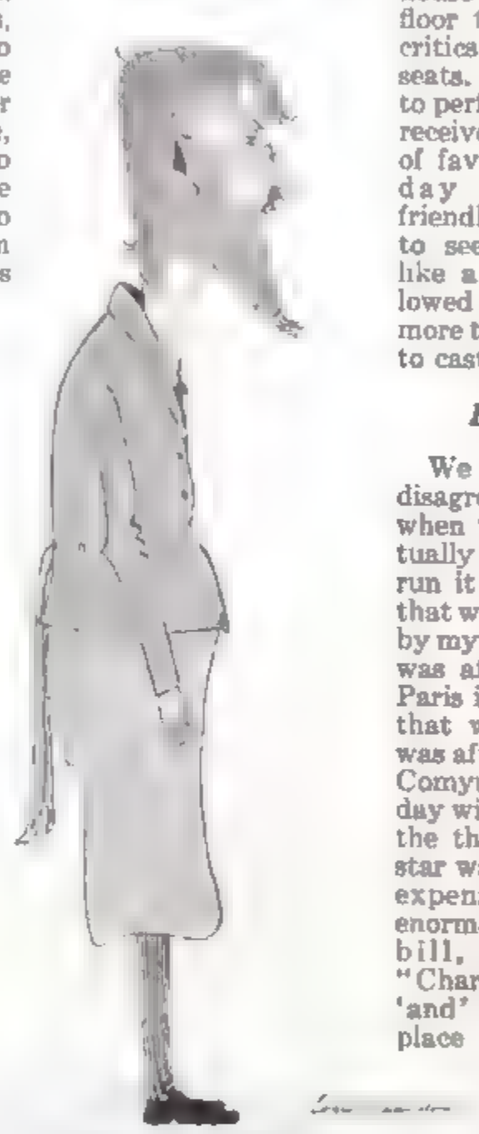
The history of The Belle of Mayfair, with Leslie Stuart's music, is rather amusing. It was the successor of The Catch of the Season at the Vaudeville Theater, and when the original version by the man who adapted The Merry Widow went into rehearsal, Edna May, the star of the play, was popularly supposed to have flung her part on the stage and trampled it under her feet. In other and less dramatic words, she expressed her disapproval of the lines with which she had been provided and drove away to lunch, leaving a large and expensive company in chaos and amaze.

With a Napoleonic gesture, therefore, and with a view to speed, Frohman gave the first act to Charles Brookfield to write all over again, and the second to me. Brookfield and I never met to discuss the thing and decide on a plan of campaign, and so he had no notion of what I was going to do and I hadn't the remotest idea of his line of thought. All that either of us had to go upon was a rough sketch of the plot as it was told to us by Frohman in the fewest of words. We both wrote against time in different parts of London, while the company, in a strange, uncertain frame of mind, rehearsed the numbers, all of which had, of course, to be worked in by the independent collaborators.

At the end of a week both acts were finished and in rehearsal. Edna May was pleased and the clouds had lifted. Busy with other pressing jobs, Brookfield and I were unable to put in an appearance or to see the play until it had been running for weeks. We met, for the first time, when Leslie Stuart invited us to lunch at the Savoy on a matinée day, and he was so astonished to be told that we had never seen the result of our disunited efforts that he telephoned to the theater in order to reserve two seats. But the house was sold out, and so Brookfield and I strolled over to the theater together to stand at the back of the dress circle. It so happened, however, that I was caught in the foyer by an interviewer and was only able to join the sardonic Brookfield as the curtain was descending on the act that was his. My apology was accepted, we talked until the curtain was about to rise on the act that was mine. Then Brookfield, with the obvious purpose of creating a story to add to his magnificent collection, begged to be excused and hurried away. I do not believe that he ever did see my act, and I'm perfectly certain that I never saw his.

Oddly enough, though, The Belle of Mayfair exceeded the limits of any reasonable claim or expectation—in fact, created a record, and when Edna May left the stage to get married and everyone thought that the end had arrived, her part was taken by Billie Burke, who gave it many further months of box-office vitality. Naturally enough, Leslie Stuart attributed this astonishing success to his music, though I put it down to the second act and Brookfield to the first.

What an excellent Bab Ballad Gilbert might have added to his ever-green volume if we had told him the story of this severely handicapped but undefeatable piece!



George Bernard Shaw From a Caricature by Cosmo Hamilton

A Sense of Humor

The adventures of A Sense of Humor are not without amusing moments—to me, at least. Like every other play that I managed to write at that time, it was handed to Charles Frohman as a matter of course. We had no written agreement then or at any other time. His word was as good as his bond. But for the first time since we had been together we disagreed on the question of cast. I detested the star system which subjected the play and all its other parts to the tyrannical domination of a generally inefficient though completely egotistical person, and I do so still. And I had no great liking for the particular star whom he immediately saw in this play. In fact, to be perfectly frank, I disliked the lady extremely.

I thought that she would have made an admirable flower-shop girl. I said so, probably. At any rate, Frohman's back was up and he refused to see any good whatever in the names that I had chosen. We argued all among the unpacked luggage which had just come from his ship.

The end of it was that I asked him to lend me one of his theaters on a Sunday night in which I could show him, with a finished and complete performance, how the play would be acted by the cast of my choice. He consented, but had already made up his mind that I was hopelessly wrong and that the play could only be popular after it had been squeezed out of shape and made unrecognizable by the little lady who had a penchant for everyone else's lines. That is the star system as it was then and always will be. The arrangement was that he should come to his own theater and see what my company could do.

With great enthusiasm and loyalty, rehearsals began at once. Adequate scenery was procured, charming frocks were made, and when finally the exciting night arrived, and Charles Frohman came in after dinner with a fat cigar, to sit, as he expected, in an empty theater like a solitary god, he found that the place bore every well-known resemblance to an ordinary first night. The house was packed from floor to ceiling, with the critics in their accustomed seats. The actors played to perfection, the play was received with every sign of favor, the notices next day were extremely friendly; but when I called to see Charles Frohman like a cat that had swallowed the canary he was more than ever determined to cast his star.

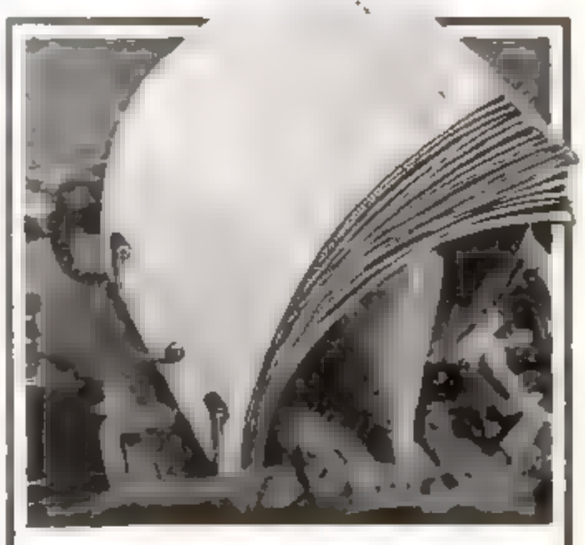
Barrie's Idea

We not only agreed to disagree on the matter but when the play went eventually into a theater for a run it was one of the few that were not "presented" by my very good friend. It was afterwards played in Paris in English, an honor that was rather rare. It was afterwards, also, when Comyns Carr stood one day with Frohman outside the theater in which this star was playing in a most expensive failure with enormous letters on every bill, that Carr said, "Charles, you can play the 'and' where you cannot place the 'art.'" It was Barrie, of course, who quietly suggested that this word should frequently be changed to "but."

It was the thing to lunch at the Savoy at that time—every grill room, like every dog, has its day—and a heterogeneous collection of celebrities was to be found there every noon. Marconi predicting wireless messages, as to which nobody believed a word; Lord Roberts talking of the German menace, and being called an old man in his dotage; Grahame-White suggesting the use of flying machines for warfare, and being laughed at; Lord Northcliffe talking in whispers about the purchase of The Times, which seemed an utter impossibility even to himself; Lord Esher, tall and mysterious, pulling many unseen strings; and Horatio Bottomley, who laughingly made his name rime with Cholmondeley, backing horses and drinking champagne.

Charles Frohman affected a table in an inconspicuous corner, where he met his friends and laid his plans for the invasion of London, which he carried out with astonishing results. The actor-managers trembled in their not very secure strongholds, while actors' salaries went up. The men who have since become Lords Reading, Beaverbrook, Dalziel, Birkenhead sat here and there, as busy with their futures as their presents, and the footlight favorites of the moment brought as much of their spotlight with them as they could. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse had not yet taken their thoroughbreds to the blacksmith's shop.

I said just now that Frohman knew less about plays than any man I have ever met. In justice to C. F. I ought immediately to have added that nearly every other man connected with the theaters knew then,



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and knows now, very little more. The history of the stage proves this statement to the full, and gleams with instances showing that a play's success is an accident achieved in spite of all surrounding handicaps; a godsend, and never the result of the confident judgment of the manager, the actor, the reader, the agent, the critic, or anyone else who is professionally concerned.

Of all men, the actor is surely the last one whose opinion has value, because he must always regard a play not as a story in dramatic form but as a vehicle of exploitation in which the leading part has enough fat in it for him.

The dramatist, one would imagine, is the one and only man whose prediction is worth anything. He, after all, writes the play, makes it his business to study his audiences and, unlike both manager and actor, spends enough time away from the theater to enable him to recover from its unearthliness But the dramatist, generally speaking, is not regarded as a prophet in his own country and is never a hero to his manager; and so, dealing, as he usually does, with people less sensitive than himself -to put it in the gentlest way—who run the theater as they would and often have run a grocer's shop, a baseball team or a nigger minstrel show, he rarely ventures to express his opinion; or, better still, to point out the meaning of his play, which the average manager has an invariable way of missing altogether. He has so long been called the poor damned author, stood by while his play is sadly mauled, and been greeted at rehearsal with "Oh, hullo, what the this or that are you doing in here?" that he has become convinced of the time-honored stage fact that he is less than the dust. The manager, the director, the star, and now the scene designer are the only ones who count; just as the good old hen is clean forgotten by the boy who picks her egg out of the straw, the farmer who drives it to the station, the trust which manipulates its price and the dealer who places it with delicate fingers in the paper bag.

Frohman was not the only man who was worried to death about Peter Pan. Barrie himself was another. And when George Alexander was in the last throes of the long-drawn-out rehearsals of His House in Order he and every member of the company were so wrapped in gloom that even Pinero, the master, caught the sad infection. They were but little encouraged by my bursts of enthusiasm. Before and even after the first performance of Jerome's The Third Floor Back, Forbes-Robertson was very doubtful of its success. I wish he had accepted my offer to pay its losses if he would make over its winnings to me. Milestones, fished out of a drawer, like Grumpy, was only put on as a last resort; and when, the other day, Rain was looked over while it was being tried on the dog in the country, sad were the faces of its sponsors and low their spirits. All their additions and alterations were, luckily, cut out before it opened in New York under its original title, and not as Red-Light Sadie, as it might have done.

Counting the Laughs

The Mountain Climber, supposed to be a farce, which Francis Wilson told me built his house, was based by me upon a German plot, and written in the delightful little library of the Garrick Club. As fast as I wrote each scene and dropped it on the old red Turkey carpet it was gathered up, taken to the typist and put into rehearsal at the Comedy Theater, in Panton Street. From time to time as I scratched away, trying to invent the tragic-comic situations that should cause an audience's sides to split, distinguished and sometimes prehistoric heads poked into the room, annoyed eyes saw me in possession and I was left alone.

Finis having been arrived at, I went away to bed, slept until the cows came home and returned to town to see, with immense curiosity, what the three acts that I had flung off looked like as they had been brought to life by the remarkable company at work upon them under the brilliant direction of Dion Boucicault.

I confess that I was much astonished and greatly pleased. Too easily pleased, as it turned out, because the night before the production one of the officials of the theater, who knew the play by heart, came to me and said, "If only this thing had a few laughs in it, Hamilton, it might stand something of a chance."

A few laughs! I was prepared to swear, probably unwisely, although I had heard them in my head, that it had a laugh in almost every line. In fact, I did more than swear: I offered to bet a good round sum to that effect. The experienced person who had spent the greater part of his life in and round the theater accepted me, the conditions being that if there were even twenty laughs in the whole of the first act he would gladly pay and smile. I had no real faith in my work, being only the bloomin' author, and so I was very nervous when I stood at the back of the hot pit, at the elbow of a policeman, to await results. The knowledgable and cocksure official stood on my other side, holding my hand so that he might squeeze it at every laugh, or not, as the case might be. He squeezed it twenty times in the first six minutes, paid me there and then in crinkling notes and left the pit as joyful as I was, scenting a run. I gave one of the notes to the bobby, being quite delirious.

"Worthy of Balzac!"

Thus was proved, once more, the total inability of the hidebound theater man to know how a play will react upon an audience, and the utter disbelief he places in the man who writes it, who doesn't really write, but just reports. The leading part was played by Huntley Wright, a very real comedian with the tragic sense; and one night when, deep in the run, I took a party of friends to see the play, he spotted me in the second row, and, with a distorted sense of humor which made me want to crawl under my seat and hide my blushes, addressed every male character as Cosmo, until the audience saw his joke and my discomfiture, and yelled. It was an evening of goose flesh for me.

Greatly, but not ungratefully, interrupted in the writing of Adam's Clay by Charles Frohman, it was finished in due course, accepted, and in the usual way brought out. That is, it was dropped in among the great welter of novels with hardly more splash than is made by a small stone in the sea, to sink or swim according to its inherent ability to float. Publishers had dignity in those days. They were, too, so anxious to avoid the accusation of being merchants that, although not actually displeased at making money, they did everything in their power to avoid the vulgar methods of other men who offered goods for sale. Many of them pursue those methods still, and remind one of no one so much as the exhausted fisherman who, after an unsuccessful day, throws all his bait into the trout stream and hurries off. If an eager fish makes a grab at one of his succulent morsels there is no hook to cause it any harm.

Unheralded, therefore, and scantily advertised, my novel found its way by accident to the papers. To my astonishment and breathless unbelief The Standard reviewed the book shortly after it was published and wound up an enthusiastic pæan with these words:

> In this impressive and outspoken novel Mr. Cosmo Hamilton makes a marked advance in reputation and in knowledge of the essentials of the novelist's art. In Adam's Clay he has burst the bonds of surface cleverness and has dared to paint life in the strong colors that certain aspects of the Human Comedy inevitably demand. We cannot recall any book where the mask is thrown off and where the nerves and mind and obscure promptings of emotion are laid bare with such an economy of primitive sensationalism. In a word, it is worthy of Balzac.

"Worthy of Balzac!"

If an escaped lunatic had crept up behind me with a bludgeon and brought it down unerringly on my pate I could not have been half so deeply affected as by this phrase. I walked on air and lived in expectation. I pounced on all the papers, daily and weekly, to see the triumphant use that must be made of such a line. Some time went by; and then, as nothing happened of this kind, I threw off my natural shyness and went to town to call my publisher's attention to a criticism which most certainly he had overlooked. With some reluctance I was ushered into the presence, talked cricket and the weather and the rottenness of politics, and then produced the notice, red pencil underlining the last three words. Oh, yes, they had been seen along with the rest. It made nice reading, certainly—very, very nice; but—but—and again but. Nothing could be done. No. And then, you see, to say that the book was worthy of Balzac was, after all, perhaps, something very much like exaggeration, eh?

A Thrilling Idea

Well, I didn't dislike the idea of my book being sold as much as he did, and when I walked away from the dusty office it was with a fierce determination, at the expense of dignity -what a deterring word that is!—to use that phrase, to plaster it on the sky for all the town to see. I marched off to my friend the billposter, who had given me time and confidence and finally a receipt. I told him that I wanted to put "Adam's Clay, Worthy of Balzac," on the streets, unless he knew of a method of festooning it on the clouds. Putting things on the street was, of course, his *metier*, what he called his long suit. Sandwich men, with boards above their heads, and two, like slices of bread, between which they went their beefy way, were very useful mediums of advertisement, if there were enough. Enough? I gave an order for a hundred, to parade in one long line, to break up in bunches outside the theaters on matinee days and form a circle round Trafalgar Square at five o'clock. Dignity? Hang dignity! Fore and aft, "Adam's Clay, by Cosmo Hamilton, Worthy of Balzac!" It must become a song, a catch phrase, an irritation, a mustard plaster, the day's incessant hymn.

I had written this novel with the laudable ambition of having it read, bought, talked about; not, as my publisher seemed to think, to keep me out of mischief and exercise my pen. All right, then. Red letters on a white background. Monday next, the day.

The Parade of the Sandwich Men

Came Monday, as the minor poet loves to put it, and the strange creatures who write the titles of moving pictures. With a sense of impending trouble, I arrived at Paddington from the country and hired a cab to drive to the Sports Club in St. James's Square. Nothing happened to disturb the even tenor of the town or cause my hair to stand on end beneath my hat, until presently I caught sight of "Adam's Clay, by Cosmo Hamilton, Worthy of Balzac" in single file and what appeared to be battalions. Slopping along at the edge of the curbstone—"Adam's Clay—Adam's Clay Adam's Clay—Worthy of Balzac—Balzac—Balzac!" Like Falstaff's men in buckram, they multiplied at every look. Two, four, six, eight, twenty, fifty, hundreds, thousands. I gasped, coughed, shuddered, and tried to hide behind the apron of the cab.

What a hideous blow at the dignity of letters! What a vulgar stab in the most vulnerable part of publishing precedent! In my mind's eye I saw Locke and Hichens stagger at the blow, and the famous Benson brothers quiver at the sight. I saw publishers rush from their interstices and gibber. I heard the bones of literary men rattle in their graves. "Adam's Clay Adam's Clay—Adam's Clay—Balzac—Balzac—Balzac"—all day long I met them in the streets. In fact, to my horror, they seemed to follow me about. Oxford Street, Regent Street, the Strand, Piccadilly and even in Pall Mall they were everywhere in one long sloppy line. And when the enthusiastic students of the drama waited in patient queues outside the pits of theaters, there stood these sandwich men, blatant, forcing their message down London's reluctant throat. Adam's Clay, by Cosmo Hamilton, was worthy of Balzac, sir and madam; the Standard had said so, and it must be true. And when, finally, in one unbroken round of bad taste, they formed a circle about Trafalgar Square, watched by the one good eye of Nelson and the dull astonished gaze of those old lions, it was more than I could stand. I bolted, but not before the people whom I knew had stopped, laughed and said things—congratulation sometimes, or the reverse.

"What's all this H'Adam's Clay by Cosmo 'Amilton, and who the 'ell's Balzac, anyway?" was one thing that I heard.

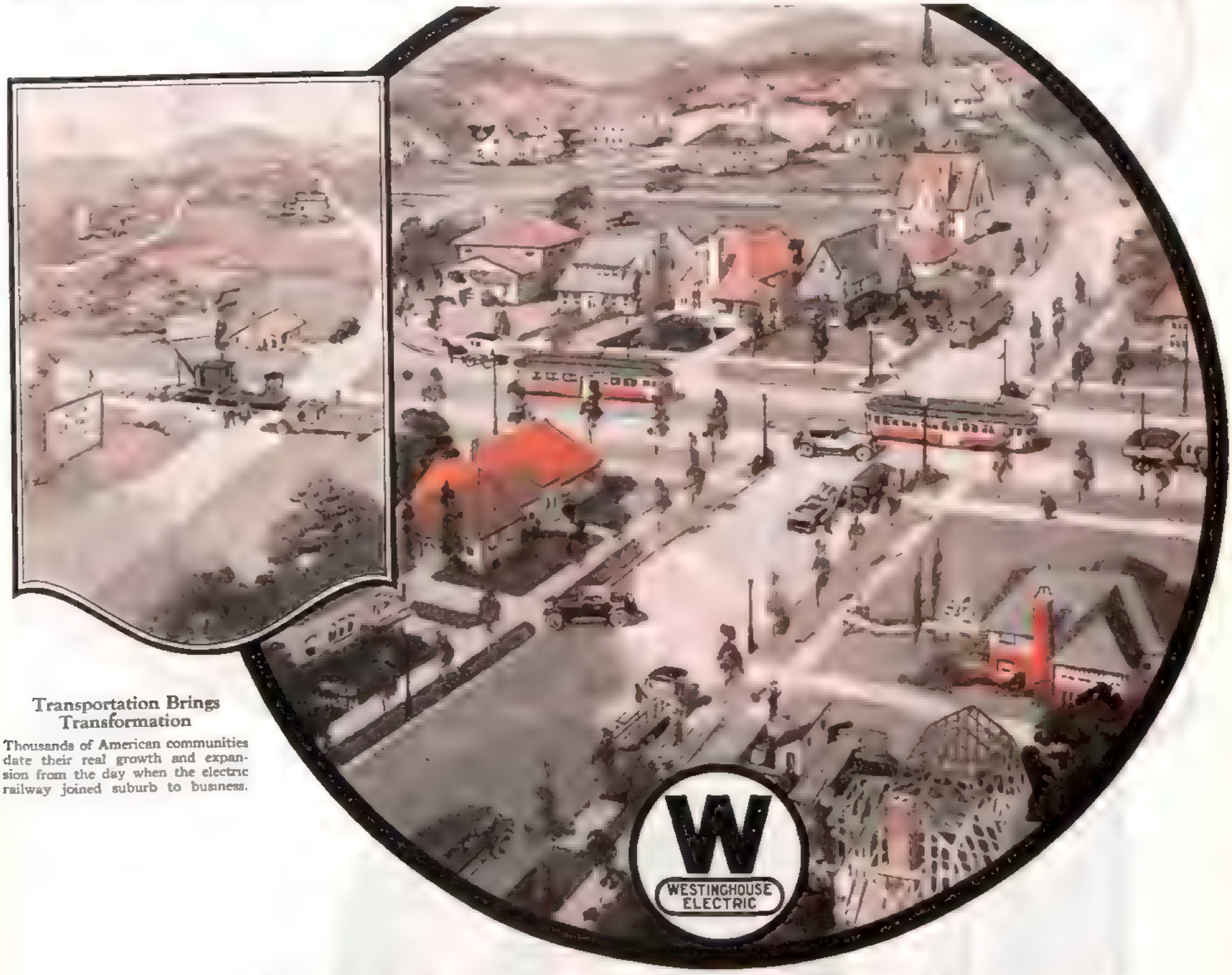
I fled precipitately to the country, full of shame and laughter, to hide my head; and there I found a pile of telegrams, in all of which was expressed the pleasure of my friends. Ironically enough, the general impression of that day's business was that my publisher had an enormous belief in my book to indulge in such a splashing. They little knew that when the news was broken to him he had probably whirled round and round and fainted, or that he had undergone a nervous breakdown when orders for the book poured in so fast that the presses grew hot and sticky. Nor did they imagine how miserable his life was made for a little while by the other authors on his list, who besieged the office to demand peevishly why I was his favorite son, why mine was the book to enjoy this boosting.

Sir George Hutchinson is an old and dear friend of mine now, but it was a long time before he forgave me for this dreadful indiscretion which caused such inconvenience and reproach. The wonder now to me is that he did not whip in his retirement from the ranks of publishers, change his name and eke out a bitter existence at a South Coast watering place.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Hamilton. The next will appear in an early issue

Brady Point, Signal Mountain, Tennessee

Street Cars Build Homes



Transportation Brings Transformation

Thousands of American communities date their real growth and expansion from the day when the electric railway joined suburb to business.

AWAY from the dust and heat and congestion—*street cars* build homes! Even those who can and do afford automobiles, build their homes near the car line.

Adequate, progressive economical street car service is the thing your community *must* have for social and industrial growth.

Your street railway company may need *your* help, and that of all your neighbors, before it will be possible for you to have the transportation your community needs. It is to your interest to see that taxation, paving costs and other burdens are not so inequitable as to prevent development and progress.

If you encourage efficient management, and help provide the right incentive, then the right kind of service, at the right cost, will be available for every one to build homes in desirable places.

Westinghouse engineers have developed the apparatus that makes street railway operation possible and are constantly developing and perfecting devices to make such operation more economical, reliable and safe—all of which has real significance, because after all, street cars do build homes.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO. • *Offices in all Principal Cities* • *Representatives Everywhere*

Westinghouse

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GUARANTEED MEASURE
GUARANTEE
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VISIBLE

Buy From a Fry!

For years we have preached the gospel of buying gasoline from a pump which showed your precise purchase in a great open-faced glass container.

For years we have pointed out the value and accuracy of the patented Fry overflow measuring principle. This guarantees full measure!

All during this constructive and educational period the demand for Fry Visible Pumps has grown with prodigious rapidity.

As pioneers in the great movement of visible pumps, it is with a glow of sincere satisfaction that we now witness the entrance of other manufacturers into this field.

For today all makers are manufacturing, or are preparing to manufacture, a visible pump of some kind or type.

The rapidly increasing recognition of the merits of the Fry Visible idea proves it must be sound to the core.

However, even though other manufacturers will supply the market with some kind of a visible pump the fact remains that they cannot offer you the exclusive Fry measuring mechanism. That's patented!

Thoughtful pump buyers will hesitate before purchasing any other but a Fry Visible!

Having made and marketed the world's first visible pump (8 years ago), we are now in a position to make and market Fry Visible Pumps in greater quantities than ever before.

Fry Visible Pumps are now serving millions of people.

To the motorist the Fry Pump means accuracy, speed, a square deal and, above all, courtesy.

Look for the Fry sign—the symbol of service—accurate service!

Fry is the pioneer—the leader in making Visible Pumps.

Whenever you see a Visible Pump, think of Fry.

Find a service station equipped with Fry Visible Pumps. The operator in charge is a good man to do business with.

Buy from a Fry—millions do!

Guarantee Liquid Measure Company, Rochester, Pennsylvania

PHILIP GIES FOUNDRY *Canadian Manufacturers and Distributors* KITCHENER, ONTARIO

FRY
Visible Pump

"Always Accurate"

Light and shadow are things to conjure with in home decoration

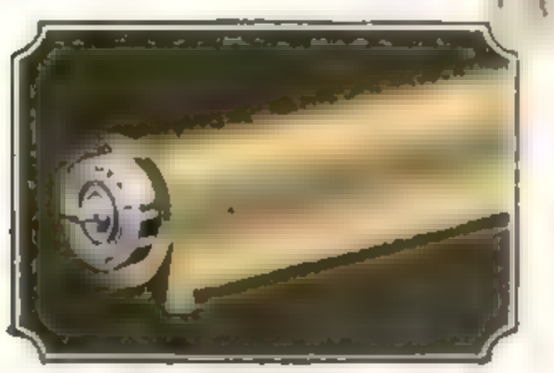
by Helen Richmond

WHEN you start to decorate or rearrange a room, the first things you notice are the windows how much sun can enter the room and how this light will tone your decorations. Your own good taste tells you to avoid any lighting effect that is an attempt to "show off" the furnishings.

Since daylight is on the "free list" to all, you want it to become a part of your furnishings. It should melt away in your rooms to give them the same charm by day as the soft, diffused light from lamp shades gives after nightfall. And daylight will give you that same lovely soft glow if it is toned by beautifully colored window shades.

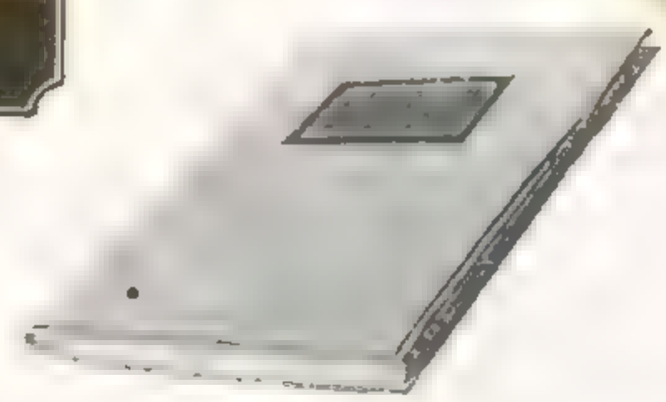
You must aim for soft shadows about the room, not a darkened effect. Window shades, in one of the beautiful tone-colors, will subdue the light from the windows just enough to make it really felt—drawing the eyes pleasantly to it. The eyes love light just as flowers do. And you'll be delighted when you see the light play about each piece of furniture and conjure reflections from half hidden surfaces or melt some garish color, partly lost in shadow, into a perfect harmony of mellow richness.

Used Everywhere in Beautiful Homes



Columbia Shades and Rollers have always been able to prove that they are built to give better service than anyone ever expected. The following letter is just another proof:—

"About 20 years ago I furnished my home with shades bought of you, and they have been so satisfactory that I would like to replace them with your make again." Signed C.D.P.



Elsie Sloan Farley's new book, "Beautiful Windows," gives dozens of little hints that will save you money in decorating your home. More than twenty different decoration schemes are beautifully illustrated and described in detail. They will help you make the most of your windows in securing lovely soft tones in your rooms. Send 10c to help pay the cost of postage and packing and we will send you a copy. *Columbia* Mills, Inc., 225 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Some colors great decorators advise

YOU want light shadows and color to blend together because that produces tone. Draperies should harmonize with wall paper, but not match it. Window shades must be a special blending kind of color, not an ordinary brown, tan, cream or ecru.

Even with a pale light coming in from outside, colors like Chamois, Shantung or Circassian Brown suffuse the room with the golden afterglow of an Indian Summer sunset. In North or East rooms it is almost as though you had spread, warm on your walls, that intangible ecstasy of Fall colorings.

On the other hand, your rooms are relieved of the glare of too much sun-[illegible] as Plaza Gray, Egyptian Stone or Etruscan Ivory. [illegible]

Decorators who wish to use window shades of one color to harmonize with the exterior and another to tone the interior, are delighted with the new *Two-tone* shades. Especially pleasing results are to be had by using such *Two-tone* combinations as Etruscan Ivory on one side, with either Plaza Gray or Circassian Brown on the reverse side of the shade.

Columbia GUARANTEED WINDOW SHADES *and* ROLLERS

THE WORLD STRUGGLE FOR OIL

(Continued from Page 9)

landlords in precisely the same way as it objects to royalties on coal land.

England obtains approximately 160,000 tons—1,200,000 barrels—of oil each year from Scotch shale. This is not a boring process, but is a mining and distilling proposition. Refined shale oil is largely used as an illuminant for lighthouses. The shale industry, which is chiefly located in the comparatively small area west of Edinburgh, is controlled by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. There are extensive oil shales in various parts of the British Empire, especially Australia, and some day they are likely to become an important factor in the bigger British oil scheme.

This fumbling within the confines of the United Kingdom was more than offset by daring and courageous adventuring beyond the seas. We now come to the chapter of British petroleum penetration in which the Union Jack is planted amid historic environment, and which reveals a romance not matched in all the annals of American oil development. It means that we have arrived at the story of William Knox D'Arcy, patron saint of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company and perhaps the only man who wrested two huge fortunes out of the bosom of the earth. Some men strike it rich in gold, others in oil. D'Arcy achieved it with both. Each is an unusual narrative of picturesque performance.

To get the beginnings we must go to the little city of Rockhampton, the chief port of Central Queensland, where, in the late '80's, D'Arcy, a New Zealander by birth, hung out his shingle as solicitor. His principal clients were sheep graziers. Among them was a well-known character named Sandy Morgan, who owned a large ranch back among the hills. One day Morgan turned up in D'Arcy's office with a piece of quartz.

To the solicitor he said, "What is this stuff? There is a whole mountain of it on my place."

D'Arcy saw at once that it was gold quartz. He sent it to Sydney to be assayed, and when he got the report he knew that there was a fortune within his grasp. With Morgan he organized the Mount Morgan Mining Company. In exchange for his savings and his work as organizer he took one-third of the capital stock of £1,000,000, which had been subdivided into shares of one pound each. This was the inception of the famous Mount Morgan Mine, one of the world's wonders in gold production, which is still giving forth its yellow treasure.

D'Arcy's Amazing Luck

In the late '90's, D'Arcy, who had continued his more or less simple life as solicitor at Rockhampton, decided that it was time for him to see the world and spend some of the wealth that was piling up. When he had amassed £100,000 he started with his wife on a sightseeing trip. Before leaving, however, he gave instructions to his agents to sell a big block of his Mount Morgan stock in case it reached eight pounds a share.

The first stop that the D'Arcys made was in Egypt. They liked loafing so much that they stayed six months. When the Nile and its beauties palled on them they set sail for Italy, where again they lingered long. To get the full meaning of the extraordinary events that followed you must know that when he left Rockhampton D'Arcy gave no hint of his itinerary. His associates therefore did not have the slightest idea where he was for nearly a year.

From Italy the pair traveled by easy stages to Vienna. Here, in an old copy of the London Times, D'Arcy's eye chanced on a paragraph in the Agony Column requesting him to communicate with his bankers in London, where, so the notice specified, "he would learn something to his advantage." Even then he was loath to hurry, but at the instigation of his wife he proceeded to England.

At the London bank he said to one of the underlings, "My name is D'Arcy. I understand you have been trying to locate me."

Evidently the whole institution knew what was in store for him, because at the very mention of his name he was ushered into the office of the managing director, who was not only effusive but offered the New Zealander a stack of telegrams and letters a foot high, with the question, "What are your instructions?"

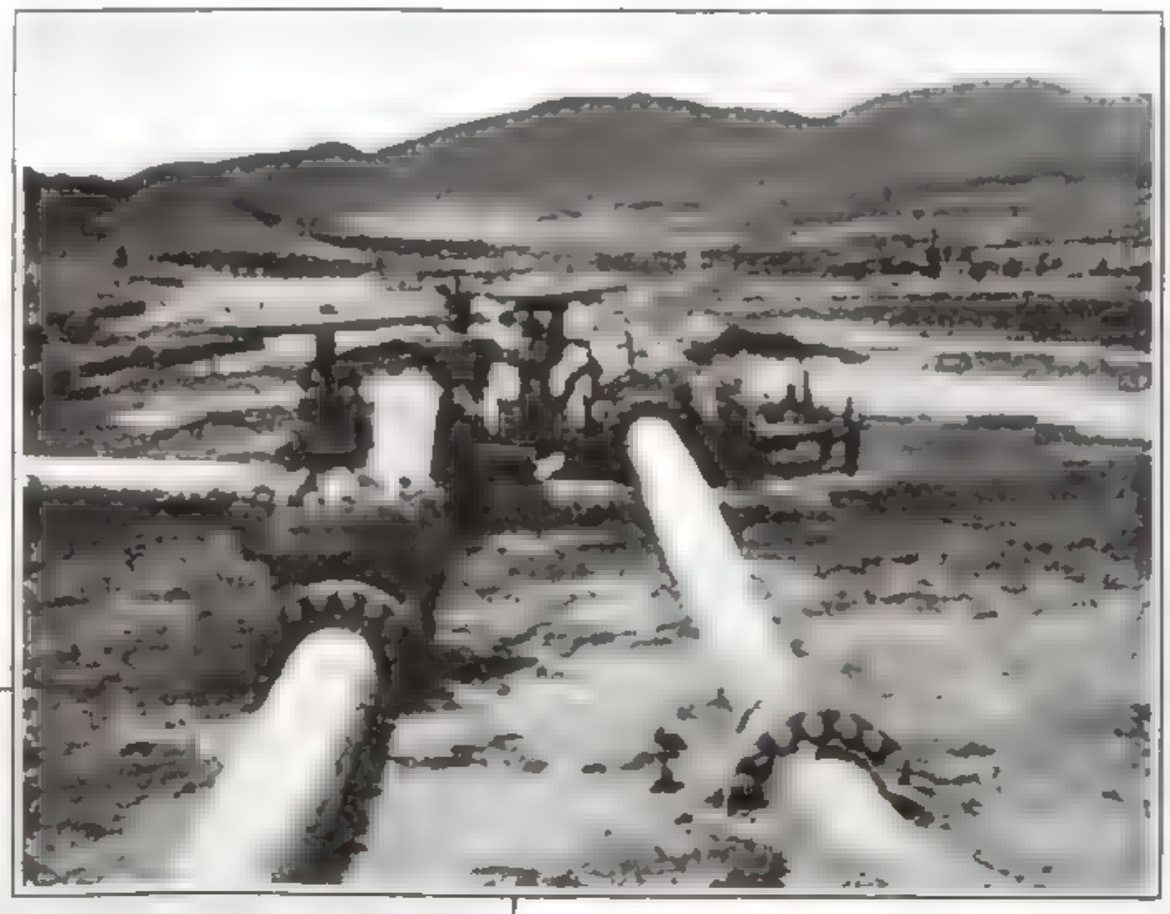
It developed that during D'Arcy's absence the stock in the Mount Morgan Mining Company had gone to seventeen pounds a share—his agents had sold all the way up the scale—and that he had £1,200,000—$6,000,000—to his credit in cash and was getting richer every minute.

If this had occurred in a book of fiction you would almost say that it was impossible, yet it actually happened. This was the first big stake that D'Arcy drew out of the Mount Morgan Mine, and was the nest egg with which he subsequently began his career as international oil operator.

D'Arcy was what Americans would call a good sport. It was part of his equipment as a big and breezy colonial. No sooner had he heard of the spectacular rise of Mount Morgan stock than he said, "No share of gold-mining stock is worth seventeen pounds. I am going to reimburse every one of my old pals who sold out at less than the top figure." It was no idle promise, for he expended more than £70,000 making up these deficits.

Most men would have been content to quit with the money that D'Arcy now had. Though he was a solicitor by profession, he was a prospector at heart. Mother Earth had been good to him with the gift of gold; he now sought to woo her again for the largess of oil. It was long before England had discovered her need of petroleum. At that time the only important out-and-out English oil company of any consequence it was long before the Royal Dutch-Shell combination—was the Burma Oil Company. Although he did not know it at the time, this organization was destined to come to his aid in a critical hour.

D'Arcy's problem was to find a potential oil field. The Burma Oil Company had India pretty well bottled up and the Shell people at that time were mainly transporters. Most of the petroleum was imported from the United States, Russia and the Dutch Indies. D'Arcy wanted to identify his name with an oil enterprise that would be 100 per cent British, and he succeeded,



Transporting British Pipe Lines Over the Desert in Persia
Above—A View of Pipe Lines, Showing the Valves

but in a part of the world where no one then dreamed of production in a big way. That part of the world was Persia.

Petroleum had been known and used in Persia and the adjacent regions of the Persian Gulf almost from time immemorial. The so-called slime used in building the Tower of Babel has been identified as bitumen derived from petroleum exudations. Bitumen, according to Herodotus, was also the mortar in the walls of ancient Babylon. Pitch was employed in the building of Noah's ark and is referred to in the Bible. The historic religions of Persia used natural gas and petroleum for their temples in which the eternal fires, which were nothing more or less than burning oil wells, were worshiped. Just to show that there is nothing new under the sun, let me add that the old Persian shahs and the Armenian emperors exploited the petroleum resources of their region and quarreled over them.

In 1872 an attempt at modern development of the Persian oil resources began when a blanket concession for mining, railway and banking rights for the whole country was given to Baron Julius de Reuter, a naturalized British subject. Russia, however, objected and the concession was canceled.

Right here you have one reason why Persia remained undeveloped so long, and for that matter why she is still a backward country. On the north she had the Russian bear with the uplifted paw that menaced all international interlopers in a domain that she had marked out for her own. The fact that Russians exploited Persia for political purposes while her rich resources lay dormant cut no figure. This is why China also lags at the tail end of the procession of progress. A more recent instance is the perversion of the German reparations into a political issue.

When England got a foothold in Persia she started the same Russian game of exclusion. Subsequently when Americans came along on a mission of development, they had—to paraphrase the famous Tennyson poem—"paws to the right of them and paws to the left of them." The combination of the Russian bear and the British lion was hard to beat. This, however, is a later story.

In the '90's there was some sporadic well drilling in various parts of Persia near the Persian Gulf, under the auspices of the Imperial Bank of Persia, which was founded by De Reuter and which had a concession to exploit the precious mineral resources in the country. There were many difficulties in landing and transporting supplies. No commercial production was secured and the field was abandoned.

This brings us to 1900, when D'Arcy conceived the idea of matching his gold achievement with a similar one in oil. He got in touch with many experts, but it was no easy task to find a field. Remember that in those days—it is less than a quarter of a century ago—the heart of the world had not yet been set on oil. It was the coal age. The United States, the Dutch Indies and Russia were the great reservoirs of petroleum and nobody was especially concerned about the future supply.

D'Arcy in Persia

Quite by accident D'Arcy came in contact with a young Persian named Kitabji, who told him that he knew of oil seepages in the northern part of his country. D'Arcy at once sent an experienced petroleum geologist to the scene, who prospected in two areas. One was north of Bagdad, close to the Turko-Persian frontier; the other in the general direction of Shushter and the country adjoining the Karun River. These places—they loom large today in British oil history—were at the two ends of an oil belt extending nearly 300 miles.

On the strength of the reports that he received D'Arcy decided to take the plunge in Persia. In 1901 he secured from the Shah of Persia an exclusive concession for the exploitation of natural gas, petroleum and asphalt for the whole of Persia except the five northern provinces of Azerbaijan, Ghilan, Mazanderan, Asdrabad and Khorasan, to run for sixty years. These five provinces, by the way, are just now the objective of an interesting contest, with the Anglo-Persian and the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey lined up on one side and the Sinclair interests on the other. This also is a later story.

It was typical of D'Arcy that from the outset, and for a considerable time afterwards, he went on his own. He organized the First Exploitation Company, with a capital of £600,000, which he largely subscribed himself. He began operations about 100 miles north of Bagdad and brought in two fairly good wells. The country was primitive; supplies had to be hauled on the backs of donkeys and camels, and there was no adequate port. To commercialize Persian oil it was necessary to have an outlet on the Persian Gulf, and this was an expensive business, for it meant a pipe line over the mountains.

Despite these handicaps, D'Arcy's operations began to attract foreign oil interests. Chief among them were the Germans, who were getting their hooks into Turkey and launching the offensive which had for its object the economic conquest of the

(Continued on Page 125)

THE INVISIBLE BEDROOM

ONLY a blustery snowstorm when your dinner guests arrived. But now, with midnight coming near, a hasty glance through the window reveals a swirling blizzard outside, a street bare of traffic, a city snowed in. Not a taxi to be had. Nothing to do but stay the night.

How fortunate it is that you have provided, in your limited space, for just such an emergency as this! True, you have no guest room. But here, in this soft-lighted, exquisitely appointed living room is hidden a wonderfully comfortable bed.

Your guests never dreamed, as they voiced their approval of your charming furnishings, that the Kroehler Davenport, which gave such a subtle air of distinction to the room, served another purpose. They saw in it only a beautiful piece of living room furniture—lovely of line, subdued of coloring, richly upholstered. Its low, wide seat, its deep, soft cushions inviting to quiet ease.

Yet, with a single, easy motion it opens, revealing a roomy, welcoming bed—deep-springed, thick-mattressed Covers, hidden all day beneath the davenport seat, are all smoothly in place.

Could you find a more graceful solution for the problem of living in limited quarters than the Kroehler Davenport Bed? Could you, in any other way, keep intact the beauty of your living room and obtain the convenience of an extra bedroom, without its cost and care?

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(Continued from Page 123)

Near East, in which the Berlin-to-Bagdad Railway, the Teutonic spearhead aimed at India, was an important agency. They had already secured the rights for the Anatolian Railway and they, too, yearned for an outlet to the Persian Gulf by way of the Tigris. Behind the German scheme was the Deutsche Bank, which now tried to buy the D'Arcy Persian concession.

Instead of selling this Persian concession to the Germans D'Arcy began to contest with them for the oil riches of Mosul and Bagdad, which were then a part of the old Turkish Empire. A duel between the British and the Germans developed, while later on the Dutch became involved in the struggle. Subsequently, as I pointed out in the preceding article, all the conflicting interests were mobilized in the Turkish Petroleum Company. The point to be emphasized is that D'Arcy not only held on to his Persian grant, with all the German overseas trade organization, which included the German Foreign Office, arrayed against him but his persistency in Mesopotamia enabled the Anglo-Persian Oil Company later on to dominate the Turkish Petroleum Company—the key to Mesopotamian oil riches.

D'Arcy found that running a sort of personal oil show was a costly luxury. By the end of 1903 he had expended more than £300,000—$1,500,000—out of his own pocket and he had only two moderate wells to show for it.

Just about that time the British Admiralty, thanks to the pounding of Lord Fisher, woke to the value of oil as fuel for the navy. Fisher saw the huge petroleum sources in Russia, America and elsewhere becoming more and more firmly held by non-Britishers. He believed that inevitably England would have to fight Germany, and he was also convinced that when that time came oil, and not coal, would stoke the fighting fleets. He therefore urged the Admiralty to corral an adequate and—what was equally important—an all-British source of liquid fuel. It was the first step in what later became the famous Admiralty oil deal which put the British Government into the petroleum business.

Britain's Tightening Grip

During all this agitation D'Arcy's personal fortune was being drained more and more in the Persian venture. Foreign interests were pressing hard for an association with him and ordinary business discretion dictated that the overhead be divided. The Admiralty then asked if he would defer taking on any outsiders until some independent British interest could negotiate with him to keep Persia under the Union Jack so far as oil was concerned. He agreed, and the Burma Oil Company came forward and formed the Concessions Syndicate to develop that part of the D'Arcy concession not being operated by the First Exploitation Company.

With this transaction you get the outpost of the long series of interlocking interests which today give England such a hold on so many foreign oil fields. Lord Strathcona was the dominating figure in the Burma Oil Company, whose policy was "India's resources for the British." When you know that this concern was an all-Scotch corporation you also know that it let nothing slip through its fingers.

In Strathcona you have another of the militant figures in British oil development. The second son of a Highland merchant, he went out to Canada when he was eighteen and was appointed a junior clerk in the service of the great Hudson's Bay Company. In the wilds of Labrador he traded with Indians and trappers and there laid the foundation of a business experience that stood him in good stead when he became the first of the Canadian railway pioneers. In his early days he married an Indian. As Canadian High Commissioner to England Strathcona did more perhaps to tighten the ties between the mother country and her American dominion than any other man.

When the Burma Oil Company came to the rescue the D'Arcy concession was saved for the British. Strathcona, like Lord Fisher, favored an Admiralty control of naval fuel, but changes in the government and a policy of retrenchment left the matter in abeyance for six years.

Meanwhile D'Arcy was plugging away in Persia. In 1907, and in the section locally known as Maidan-i-Naftun, which means Field of Oil, and adjoining the ruins of an ancient fire temple, the first gusher was struck with such force that it wrecked the derrick. This well, which is still flowing, may be said to have christened the British oil conquest of Persia, because it is the center of what is now a great producing region.

More than this, it led to the imposing merger of interests which soon became incorporated as the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, with Lord Strathcona as chairman of the board and D'Arcy a director. The original capitalization of £2,000,000 has been increased from time to time until it is now £24,075,000.

With the various details of organization we are not concerned, save the facts that the Anglo-Persian Oil Company linked all the D'Arcy oil connections; that the Burma Oil Company held a large percentage of its shares and guaranteed dividends for the first five years; and that it consolidated British authority and operation in all Persia save for those five northern provinces. It means that England has a Persian area of about 500,000 square miles for exploitation. The probable oil-bearing territory in it is estimated to be 600 miles long, thus making it probably the most extensive oil field in the world.

Nor is it necessary to dwell upon the difficulties of development in that remote area, where savage tribesmen abounded in the early days of operation. The field is 145 miles from the Persian Gulf and a pipe line had to be set down to the seaboard. A huge refinery was built near the mouth of the Karun River.

During the World War the British Expeditionary Force in Mesopotamia was supplied from this plant.

What does concern us, however, is the amazing expansion of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company everywhere and its ramifications that have from time to time come in conflict with American interests. First in importance, historic and otherwise, is the alliance between the company and the British Government. John Bull does not often take a hand in business, but when he does he lines up something strategic. Just as the Suez Canal deal engineered by Disraeli brought India nearer to England, so did this oil transaction guarantee one of the essential sinews of war to the empire.

As I have already pointed out, Lord Fisher roused the British Government to the realization that an adequate supply of oil for the navy was an essential to victory in the inevitable war with Germany or any other power. The matter had been pending for six years, but the hour for action was at hand.

Churchill Converted to Oil

When Winston Churchill reached the post of First Lord of the Admiralty in his progressive journey through the list of British cabinet jobs, he was quick to grasp the significance of the naval fuel problem. He announced that the Admiralty was confronted with oil-price movements which he believed to be part of a gigantic attempt to corner the market and control output. He further pointed out the necessity for the navy to secure adequate oil supplies at reasonable cost, particularly because developments in the use of liquid fuel had resulted in a construction program including numerous new battle and scout cruisers which called for oil as the imperative fuel. The naval race between Britain and Germany was on.

All the while development in Persia was progressing on a tremendous scale and the Anglo-Persian needed capital to carry out its pretentious program. Powerful Dutch and other alien interests made offers to help at the price of control of the company. At this juncture Lord Strathcona died, and soon after Mr. Charles—now Sir Charles—Greenway, who had been conspicuous in the industrial development of India, was made chairman of the board in succession. He had previously been managing director. He conceived the idea of having the government take a large interest in the Anglo-Persian, thus securing an adequate oil supply for the navy and at the same time obtaining the necessary new capital for exploitation without surrendering any rights to foreigners. By the terms of the proposed agreement the government was to invest £2,200,000 in the purchase of shares, thus obtaining control.

When this proposition was put up to the British Government it did what any cautious business man would do. It asked the Anglo-Persian people, "Have you any oil?"

The Admiralty had forestalled this query and sent a commission headed by Admiral Slade and including Sir John Cadman to Persia to report on conditions. A big gusher had been brought in and thirty more wells were in operation. The investigating committee reported that the concession, if judiciously worked, would safeguard the fuel supply of the navy.

Churchill now had the ammunition he needed. In presenting his argument for a government oil supply he maintained that the Admiralty was being "squeezed by all the oil trusts, regardless of nationality." His project encountered many obstacles born of natural British antagonism for so radical a national undertaking, and also the resistance inspired by alien oil interests. Sir Edward Grey, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, not only supported the First Lord of the Admiralty but declared that unless the government joined the Anglo-Persian the company and its valuable possessions would be absorbed by those who opposed the contract.

The fateful year of 1914 was well under way before the Bill for Acquisition of Capital in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company passed through Parliament. Curiously enough it received the royal assent on August tenth, or exactly six days after England entered the World War. Lord Fisher's prophecy came true, because the empire was not only at grips with the Teuton but, moreover, it had lined up an oil reserve for the struggle. A more unromantic but equally practical fact was that henceforth when oil companies competed with the Anglo-Persian they also competed with the British Government. It was a selling point against foreign oil that the Anglo-Persian organization was quick to capitalize.

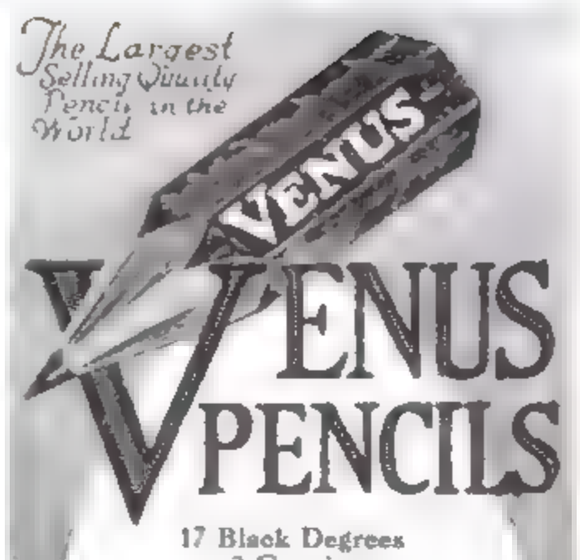
Worldwide Expansion

This historic deal not only put the British Government into the oil business, which in itself was without precedent, but it also gave the government actual control. It has a majority of outstanding ordinary shares, which have two votes each. Preference shares have only one vote for five shares. In addition to this voting power the contract provides that there must be two ex-officio directors on the board of the company, one representing the treasury and the other the navy. These directors may veto any act of the board of directors or of any committee.

At the close of the World War the Anglo-Persian Oil Company embarked on a scheme of world-wide expansion. It had an agency in the shape of the D'Arcy Exploration Company, formed in 1914, which could prospect anywhere. With the British Government as a controlling factor—the Admiralty in 1919 acquired an additional £3,000,000 in ordinary shares, which brought its total investment up to £5,200,000—it now began to plant the Union Jack wherever oil was possible, and in some spots where it was not. The company became both the voice and the instrument of empire in its determination to annex all petroleum-bearing territory not hitherto preëmpted. When Americans sought to prospect in any one of a dozen fields they were met by the sign, Reserved for Britain.

First let us take the Anglo-Persian activities in Europe. While the war was in full swing the company widened its scope at home by acquiring from the British Public Trustee, who corresponded to our Alien Property Custodian, the controlling interest in the British Petroleum Company, the Homelight Oil Company and the Petroleum Steamship Company, which had been previously held by the Deutsche Bank in Germany. Through this transaction the concern not only became the second-largest oil distributor in the United Kingdom but also greatly increased its tanker fleet. Before the ink was dry on the Armistice it began the construction of a huge refinery in Wales which has cost £8,000,000. I have already referred to the acquisition of the Scotch oil-shale fields.

On the Continent the company's grip is tightening. In coöperation with important French financial groups it has formed the Societe Generale des Huiles de Petrole to act as a marketing company in France and French colonies under an exclusive contract. It is also constructing a refinery in France to refine imported and native crude oil. This Anglo-French deal put the crimp into the aspirations of a large American oil concern which fondly believed it had some rights in the domain of our sister republic, but when the Anglo-Persian got busy they



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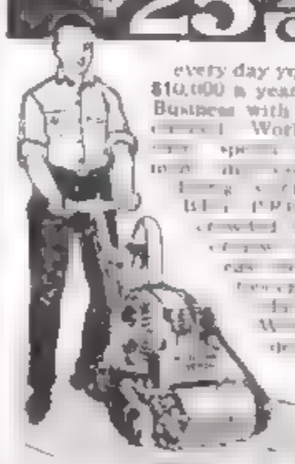

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had another think coming. Wherever the French and British have acted together in oil the British have been the master minds. San Remo was only one instance.

After Russia, the richest oil field in Europe is Rumania. Here the Anglo-Persian has a large interest through a separate British holding company in the Steaua Romana, the most important oil organization in Rumania. In connection with the Steaua Romana is a deal that all oil historians seem to have overlooked. The original control of this company was largely vested with the Germans through the Deutsche Bank, and in the natural course of events should have been dumped into the jack pot of reparations. Through some joint Anglo-French wangling—largely Anglo—the shares were kept out. Two subsidiary companies were formed, one of them British and the other French, to take over the properties.

The Anglo-Persian Oil Company also controls the oil fields of Transylvania, formerly a part of Hungary and now within Rumanian territorial confines. Through its Hungarian Oil Syndicate the Anglo-Persian has a contract with the Hungarian Government for the exclusive oil exploration there. It also has an exclusive concession from the Greek Government covering all petroleum rights in Eastern and Western Macedonia for five years, and is negotiating for a similar concession in Albania. It also operates in Spain, Norway, Denmark, Belgium and Jugo-Slavia. In fact, the only European oil belt that has escaped the Anglo-Persian is in Galicia, where the French are in control.

Asia is, of course, the bulwark of Anglo-Persian overseas power, with the vast Persian concession securely nailed down. With the aid of a subsidiary company, the North Persian Oils, Inc., it is negotiating for a concession for the oil in the five northern provinces outside the D'Arcy grant.

An interesting fight has developed over this concession. It was originally obtained by a Georgian named Koshtaria, who is said to have disposed of part of it to the Anglo-Persian. Meanwhile the Persian Government repudiated the concession and invited the Sinclair interests to take a hand in their country. Following this development the Anglo-Persian invited the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey for a combination offensive against the Sinclairs. At the moment no one seems to know just who controls this northern concession, but the British will probably win out because of the government influence behind the Anglo-Persian.

Far-Reaching Organization

Through the Turkish Petroleum Company the Anglo-Persian controls the rich potentialities of Mesopotamia, where, as I showed in the preceding article, American interests have been offered a share. This offer, however, was made only after the American State Department had made an international issue out of the closed-door policy for this region, formulated in conjunction with the French at San Remo. The D'Arcy Exploration Company also has the oil rights for Arabia and Palestine.

To indicate the remaining activities of the Anglo-Persian means to catalogue the rest of the oil-bearing world. It has options on concessions or is actively operating in Australia, where it has built another immense refinery, New Zealand, Borneo, New Guinea, Canada, Mexico, Trinidad, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, British Honduras, the Argentine, Peru, Venezuela, Egypt, the Gold Coast in British West Africa, the Ivory Coast of French West Africa, Portuguese East Africa and the Union of South Africa.

It is also well to keep in mind that through the Burma Oil Company and its subsidiaries the vast aggregation which has sprung from D'Arcy's dream is the petroleum dictator in India as well. To round out its widespread holdings I have only to add that through an American corporation it controls a Texas terminal to handle the output of its Mexican fields, and even owns a shipyard for the construction of tankers on the Hudson River.

The wildest dream of control by that one-time American oil monopoly never equaled in scope, authority and ramification the organization of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. When I say that it carries on through exactly sixty subsidiary or affiliated companies which operate in twenty-seven different countries you get some idea of its might.

If by any chance the Anglo-Persian has overlooked an oil bet anywhere it has fallen within the bailiwick of its no less potent mate, the Royal Dutch-Shell group. This combination is Dutch, however, so far as the production end is concerned, and because of its extraordinary power and extent, which penetrates even to the United States, it will be dealt with fully in the next article.

This revelation of the world-wide activities of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company naturally inspires the question, How do they do it? In the answer are disclosures that may well give food for thought to every American.

The first factor is the astonishing resource and enterprise that Britain has displayed in developing her oil domains. While Americans were lulling themselves into a false security over their own potentialities John Bull was up and doing everywhere. Incidentally, he was using American oil while he conserved and expanded his own fields.

The second agency that Britain has employed to the limit is the force of her government. Nor is this entirely due to the Admiralty interest in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. It is worth emphasizing again that wherever the British oil pioneer has gone he has had his government squarely behind him. This teamwork was effective in non-British countries, but it has reached its apex in Crown possessions.

Excluded From Burma

This brings us to the exclusion policy practiced by Britain, which is an illuminating indication of how the empire works on the job. For more than a quarter of a century American oil interests have been trying to break into India, but they have been up against a solid wall. As far back as 1884, through the medium of a royal proclamation, Britain clamped the lid down on Indian oil so far as any other nationals were concerned. It contained the following provisions:

> Whereas, on the report of Sir Charles Bernard, Chief Commissioner of Burma, through the Government of India to the Secretary of State, it is stated that the oil fields in that country are rich and extensive and that in after years would be a national benefit to the Province. It is therefore declared that the Secretary of State in Council has deemed it necessary, with the consent of Her Gracious Majesty, to protect the said oil fields from foreign enterprise and invasion, and the protection of the interests of that Province constitutes the issuing to the Government of India this order for the security of the oil fields, whereby no Trust or Corporation connected with Pierpont Morgan or J. D. Rockefeller, or any Company belonging thereto, be permitted any facilities or interest in the oil fields of Burma.
>
> Whereas, the war waged by the Oil Trust in the United States of America against other small representative Companies is fresh on the minds of Man, Her Gracious Majesty has decreed in pursuance of the said acts of the Oil Trust to forbid any interest or concessions whatsoever to any Foreign Company, Corporation or Trust other than any Company which may be formed in England or the Colonies, or in any part of the British Empire approved by the Secretary of State, facilities for prospecting, refining, operating, working, storing and winning of Mineral Oils in the Province of Burma.

The specific allusion to the Rockefeller interests is because, at that time, the original Standard Oil Company was master of the American oil situation. Its name was becoming synonymous with American oil.

This proclamation has been the cause of a controversy between the British and American governments. The British maintain that it is spurious, and in support offer the fact that, as originally reproduced, it was countersigned by the Marquess of Salisbury as Secretary of State for India. At that time the Earl of Kimberley held this post. Those who maintain the authenticity of the document, and they include all the American oil companies in the international field, allege that in the first copy, made from the British archives in India, the name Salisbury was substituted by mistake for that of Kimberley. The one point made in the British contention that the proclamation never existed was the Salisbury signature, which, as I have pointed out, is easily explained.

Regardless of the document in question there is ample evidence to prove the British closed-door policy in India. When the Standard Oil Company of New York, for example, sought to get a concession to drill for oil in Burma, the most valuable field in India, it was faced by the following edict, technically known as Resolution 115 of the Government of India, which contains these words:

> No native well owner of the Burma oil fields shall sell, lease, transfer, mortgage or assign any well or well sites to any foreign Company, Trust or Corporation without the approval of the Government of Burma, under the penalty of forfeiture and confiscation, and the Government of Burma shall refuse all applications for prospecting or refining from any concern connected with Pierpont Morgan or John D. Rockefeller, or any Company connected thereto.

This edict was quoted in a formal protest against British exclusion made to Secretary Hughes last year by the Standard Oil Company of New York. It is worth noting that some of its phraseology strongly resembles that of the royal proclamation whose authenticity is denied by the British.

The Standard Oil protest reproduced another dictum of the Government of India which is:

"Oil-winning concessions are granted under the mining rules of India; but petroleum is included in what is known as the reserve of minerals concessions which, as being resources of national importance, are granted only to British subjects and to companies mainly British in constitution."

As a result of the British policy in Burma no American company has been able even to erect a warehouse, to say nothing of a refinery, within its confines.

If any further doubt exists regarding the British exclusion attitude it is removed by a memorandum relating to the oil fields of India, and particularly those of Burma, issued by the British Foreign Office on April 21, 1921, which declared that "prospecting or mining leases have been, in practice, granted only to British subjects or to companies controlled by British subjects."

The same memorandum—it is one of the exhibits in the report of the Federal Trade Commission on Foreign Ownership in the Petroleum Industry—states that in Trinidad, a British possession rich in oil, "leases of Crown or alienated lands must be to British subjects or British-controlled companies." Identical restrictions apply to British Borneo, Nigeria, British Guiana, Egypt and other British protectorates and possessions. In British East Africa all aliens are excluded, while in the Gold Coast Colony the regulations provide that concessions of all kinds shall be granted to British subjects or British-controlled concerns.

Lord Curzon's Memorandum

Nor must that tidy little document—the San Remo Agreement—be forgotten in this examination of the British exclusion program. Though it let the French and the Dutch in on Mesopotamia and Rumania, it was careful to keep British control of every area involved neatly sewed up. Moreover, it gave the British the right to construct pipe lines and railways for the transport of oil from Mesopotamia and Persia, through French spheres of influence, to ports on the Eastern Mediterranean.

In an oil memorandum issued by Lord Curzon, British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, which was transmitted to the British ambassador at Washington, he recounted Britain's huge oil consumption and specified that 60 per cent of her imports came from the United States. He also brought out the fact that during the war the British imports of petroleum were as high as 5,160,000 tons. In commenting on these figures he said:

> The figures which have been quoted indicate that although the consumption of Great Britain per head is only about one-sixth of that in the United States, her requirements are, nevertheless, very large, and are at present met almost wholly from foreign countries at an extremely high cost. Much has been written as to the so-called closed-door policy in the British Empire, but even if such a policy was in force it would surely not be difficult to find arguments in its favor in view of the very serious position of the British Empire as regards petroleum supplies.

In sharp contrast with these British restrictions is the open-door policy of the United States. Save in the case of public lands the nationals of any foreign country are free to own and operate oil areas within our confines.

Just how the Englishman with any knowledge of the situation feels may be gathered from an extract from a formal statement made during 1923 by one of the best-known British industrial magnates. After rehearsing the concrete examples of British oil penetration throughout the world he said:

> To the tune of many million pounds a year America before very long will have to purchase from British companies and to pay for in dollar currency, a progressively increasing proportion of the oil she cannot do without and is no longer able to furnish from her own stores. If the fall in the pound sterling on the New York money market has not been stayed long before then, the British control of the greatest part of the world's oil will not only suffice to arrest it but will go a long way towards reëstablishing the old exchange equilibrium. We are dealing, remember, with very big figures. I estimate that if their present curve of consumption, especially of high-grade products, is maintained, the Americans in ten years' time will be importing 500,000,000 barrels of oil a year. At two dollars a barrel that means an actual payment of $1,000,000,000 per annum, most, if not all, of which will find its way into British pockets.

The British View

These disclosures of British oil penetration and exclusion are made not with any desire to provide material for the anti-British propagandists. But facts are facts. As I remarked in the preliminary paper of this series, blood may be thicker than water, but oil is not. In the end it means that though sentiment may sometimes be an admirable first aid in cementing political relations, it is always a stumbling block in business. No nation realizes this more than England, as her whole oil procedure shows. It is industrial imperialism raised to the nth degree.

Ask any open-minded British oil expert what he has to say about the matter and his reply is something like this:

"It is all right for the United States to protest against the British closed door so long as she has 60 per cent of the production. If the shoe were on the other foot perhaps her attitude might be otherwise. There is only 2 per cent of the world oil production within the confines of the British Empire, and it has been absolutely necessary for us to guarantee a future supply for both war and peace."

To get another impression of the tremendous British oil expansion let us take a final look at the figures relating to future supply, which, when all is said and done, is the all-important phase.

According to the most accurate statistics the United States has about 12 per cent of all recoverable oil in the ground, while Mexico has 7.5 per cent. Most of this is American owned. In the United States and Mexico Americans therefore control by actual proprietorship about 16 per cent of the world's undeveloped petroleum. In territory outside the United States they have a bare 2 per cent.

This makes the total United States control of Nature's oil-storage tanks approximately 18 per cent.

Now examine the British figures. Ten years ago the empire's petroleum resources were almost nil. Burma was the one big English field, because Persia had scarcely been scraped. Today Britain, through ownership, lease or affiliation, is mistress of over 70 per cent of the known petroleum areas, some of them with immense possibilities for production. This epitomizes the most significant advance yet made in the world struggle for oil.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the world oil situation. The next will be devoted to Dutch and French interests

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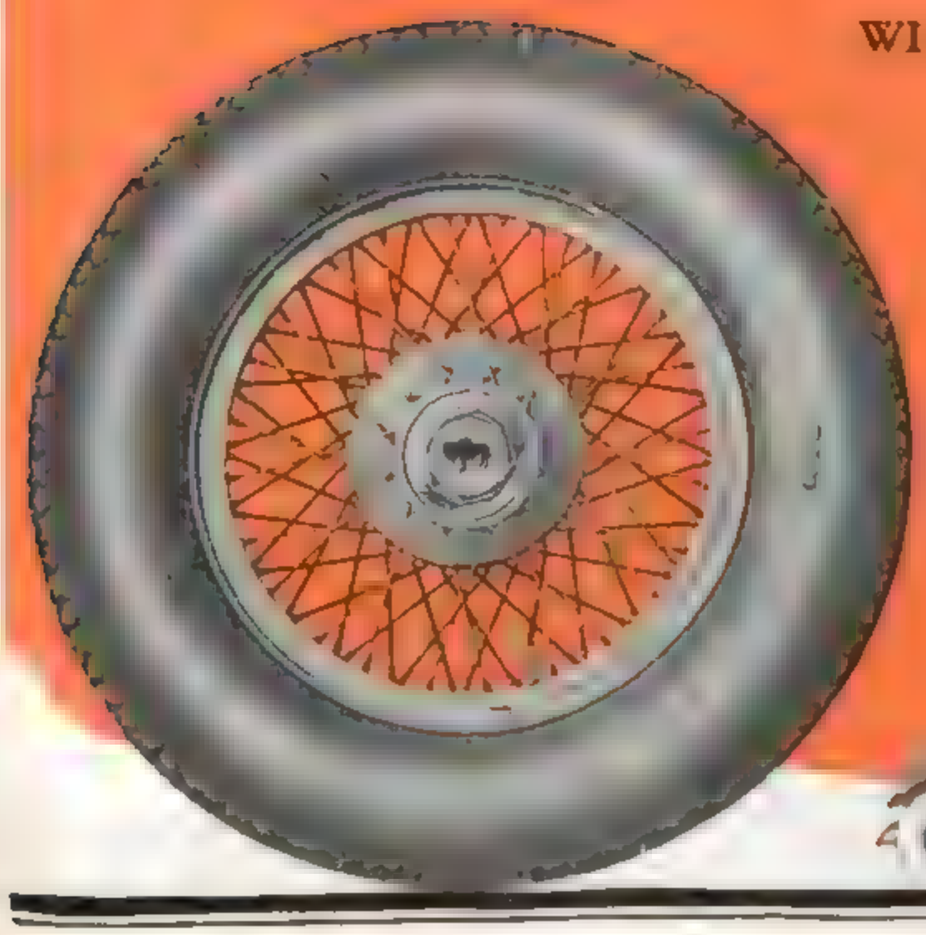
These BUFFALO Wheels, which are manufactured in both Wire and Disc types, are made smaller in diameter to compensate for the greater sectional diameter of the "balloon" tire. For example, in the popular equipment of 30 x 3½ inch tires BUFFALO small diameter wheels would make 28 x 4 inch "balloon" tires available. And a 33 x 5 inch equipment could be changed to 34 x 7 inch tires through the use of BUFFALO Wheels.

Then instead of operating on customary air pressure, you use only 20 to 35 pounds. As a result, your car glides on a cushion of air. Your tires, in reality, become shock absorbers that smooth out the bumps and ruts in a manner hitherto undreamed of.

BUFFALO Wheels, either Wire or Disc, for "balloon" tires now are being supplied for practically all models of all standard cars manufactured during the past four years. Any of our Service Branches and all authorized Wire Wheel Service Stations can supply you, or your own garageman can secure them for you.

BUFFALO Wheels, Wire or Disc, in standard sizes can be secured through the same sources.



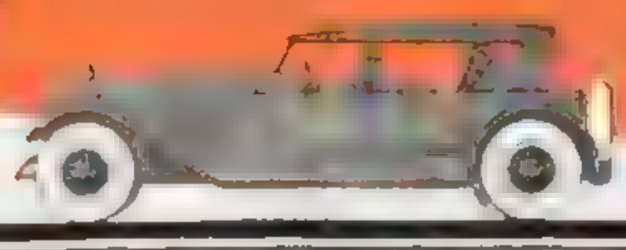
WIRE WHEEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Buffalo, N. Y.

Direct Branches and Service Stations:

NEW YORK: 835 11th Ave. at 57th St. CHICAGO: 2900 S. Michigan Ave.
SAN FRANCISCO: 1690 Pine Street DETROIT: 433 Leland Street

BUFFALO small diameter Wheels also obtainable through dealers and distributors of the *leading tire companies.*

INCORPORATED IN BUFFALO WHEELS ARE ALL THE BASIC PATENTS AND ADVANCED ENGINEERING SKILL OF RUDGE WHITWORTH. HOLE AND HOUSE TYPES IN STANDARD SIZES.



ROLLIN

1924 Debutantes

The fashionable Rollin enclosed models are replicas of the smart French designs shown at the great Parisian Automobile Salon just passed

In addition to a dignified beauty and pure simplicity of body lines, there is a sufficient sport tendency to give these models a decided air of originality and exquisite charm.

Powered by the nimble, small displacement, high compression, European type, light weight motor, the Rollin is bound to take its rightful place as one of America's most finely fashioned and highly developed automobiles.

Those visiting the New York Automobile Show should make it a point to inspect the full Rollin line. Exhibition will be in the main lobby of the Commodore Hotel, New York City, January 5th to 12th.

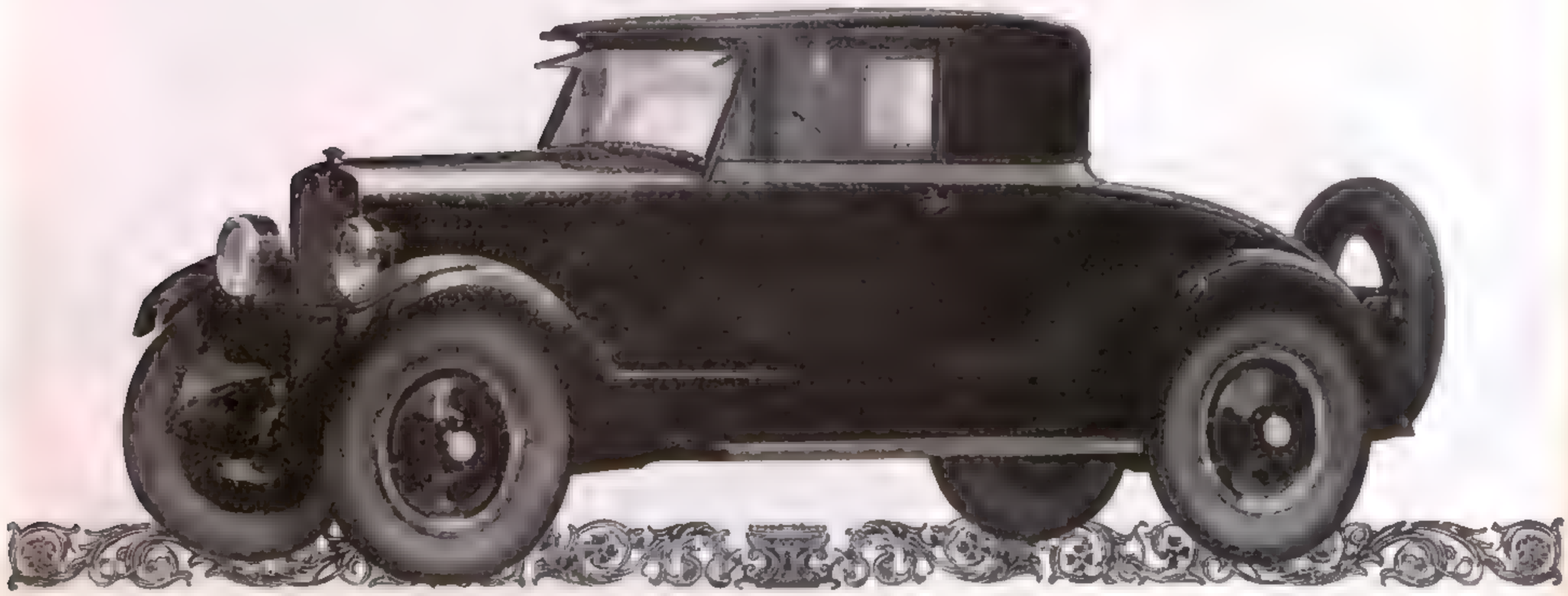
4-wheel brakes—internal type.
Investure Balloon Tires
4-bearing crankshaft
Force feed lubrication to all [illegible] motor bearings.
New manifold and new carburetor development.
25 to 30 miles per gallon of gas.

Touring Car De Luxe, $975*;
Three Seated Coupe Roadster $11[illegible], Five Passenger Sedan, $1,2[illegible]

*This same model with wood wheels, cord tires and 4-wheel brakes but without De Luxe equipment, $895. Prices f. o. b. factory.

THE ROLLIN MOTORS COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

On exhibition during the Chicago Automobile Show, Elizabethan Room, Congress Hotel, Chicago



"FOR YOU A ROSE IN PORTLAND GROWS"

(Continued from Page 14)

Aggie clutched her own toothbrush firmly. "I've got to be going. I'm going to wash today. I got up early to get the tubs before they were all taken."

When she got back to their camp her father, a smooth-shaven, ruddy-faced man with twinkling blue eyes and powerful stooping shoulders, was lighting the crackling fire.

"Don't that smoke just spell f-o-o-d right out loud, Ag? What we going to have?"

"Only ham and eggs and fried potatoes, I guess."

"No hot cakes?"

"Not this morning. I've got to wash."

"I'll get Thelma up to cook then if you say the word."

Aggie laughed comfortably. "She can't cook hot cakes, pop, or anything else."

He shook his head ruefully. "Some of those fellows that are so crazy over her ought to have their eyes open, but you can't tell the fools anything. They'll sit and eat your bread and all the time look over the top of the slice at her like sick sheep."

"I don't care, pop. Slice the ham, will you?"

The smell of food brought out Mrs. Lutz. She stood beside the tin stove and held out her large raw-knuckled hands to the blaze.

"George, get me a bowl of hot water, will you, with a teaspoon of soda in it? I never shut my eyes all night with indigestion."

"Weren't awake when I got up to chase that goat away, were you?"

"I most certainly was. I saw you."

"Heard me hunt for my boots, I suppose."

"I did."

He rubbed his chin. "Funny. I never stirred all night."

He fled before the lightning in her eyes.

"Your father is the most trying man in the world," said Mrs. Lutz querulously. "He's never happy unless he's putting me in the wrong."

Mary Pickford came out with sleepy eyes and touseled hair, and they all sat down at the crowded oilcloth-covered table. As soon as the meal was over Aggie began to scrape the dishes and Mrs. Lutz settled down to her tatting.

"Did you keep something hot for Thelma?"

"No." Aggie piled the dishes into the dishpan briskly. "I've got to hurry over to get a tub before they're all gone."

She picked up a bulky laundry bag and began separating clothes. The tent flap behind her opened. Thelma came out, clad in a pink cotton kimono, with her blond curls bubbling out around a flowered ribbon boudoir cap. Thelma, to Aggie, was as French pastry to johnnycake. She yawned prettily.

"Any breakfast left, Ag? Whatcha going to do? Wash? Wait; I'll give you mine too. A little bit more won't make much difference."

Aggie accepted in silence the heap of pink cotton lingerie.

"Good old Ag," said Thelma graciously. "I guess I'll go uptown this afternoon, mamma, and buy some red shoes. That snippy girl from Butte got a pair downtown yesterday."

"Well, if she has them I guess you can. Only don't, for goodness' sake, tell your father you're going to buy red ones, or I'll never get the money out of him." She turned sharply. "Where is that man?"

"Pitching horseshoes," said Mary P.

"Go get him, and tell him I said to come over to the gate with me and watch the cars come in."

Mary Pickford scooted down the dusty road. It was not long before she came back, leading her father.

"You can come, too, baby," said Mrs. Lutz.

"I druther stay home and play with the girl from Michigan. We're going to make colored water and sell it," pouted Mary P.

Mr. Lutz spat viciously. "Colored water and sell it! Hmph! You just tell that kid from Michigan that I said she was just like her father."

"What do you mean by a message like that?" demanded Mrs. Lutz.

"Nothing."

She sniffed. "Some time you'll get killed drinking that stuff."

Mr. Lutz looked back at the figure energetically wiping dishes. "Seems like Aggie's got an awful lot to do this morning. Can't Mary P. help her a little?"

"George Lutz, I'll just ask you to remember that poor little mite is just eleven, and the only baby we've got. Aggie would just as soon be doing dishes while she's waiting for the washtubs. Some of those women was over there before six, doing up washing that they must have saved all the way from Chicago to the Coast. I'm going to complain to the superintendent about it."

"That's all right," said Mr. Lutz doggedly, "but it seems to me that Thelma ought to get up and help a little instead of laying in bed all day."

Mrs. Lutz stood in her tracks and regarded her husband scornfully. "I'd like to ask you just one question, George Lutz. When did Thelma get to bed last night? You don't know. You were too busy buying that Michigan colored water. Well, it was after midnight, because she always stays till the last dance. And when did Aggie get to bed? Seven o'clock, before it was dark, as soon as she finished the dishes. Now ain't it reasonable to expect her to get up first?"

"It don't seem fair to me. Thelma eats her cake and has it too. Always has been that way."

"And you never seem to take any pride in having a daughter that's been voted the prettiest girl in two counties. Not that you have any right to, as far as any share in her looks goes. How you going to feel when we get to Los Angeles and she gets a job in some of them big movie companies?"

Their walk had brought them over to the entrance of the auto park, where incoming cars registered. In the pleasant speculation incident to watching new arrivals mere family discussions were forgotten. This daily avocation had all the value of watching for the 8:53 at home as an economical sport, with the added merit of being practically a continuous performance. It was sociable too. An Iowa license plate was the equivalent of an engraved card, corresponding lodge pins were as good as a formal introduction, and a windshield sticker from any tourist shrine offered the best possible opening for conversation. It was all part of a community hospitality which most of the travelers seemed to expect and enjoy. Mr. Lutz called out cheerful greetings, and stood with his coat thrown back to show the gallant array of lodge pins on his bosom.

"It's Me. I Wanted to be Sure. Gee, Don't I Look Swell!"

"Hello there, Kansas, what town are you from? . . . Topeka, eh? Do you know Les Burton there? . . . Yes, of course, it's a big place."

"Oh, pa, look at that lovely sticker from Spokane. We'd ought to have got one when we came through there. You ain't got an extry one have you, mister? We'll trade you a Glacier Park goat for it."

Sometimes they substituted a farewell for the jovial hail.

"Good-by, Mr. and Mrs. Fall. It has been a pleasure to make your acquaintance. Perhaps we'll see you again when we get to Los Angeles. I don't know how long we'll stay there. Thelma sort of thought she'd get a job in the movies. . . . Yes, she's the pretty one. Aggie's our other daughter. Well, if we don't see you any sooner we'll all get together at the Iowa picnic in Los Angeles. They say it's just grand."

"Oh, look, mamma, there's a regular house on wheels! That'd suit me, not having to put up a tent every time we want to stop. A phonograph and everything! If that oil stock comes in I'm going to have a car like that."

"My sakes, George, isn't that the prettiest sticker you ever saw on that car just checking out? Look, that great big pink paper rose. What does the printing on it say?"

"It says, 'For you a rose in Portland grows,'" he said. "Hey, mister, where do you get those stickers?"

"Down at the chamber of commerce. Pretty idea, isn't it?"

"Thelma's going downtown this afternoon," said Mrs. Lutz. "She can get it."

There was a five-minute lull. "Guess I'll go over and pitch horseshoes," Pa Lutz ventured.

"I declare, George Lutz, you don't seem to appreciate the value of travel no more than nothing. Stay here and improve your mind reading license plates from all over the United States. Look, here's a beauty now from Wisconsin. Hello, Wisconsin! My, they're stuck up. Look at her, sitting up there chewing her gum like a queen."

"Looks like that fellow and his mother that camped next to us at Helena."

"The Hayses?" she asked hopefully. "Yes, it is. Ain't that just like fate! My, Thelma will be tickled!" She gave her husband a shove. "Run back and tell her so she won't get caught with her mud message on her face. Oh, dear, I wish I'd wore my best boudoir cap! I can't let them see me like this. Step back of the car till they get registered."

The Hays car, which held old lady Hays and her son Clarence, bore scant evidence of transcontinental dust and was noticeably free of visible impedimenta, which was snugly stowed away in the tonneau. When they had first planned the trip Clarence had suggested putting it on the running board and taking some girl aboard for supercargo.

"We'll see," said Mrs. Hays grimly.

What they saw when the time came was Mrs. Hays sitting up on the front seat beside her thirty-year-old son, while the back seat was filled up with a well-selected camp outfit. Everybody in town knew it would be like that. It always was. For the last fifteen years Mrs. Hays' days and nights had been one long struggle against potential daughters-in-law. She feared and distrusted pretty girls as some women fear snakes. So she sat enthroned on the front seat, and had a way, at once coy and threatening, of saying that Clarence's mother was his best girl.

"Just look over the register, Clarence, and see if those terrible people from Iowa are here. If they are I'd rather go to a hotel than stay here."

"Which ones?"

"Oh, you know. That giggling thing that was always getting you to take her out when we were at the Helena camp."

"Oh, her." Clarence hastily laid a blotter over the page. "Thelma Lutz, you mean. Don't see the name."

"That's good. This looks like a real nice camp. Let's get a good rest before we start down to California."

"There's some good shady places at the far side of the camp," suggested the camp custodian, "but it seems like everyone wants to huddle up together near the gate."

"Not us," said Mrs. Hays curtly. "Drive as far over as you can, Clarence."

Their course took them past the community laundry just as Aggie Lutz was emptying a mammoth washing into the tubs. Her round perspiring face paled. "Oh," she breathed, "it's him!" and dropped face down until they passed. Then she raised a cautious head above the suds. "Isn't he grand! Gee, what if I hadn't seen him coming!"

She sighed as she started to rub one of Mary Pickford's ginghams with a violence that was abruptly quelled when she ran her knuckle against a pin. "Darn that kid! If I've got to do the washing ma might anyhow make her take the pins out of her clothes." She rassed the bruised finger to her lips and sucked it moodily. "I suppose

(Continued on Page 133)

The Answer:

Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes have been adopted as standard or optional equipment by the following manufacturers:—

Chalmers Peerless Six Columbia Dusenberg Eaton Axle Haynes
Kissel Paige Peerless Eight Stutz Timken Axle Wills Ste. Claire

It is inevitable, in our opinion, that all motor car manufacturers must ultimately adopt Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes.

The superiority of the hydraulic principle—exclusive to Lockheed Four-Wheel Brakes and completely protected by patents—is so transparently clear and plain that a simple demonstration to any car owner is absolutely conclusive.

It is even more impressive to the automotive engineer, because all engineers and every student of engineering accept as axiomatic the basic principle upon which Lockheed Brakes are constructed.

That principle is the law laid down three hundred years ago by Pascal, the great Seventeenth Century physicist, which reads today as though it had been written with direct reference to Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes.

> *"The pressure exerted upon any portion of a fluid enclosed in a vessel," said Pascal, "is transmitted undiminished equally to all surfaces."*

Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes operate in strict conformity with this law—exerting pressure upon a liquid compound, which pressure is transmitted *undiminished* and *equally* to every braking surface on the car.

With Lockheed Four-Wheel Brakes, there simply *must* be uniformity of pressure—or perfect equalization—upon which depends certainty of action, because their principle is as direct and positive and infallible as gravity.

Until the perfection of the Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes, many leading engineers hesitated to recommend four-wheel brakes for their cars.

Not because they question the need of four-wheel brakes—but because

> ***The pressure exerted upon any portion of a fluid enclosed in a vessel is transmitted undiminished equally to all surfaces***
> *—Pascal*

they were willing to wait for a brake system sure to remain equalized and to function perfectly under all operating conditions.

Brakes on an automobile are a safety factor. Primarily the degree of their safety depends upon the degree of equalization.

The Lockheed hydraulic principle—by providing positive and perfect equalization under all conditions—completely eliminates all possible sources of trouble.

Lockheed hydraulic equalization is inherently automatic, absolute, perfect and positive. The undiminished, undeviating power of a fluid under pressure is transmitted equally to all surfaces.

Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes need *no* lubrication, anywhere, at any time, from one year's end to the other. At long intervals, they require only one adjustment—at the brake bands themselves—which anyone can make.

There is nothing to rattle, or to work loose, or to require taking up. Nothing to interfere with equalization or safety. No pins, clevises, toggles or linkages. Nothing but four high-pressure tubes in the channel of the chassis frame, and four short pieces of flexible tubing to the brakes themselves.

Simpler and less complicated than even the ordinary two-wheel types.

Manufacturers recognize but one identity in four-wheel brakes. That identity is the Hydraulic Brake Company—backed by adequate capital, secure in its patent position.

The automobile public will understand the Lockheed advantages quite as definitely as do manufacturers—and will welcome Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes as the practical solution of driving and braking safety.

Hydraulic Brake Company
5833 Russell St. Detroit, Michigan

LOCKHEED 4 Wheel *HYDRAULIC* Brakes

(Continued from Page 131)

I ought to run over and tell Thelma he's here so she can take an hour or two extra to dress up." She took a step or two, then turned back to her washing decisively. "No, I won't. The water will get cold." She rubbed vigorously at the soapy clothes.

"What say?" asked the woman at the next tub.

"Nothing. Do we spread the washing over these bushes?"

"Yes. They ought to provide lines, but I guess folks would steal them for towlines if they did."

It was full noon when Aggie got back to the Lutz tent, hot and hungry. There was no sign of lunch. Thelma lolled gracefully in the shade in a pink organdie dress, with her curls piled in artful carelessness. She already knew then, thought Aggie. Mrs. Lutz looked up from her tatting.

"If there's any of that steak left from last night, Aggie, you might make a little hash for dinner."

"Don't put any onions in it, Ag."

"You must be expecting callers tonight, Thelma," said Mrs. Lutz playfully. "Perhaps he doesn't even know you're here."

"I'll say he does. I sent Mary P. over to walk past their tent."

"Whose tent?" asked Aggie.

"Goodness, you haven't heard the news! That nice Hays fellow we camped next to at Helena is here."

"Well, it's a public camp," said Aggie shortly. "Can't some of you white man's burdens set the table?"

"Someone's got to go to town this afternoon," said Mrs. Lutz, over the noonday hash. "Look out, George! Watch what you're eating."

Mr. Lutz closed his mouth and shook the slice of bread which he was about to thrust into it. "I wish you women wouldn't always be having raisin bread in camp. It's too risky with all these flies buzzing around," he said plaintively. "I thought you said Thelma was going to go."

"I was, but I'm not now. Why don't you go, papa?"

"I'm going to play checkers. You go, mamma."

"My sciatica is too bad. Aggie'll have to go."

Aggie, who adored window shopping, accepted with alacrity.

"Get meat for supper. There's not a thing in the place to eat tonight."

"Yes, mamma."

"And plain' white bread."

"And some liniment for my shoulder."

"Whatever else you do, don't forget to go to the chamber of commerce and ask for one of them pink paper roses to stick on the windshield. They're free. And bring me a can of plug cut."

"She'll need some money, George. You've got to have a new necktie. Your other necktie looks like a bunch of embroidery silk."

"My tie's plenty good yet. I don't wear it often."

Mr. Lutz brought forth, with visible effort, a fat bill fold wrapped about with rubber bands and further secured by a long chain fastened to his suspenders. He opened it with the reluctant gesture of a cautious spender. Painfully he extracted a five-dollar bill.

"That ain't enough, George. Thelma's got to have some new shoes."

"Red ones," said Thelma dreamily.

"Red shoes? Red?" He snapped the rubber bands around the bill fold. "She's not going to get them."

His wife pushed back the ruffle of her boudoir cap with a belligerent switch. "Well, she is." She lowered her voice. "You saw who came to camp this morning."

"No one with red shoes."

"No; I mean the Hayses."

"Oh, the folks with the big car. The old lady always looked like she smelled fertilizer."

"Yes; and Thelma was why she looked that way. The idea, turning up her nose at our Thelma! I'll show her!"

Mr. Lutz brought out the bill fold again.

"I haven't got anything between a five-dollar bill and a fifty," he sparred.

"Money's just as safe with Aggie as it is in the bank."

"I need Sunday shoes like everything," said Aggie.

"Well—I'll tell you what. You can have Thelma's Mary Janes. They'll be as good as new with the heels fixed."

"Why can't she use them herself?"

"She's just set her heart on having the red ones to wear tonight when Hays comes over. You both wear the same size."

"How are you going to carry this money? You'll have a lot of it left to bring home."

"I'll put it in the pocket of my underskirt."

"The red shoes are in that store where they gave away free samples of salad dressing yesterday. See what they are giving away today."

"Get a movie magazine for me."

"All right, Thelma."

"Remember that we can't have supper till you get home. We're out of everything."

"Hey," her father called after her; "don't forget that rose."

"No, I'll get that the first thing."

How she found the chamber of commerce in a strange city only a rural motor camper can tell. She smiled a little sourly as she came out with the coveted sticker in her hand. Across it was printed in black letters the alluring assurance: "For you a rose in Portland grows."

"No, it don't," she mused. "For me there's just potatoes and turnips and carrots—to cook for other people."

She shopped around a wide circuit for Thelma's red shoes because they seemed outrageously high. At last she found them in the basement of a big department store.

"Going to wear them home?" asked the clerk.

"No-o-o." Aggie had very pretty feet. She was advancing and retreating before the mirror, which cut off her clumsy khaki skirt and showed only her smart twinkling footgear. "No-o-o." More stepping to retarded tempo. "They don't go with these clothes."

"A King Tut dress would be wonderful with these shoes. We've got a sale on them today at half price."

"Where are they at?"

"Second floor. Better leave on the shoes till you try them on."

It wasn't hard last summer to find the King Tut dresses at a sale. You followed the crowd. Aggie worked her way to a rack of dresses, which she fingered with toil-roughened fingers.

"Just looking," she said diffidently to a saleswoman. But her eyes were glued to a black-and-white silk intricately outlined with chariots and Egyptian profiles. "How much is this?"

"Nineteen-seventy-nine. Half price. I bought one like it for myself this morning. Don't you want to slip it on?"

"I—I couldn't buy it anyway. I'm just looking."

The saleswoman took one keen look at Aggie's eyes and propelled her by easy stages into a fitting room.

"It goes on over your head. Pull the belt away down on the hips, this way. There! You look like a different girl."

Aggie looked at her reflection long and avidly. Then she turned away with a dejected shrug. This sartorial rose of Portland bloomed just over her head. She pulled the dress off awkwardly.

"I hadn't ought to have put it on. I'm just looking."

"Your own folks wouldn't know you in it."

"I'll say they wouldn't."

She took off the red shoes and wrapped them up.

Leaving the store by a different door from the one through which she had entered befuddled her completely as to direction. Where were the markets from here? She walked and walked and walked with an aggrieved absorption that took no account of landmarks. Aggie, the placid, the philosophical, was stubbing her toes against life. Why did Thelma get the red shoes and leave her the old Mary Janes? Why was she, Aggie, always the one to fry chickens for other people's picnics?

Her wanderings, instead of taking her to the market, were leading her through one of those shabby districts in the adolescent stage between residence and business property.

Suddenly she was startled by a mossy Hibernian voice at her very ear:

"Is thot a pr-rivut home, or can ye rint rooms in it?"

Beside her walked a small Irishman of forty with a ruddy wizened face and a fringe of marigold-colored hair under his unaccustomed-looking derby. Very much of a comic-supplement Irishman, she thought. It was quite evident that his very blue serge suit and his approximately white celluloid collar cramped his ordinary freedom of gesture. His yellow shoes squeaked, and from time to time he wiped his streaming face with a silk handkerchief. He was pointing to a shabby old mansion with sooty lawns, and signs of palmists and lodgings in the plate-glass windows.

"Why, I suppose they rent rooms," said Aggie. "You could ask."

"I don't want no room. I just thought I'd be talking to you about something."

Aggie remembered many occasions when traveling men had struck up acquaintance with Thelma back home in Myrtle Creek. The openings, as retailed later by the giggling Thelma, had usually been in the order of personal comment. Never, could she recall, had one begun by asking if the Prairie House "rinted rooms," nor did they look like this man anyway.

She walked on with eyes ahead and very red cheeks, quite silent. But he walked along beside her, squeak-squeak-squeak, and at the first crossing he took her plump arm and piloted her, like a very small tug convoying a river boat.

"Ain't it awful," he continued, "how some folks has such awful big houses and automobiles, and the rist of the people has nothin'? Seems like the r-rich is gettin' richer all the time, and the poor man has less."

He looked up at her with round blue eyes welling with admiration.

"I guess we can all get along," said Aggie curtly. Remembrances of Y. W. C. A. warnings posted in public places against strangers who talked to country girls flashed through her mind, but the little man suggested nothing more dangerous than one of those nondescript canines with wistful eyes and hopeful tail that inexplicably single out one pedestrian from a crowded street.

"Ye're a stranger like mesilf, ain't ye?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Are ye in Portland long?"

"Not very."

"It's a lonesome place. I've been on str-rike now for a month, and I'm gettin' awful lonesome putting in the time. I'm a railroad shopman."

"I suppose it is lonesome. Do you think the strike will last much longer?"

"I hope not. Though if I hadn't been out on str-rike I wouldn't have saw ye."

At the next crossing she shook off his warm freckled paw from her arm and turned with heightened color to order him about his business, of which, too evidently, he had none. One look at his ingenuous smile gave her pause. It was proud, possessive, challenging, and a little bit sad. A startling thought came to her: She, Aggie Lutz, had brought down a man. To be sure, he wasn't much to brag about, but it showed what she could do. She preened herself ever so slightly, and wished that she had left on those red shoes.

"Got anny wan with ye, or are ye alone like mesilf?"

"I'm with my folks."

"Ye're lucky." A gusty sigh. "It's awful lonesome for a man when he don't know no wan. When I seen ye comin' along I thought maybe you and me would get acquainted. You know how it is. Some folks ye feel like ye wanted to know better, and others you don't."

Another crossing, with repetition of the tugboat effect.

"Was that why you talked to me? There's lots of girls in Portland."

He shook his head. "But some of thim I don't want, and maybe some of thim wouldn't want me. The minute I seen ye steppin' along I knew I would like to know ye better."

Aggie's chin went up ten degrees. Thelma needn't brag any more about the men on the porch of the Prairie House.

"If ye're not busy perhaps we could go to a show together this afternoon," he ventured.

She appraised him quickly from the tail of her eye. Why, oh, why, couldn't he have looked different! Well, like Mr. Hays in the car from Wisconsin?

"You're very kind, but I can't. I've got to meet my father."

"Maybe I could be comin' round to see you this evenin'?"

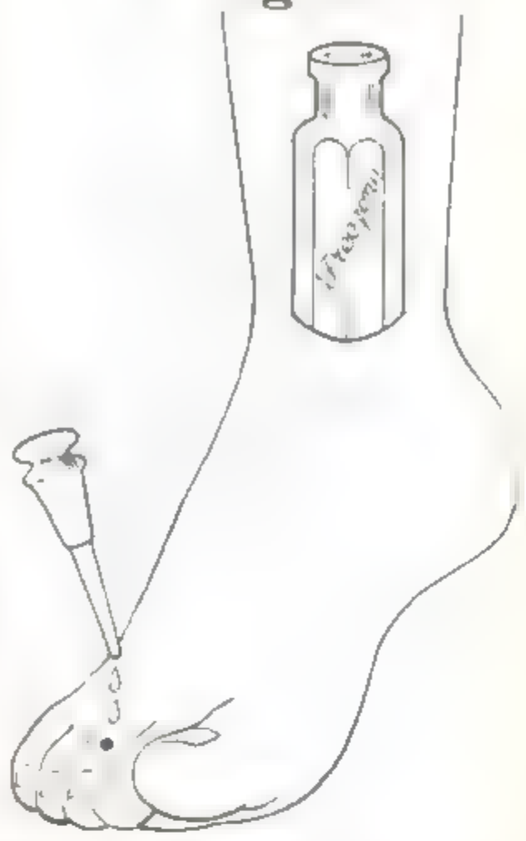
"Oh, no!" she gasped.

He opened his coat with a flourish. "There!" He handed her a pink card with many indorsements. "I'll show ye my union card, so ye'll know who I am. I'm not like some of these fellows going around that no wan knows annything about. Look, that's me. Michael Hennessy, Local 28."

"I'm sure you're all right."

"I am. A good steady chap, and reasonable sober. It would be awful nice if we could be company for each other. I seen ye first down on Alder Street, and I thought it

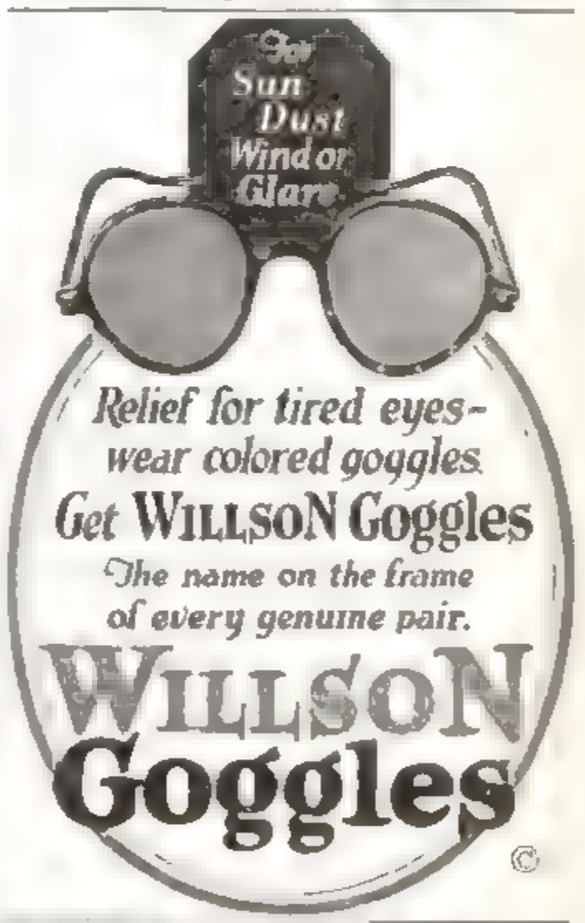
Corns
Lift Right Off



Drop a little "Freezone" on a touchy corn or callus for a few nights. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you lift it right off. Doesn't hurt a bit

You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere

Edward Wesley and Co., Cincinnati, O.



Relief for tired eyes—wear colored goggles
Get WILLSON Goggles
The name on the frame of every genuine pair.
WILLSON Goggles

Gem Nail Clippers

Made to do one thing well—trim nails neatly and quickly with either hand. Small, fits vest pocket or hand bag. Gem (in leather case) 50c. Gem Jr. 35c. At dealers or by mail

The H. C. Cook Co., Ansonia, Conn.

MEN WANTED

to sell Fyr-Fyter to homes, auto owners, garages, stores, schools, factories, etc. Cash or easy payments. Big commissions to men and women who will work full or spare time every day. Beck made $9 first week. Boston $52 on his first sale. Scannell averages $250 per month. $1,001 to $10,000 per year to producers. We train you free if you never sold before. Write today for full particulars and free sample offer.

The Fyr-Fyter Co., 3226 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, O.

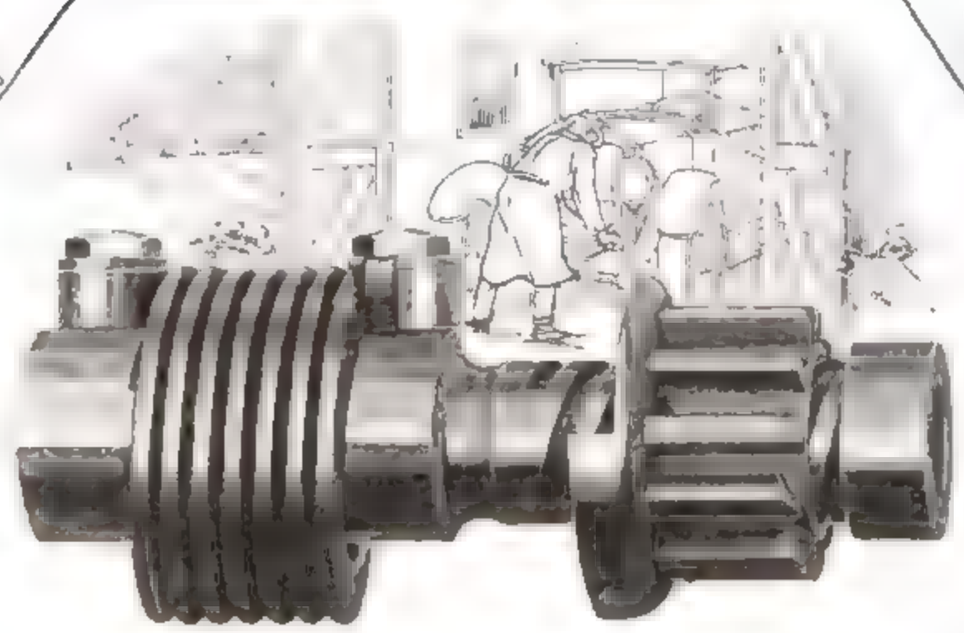
SELL GREETING CARDS

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY for ambitious men and women. Big profits. Experience unnecessary. Write for free sample outfit.

JOHN A. HERTEL CO., 850 CLINTON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

The Bendix Drive

The "Mechanical Hand" that Cranks Your Car.



With a Cold Motor *no more "hand-cranking"*

A winter morning—a cold stubborn motor! In the old "hand-cranking" days, starting was an arduous, sometimes impossible task. Remember?

With the electric starter came a new era of easy, convenient, dependable starting—under all conditions of weather. You merely touch the starting button—and your motor responds. And in this The Bendix Drive has a very important part.

The Bendix Drive is a "mechanical arm and hand", for which your starting motor supplies the "muscle".

The Bendix Drive is attached to the armature shaft of your electric starting motor where it functions automatically as the connecting link between your starting motor and engine.

The Bendix Drive automatically takes hold of your fly wheel—turns your engine over—starts it—then automatically "lets go", and waits until you need it again.

The fact that the Bendix Drive is standard equipment on the electric starters of a majority of the world's automobiles and trucks is evidence of the need which existed and the efficient, dependable way the Bendix Drive has met it.

More than 4,000 dealers and garages supply genuine service parts for Bendix Drive. Look for the name "Bendix" on each genuine part.

The **BENDIX DRIVE**

Manufactured By

ECLIPSE MACHINE CO., ELMIRA, N. Y.

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, LTD.
WALKERVILLE, ONT.

would do no harm to speak to ye. Some people ye want to know better, and others ye don't. I was married wance, but for the last year I've been sort of single. It's awful lonesome." Silence. "I'm sure going to get married before the year is out."

They had now walked more than a mile and Aggie wondered how she was going to get rid of him. How did Thelma manage these things?

He slowed his pace and lowered his voice: "Listen. You know how it is yerself. There's some people ye want to talk to, and others ye don't. When I seen ye away down by that park I knew ye was the kind of a girl for me.

"I was thinkin' I'd maybe buy wan of these ten-acre berry ranches and settle down and get married. I'd like you, if ye'd have me."

"Aggie stopped short. I—I couldn't."

"Are ye engaged?"

"Ye-yes."

There comes a time when the unwilling acquirer of a stray dog feels that matters have gone far enough, but, because he is the type that stray dogs elect to follow, he seldom has the hardness of heart to accomplish the dismissal with a kick. Rather does he dodge into a doorway.

"I'm going in here," said Aggie at the first big store she came to. "Good-by."

"Good-by. There's some folks ——"

Aggie stepped proudly down the crowded aisle, inspired by the sense of her first scalp hanging to her belt; a humble scalp with fringing, marigold-colored hair, and maybe a few splinters of solid ivory sticking to it; but still, a scalp.

She caught sight of herself in a shop mirror. Khaki skirt and hat, white blouse, plain thick brown hair, a sunburned nose. She grinned ruefully.

"How did he ever happen to pick me out?" she marveled. "The folks will never believe the story. I don't look the part."

She paused before the impact of a dynamic idea. There was humor in her eye and determination in her chin. "I'll show them a thing or two," she thought as she opened her purse. A roll of small bills left from pa's fifty challenged her. "Humph! I guess that's enough." Then she went upstairs to a dressing room and put on Thelma's red shoes.

"Is there a place around here where they curl your hair?" she asked a clerk.

"Hairdressing parlor, third floor."

Aggie felt delightfully conspicuous with her red shoes. She tripped into the hairdressing parlor and studied the coiffures on the wax figures.

"I'd like my hair done just like that," she directed the astonished girl who had come up to wait on her. She pointed to a waxen dame with brown hair gracefully waved and done in a simple knot. "And say, can you do anything to my sunburn first?"

The girl thought she could. Anyway she was willing to try for three dollars. So presently Aggie was stretched out like a sheeted ghost, with the girl plastering her face with a brownish unguent.

"Bet that's buckwheat batter," she hazarded.

"No, indeed. It's our special chiffon pack."

"Chiffon? Canvas, you mean."

While beauty was incubating, Aggie lay still and did a little thinking. Wouldn't she spread it on thick when she told Thelma about her pick-up!

Obviously the truth would be vastly bettered by a more romantic-looking hero. He must be much taller and much better dressed. Should she make him dark and mysterious? Or light and jovial? No-o-o; just sandy-haired and blue-eyed; about like Clarence Hays, say.

It must be nearly four now. Time to start supper. Well, let Thelma do it for once. Wouldn't she be mad about the red shoes! But her rage would be childish mirth compared to papa's when he asked for the change from his fifty-dollar bill.

"Oh!" she gasped an hour later. "Oh!" She reached down and pinched her leg. "It's me. I wanted to be sure. Gee, don't I look swell!"

She hurried into the store where she had dallied hopelessly with the King Tut dresses earlier in the afternoon. The clerk who had waited on her was just putting a cotton cover over the racks.

"I'll take that black-and-white dress for nineteen-seventy-nine you showed me. I'll wear it home."

"My word! I never would have known you," said the clerk.

"Hurry up," said Aggie breathlessly. "I want to buy a hat before the store closes. Some earrings too."

It was after six when Aggie got off the street car at the auto park. Just at the gate she stepped aside to let a large shiny car pass. It stopped suddenly with a flurry of dust.

"Hello," said the driver. He got out of the car and walked toward her.

The special chiffon pack of the afternoon showed up Aggie's blush admirably. "I—I didn't know it was you, Mr. Huh-Hays," she stammered.

"And I almost got by before I knew it was you."

His pleasant blue eyes made a futile but earnest attempt to analyze her appearance. "You've got off your khaki, haven't you? It sure does make a difference."

"I'm sorry you don't like it."

"Sa-ay! Do I act like I didn't like it?"

"When did you get in?" asked Aggie ingenuously.

"This morning. It's a fine camp."

"Have you seen Thelma yet?"

"I was over there this afternoon about an hour ago. All your folks were sitting around waiting for you to come home and cook supper, as usual."

Aggie gave a snort and leaped recklessly ahead in the dust which she had been so sedulously avoiding. Mr. Hays merely stretched out one long arm and yanked her back.

"Hey, what's your hurry?"

"Oh, my land!" Tears of dismay stood in her eyes. "I went to town mostly to get stuff for supper, and I never thought of it till this minute. Oh, oh! They'll be starved! I'm so sorry. How could I have been so selfish!"

She wriggled, but Mr. Clarence Hays held her firmly, moved not at all by her picture of the Lutzes' suffering.

"They're not paralyzed, are they? There's your mother and your sister, and the kid, and I'll bet even your old man can swing a mean can opener after he's motor-camped for six weeks. Let them eat canned beans."

Aggie shuddered. "Ugh-h. They've been on emergency rations so many times that Mary P. cries when she sees them."

Mr. Hays opened the door of his car with one hand and lifted the husky Miss Lutz into the front seat with the other. Then he jumped in beside her, started the engine and swung smoothly out through the gates of the auto camp.

"Won't you please take me downtown again to buy the meat? You'll have to lend me the money too."

"No, I will not take you downtown again to buy the meat."

"W-well, where are we going then?"

"I don't know exactly. I'm only a poor country lad that doesn't know the town. But we're going to have a good time. What's that paper you've got in your hand?"

She unrolled a huge pink paper rose. "A sticker for the windshield. 'For you a rose in Portland grows,' it says. Pretty idea, isn't it?"

"Great Put it on the windshield."

"It's pa's."

"Stick it on my windshield."

Aggie put out her tongue and licked the outside petals of the rose. Then she slapped it on the windshield with an inscrutable grin.

Back at the auto camp in the gathering gloom Mrs. Hays sat in a collapsible rocker with her knitting. Clarence had gone into town to the movies alone, and since from where she sat she could account for all the pretty girls in camp, she felt easy in her mind. There was the pretty girl from Montana, whom he had met that afternoon, playing bridge. And there was the pretty Lutz girl sitting over by their tent twiddling her thumbs. Of the plain and useful Lutz girl she took no thought at all. She didn't count.

And Thelma watched the Montana girl and the Hays tent, while the Montana girl watched Thelma and the Hays tent. A pretty triangular pattern.

Pa Lutz got up with a sigh and gloomily opened a can of beans.

Brandes

Table-Talker

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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50c additional west of the Rockies.

Everybody-listen in!

"Tune" with your *Matched Tone* Headset. Then let the family listen with a Brandes *Table-Talker!* The perfect combination for *real* radio fun!

The new *Table-Talker* does for group-listening what the *Matched Tone* Headset does for the individual.

It provides true tone—mellow and strong. It reproduces the program faithfully—from the deepest speaking voice to the highest instrumental music. And it's a good-looking addition to any set—with its simple lines and neutral brown finish. A *remarkable* loud-speaker!

All Brandes' Products are sold under a money-back guarantee.

C. BRANDES, Inc. · NEW YORK

Matched Tone

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Radio Headsets

© C. Brandes, Inc., 1923

What of the pupils who are turned away

THOUSANDS of children in many localities have this year been turned away from all or a part of their training hours, because of inadequate school accommodations.

The awakening of the general public to these conditions is helping to accelerate the financing and actual building of additional schools.

It is of interest to school officials and the public to know that the American Seating Company manufactured pupils' desks in quantities apparently in excess of probable need, in anticipation of this emergency. These have been constantly available for equipping new school buildings, additions to old, as well as temporary structures, as fast as they could be utilized.

In helping the nation to meet promptly this unusual demand upon its educational facilities, the American Seating Company is living up to its accepted responsibility and ideals of service to the nation's schools.

American Seating Company

School Desks—Theatre Chairs—Church and Lodge Furniture

General Offices - 14 East Jackson Boulevard
CHICAGO

Branch Offices and Distributing Agencies with Display Rooms and Service Organizations in All Principal Cities.

A WANDERER'S NOTEBOOK

(Continued from Page 16)

would make the man from Mars scratch his head dubiously and try to figure out why the earth's population should be known as the "human" race.

The Danish Language

THE Danish language, when slowly spoken, bears a marked resemblance in the ears of the traveler to the patois or lingua franca known in childish circles as Hog Latin. Some Americans claim that an American child can make himself understood by Danes by speaking Hog Latin to them. This is probably an exaggeration.

The Sensible Danes

JUST north of Copenhagen, on the edge of the narrow strip of water -only about three miles wide in places—that separates Denmark and Sweden, is a series of small summer resorts which boast some of the prettiest cottages in the world. The most beautiful ones are very small, seldom with more than six rooms, and frequently have scarcely any land around them. They are so heavily banked with trees, shrubs and vines that they have complete privacy, in spite of their small amount of land. They are roofed either with thatch or with turf from which the grass sprouts luxuriantly, or with glossy black tiles resembling patent leather; and all the good ones are reproductions or adaptations of Danish peasant houses. This shows the wisdom of the Danes. In Europe the peasant, or farm, houses of the different sections are the houses which best fit those sections, just as the original farm and country houses of America—the stone houses of Pennsylvania; the brick houses of Virginia and Maryland; the simple, beautiful, four-square frame houses of New England—are the types that best fit the sections in which they originated. Yet with these simple and appropriate models calmly waiting to be copied, American shore resorts are often decorated with architectural monstrosities that would have driven Christopher Wren insane and caused Mr. Bulfinch of Boston to blow out the gas in disgust; gingerbread cottages abound, and bungalows covered with decorative shingle patterns, wooden lace trimming and pousse-café paint effects. Those who build summer homes in America could well afford to take a few correspondence courses from the Danes.

Capitalizing Hamlet

HELSINGÖR, a neat town a few miles north of Copenhagen, contains three objects of interest, the first being the castle of Kronborg, where Hamlet's father's ghost gave the first recorded public exhibition of ghost walking; the second being Hamlet's grave; and the third being the spring into which Ophelia, the beautiful moron, did her untimely Brodie.

The castle, like most ancient European castles, has been greatly altered since its early days and has been rebuilt five or seven times. The ghost has not walked in recent years, probably due to the fact that he doesn't recognize the place since it had modern plumbing installed.

Hamlet's grave is in a gloomy, tree-shaded spot, on the top of one of the few local hills, and appears to have been built around 1820 instead of around Hamlet. There is no inscription on it, and many Shaksperean scholars feel confident that it was built by local business men to encourage traffic between Copenhagen and Helsingör. A more reasonable assumption, however, is that it was built by kind-hearted Danes, so that visiting Americans wouldn't be disappointed by their failure to see Hamlet's burial place.

The stones at the top of the monument, which looks something like a petrified beaver house with a mammoth banana stuck in the top, are conveniently loose as an encouragement to tourists, and have to be replaced at frequent intervals because of their popularity—probably as door stops or desk weights.

Ophelia's spring seems to have been constructed because of a widespread demand for something of the sort in the vicinity of Hamlet's grave. It is a highly unimpressive affair, consisting of a small pipe or spigot, breast-high from the ground, from which trickles a thin driblet of water like that which emerges from a leaky bathroom faucet. The water drips onto a colanderlike iron plate and vanishes. If the spring was in its present condition during Ophelia's existence, the only way that she could have killed herself by means of it would have been to lie under it and take the water cure for three or four days. Even then she would have stood a chance of dying from thirst. Close beside Ophelia's spring is a narrow-gauge railway cutting with a bridge over it. If Ophelia had to do away with herself at the present time she would turn from the spring in disgust and jump off the bridge.

After a visit to Denmark one soon becomes convinced that Hamlet's melancholy was probably due to the bone-headedness of Danish hotel porters, who have complete charge of all Danish hotels and who seem incapable of doing anything correctly. Hamlet may have left messages for Ophelia with a Danish hotel porter, in which case the porter would inevitably have lost them or garbled them and been responsible for all the trouble.

There are Hamlet and Ophelia restaurants in Helsingör and its purlieus, and all of them are about as melancholy as Hamlet.

Quaint Danish Customs

THE Danes have odd ideas concerning the proprieties of sea bathing. For men and women, duly clad in bathing suits, to mingle on beaches and bask in the sun is regarded as the height of impropriety. It is, however, perfectly all right for women to expose themselves prominently on the platforms of bathhouses which are located only a few yards from beaches on which men are permitted to congregate freely. Thus, at Marienlyst, a popular and beautiful bathing resort almost within stone's throw of Hamlet's grave and the scene of Ophelia's unfortunate demise, Danish women of culture, refinement and beauty patronize a bathhouse whose bathing platform faces the beach in the same way that a theater stage faces the audience. The audience is greatly edified throughout both the morning and the afternoon hours by the determination of said women to become violently tanned. The Danish theory of tanning seems to be based on the idea that a uniform color should be acquired by every part of the body—possibly so that no lines of demarcation may be observed later in the season, when one appears in the most extreme of evening gowns. In spite of the very fair complexion of the Danes—a fairness which the most casual investigation at Marienlyst shows extends to all parts of the body—the bathers remove their bathing suits when they have emerged from the water, drape themselves most sketchily in bath towels, and expose themselves for hours on end to the direct glare of the sun. Frequent adjustments of the towels are necessary, at which moments there is a noticeable concentration of attention on the part of the onlookers. In some ways the show is better than the Folies Bergère in Paris or an American musical comedy. There is no admission fee, and one doesn't have to listen to the comedy.

Enlightening a Dane

AN AMERICAN tourist caught a helpless Dane on the porch of a Marienlyst hotel and, in spite of the fact that the Dane probably understood only one word out of ten, insisted on instructing him as follows in a piercing scream:

"D'j'ou ever hear of Atlantic City? City! Seaside! Like this, only better! Today there are three hundred thousand people walking up and down there! Three hundred thousand people! Men and women bathe together there. Oh, America's a wonderful country! D'j'ou want to know how to get rich? D'j'ou know what a share of stock is? Stock! A share of stock! Paper, you know! Part of a company! Ye-ah! A stock company. A share of stock. Stock! Stock! Stock! Gosh, don't you know what a share of stock is? Oh, well —— Say, is Denmark part of the Continent? I say, part of the Continent! You know Germany is on the Continent! Is Denmark, or do you go to Germany on a boat? Oh, well —— Say, I went down on the beach today. Beach! Ye-ah, beach! You know, those women stand up in the bathhouse naked. Naked! Ye-ah, no clothes! Ye-ah! Have you seen

Timing Gears should be seen but never heard

AT the Auto Show look over the cars that are equipped with Celoron Silent Timing Gears.

Celoron Silent Timing Gears can be used in any timing gear set. They are standard equipment on—

APPERSON	ELCAR	JEWETT
COURIER	GARDNER	MARMON
DORRIS	HANLEY	MAXWELL
DORT	HAYNES	NASH

OLDSMOBILE *(Light Eight)*

Ask the salesmen why these popular cars have Celoron Silent Timing Gears in their timing gear sets.

When wear means trouble

Metal gears howl and grind when they become worn. Timing chains stretch with wear until the motor is out of time. The loose chain thrashes in the case. The only remedy for a worn or broken timing chain is to install a new chain, a long and expensive job.

Celoron is a laminated phenolic condensation material bonded with Condensite. Gears made of Celoron do not hum, grind, or howl, even when worn.

Silencing timing gear sets

Celoron Silent Timing Gears are light, tough, and strong. They are water-proof, grease-proof, oil-proof. These gears retain accurate timing. In action they are permanently positive and *silent*.

Your service station or repair man can put a set of Celoron Silent Timing Gears in your car.

Celoron Silent Timing Gears will be exhibited at the New York and Chicago Automobile Shows at the booths of Diamond State Fibre Company and Dalton & Balch Company.

Celoron crank shaft and generator shaft gears

Where you can get Celoron Timing Gears

Celoron is made into Silent Timing Gears for replacement by Dalton & Balch. Jobbers and dealers all over the country carry stocks of these gears. All D. & B. Silent Timing Gears carry the Celoron mark. Look for the word "Celoron."

Celoron camshaft gear

DIAMOND STATE FIBRE COMPANY, Bridgeport, Pennsylvania

Offices in Principal Cities

In CANADA: 245 Carlaw Avenue, Toronto

CELORON SILENT GEARS

Many promises are only implied

WHEN the loved one passes, the heart recognizes obligations that may never have been spoken or thought.

The most important of these is that the remains be protected, kept safe from moisture and all the destructive elements underground.

In this connection, the Clark Grave Vault has won grateful recognition because, by applying an immutable law of Nature, it affords an absolute and permanent protection in burial. The Clark Vault is made of Keystone Copper Steel and the individual perfection of each vault is proved by complete tests.

No Clark Vault has ever failed. Assurance that none ever will fail is indicated in the fifty year guarantee.

Leading funeral directors recommend the Clark Vault because they know it is the standard of protection.

Lower an inverted glass into water. The water cannot enter the glass, because the air within keeps out the water. The hood of the Clark Grave Vault acts the same as the inverted glass.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT CO.
Columbus, Ohio

them? Good-night! Today at Atlantic City there are three hundred and fifty thousand people all in one place walking up and down and bathing together. Together! Together! Ye-ah! Oh, well——"

Danish Transportation

DENMARK is a flat country, and therefore an incentive to bicycling. As soon as children are out of swaddling clothes in Denmark they are lashed to the handlebars of their parents' bicycles, or strapped in rumble seats, and taken on long trips. Thus bicycling becomes second nature to the Danes. Danish cities encourage the use of bicycles by constructing special bicycle paths along the roadsides, so that the bicyclists may not be annoyed by traffic. This gives the bicyclists a false sense of security, so that the automobilist in Copenhagen and other Danish towns is constantly being confronted by a serene bicyclist who sails with blissful recklessness directly into the automobile's path.

The Danes are confirmed wabblers while bicycling, due to their habit of guiding the bicycle with only one hand, the other being used to lead dogs, hold large bundles, convey open umbrellas, valises or other impediments, or to restrain the tendency of skirts to rise to the riders' waists. The inventor who evolves a contrivance for holding down the skirts of lady bicyclists should reap a fortune in Copenhagen alone. Everybody in Copenhagen rides to work on a bicycle every morning, so that the person who ventures on the streets afoot early in the morning or late in the afternoon is constantly in peril of being knocked down and having his features enmeshed in a sprocket wheel or tangled in a welter of wire spokes. The Ford automobile, known in Denmark as a Lillebil, is found in Denmark in great numbers. If the number of these automobiles in a given place is a gauge of Mr. Ford's political popularity in that place, Mr. Ford will be the next King of Denmark.

The Merry Briton

ENGLAND is popularly supposed to be peopled with persons congenitally unable to see a joke. To obtain a proper idea of the British sense of humor, one must read the reports of trials in the London courts. The English judges are passionately addicted to getting off good ones during the progress of trials; and whenever they do so the good ones are faithfully reported in the daily press. No murder trial is complete unless the gay judge crosses over two or three screaming remarks each day. Some of the remarks, it is true, fail to strike Americans as being the type of quip that would go big on the American vaudeville stage; but the British appreciate them keenly. Sir Frederick Bridge, for example, might testify on the witness stand that he was particularly interested in music attached to Gay's period, whereupon Mr. Justice Astbury shakes his horsehair wig and observes drolly: "Well, I hope they don't play it in Westminster Abbey." The remark is duly recorded in the next day's papers, followed by the pregnant symbol (Laughter) A reading of English trials is convincing proof of the fact that instead of being a race that doesn't appreciate humor, all Britons spend a good part of their time bursting into gales of Laughter).

The Tricky German Camera

THE high-priced German camera is made to appeal to the German sense of order and exactness. In order to start taking pictures at nine o'clock in the morning the camera owner needs to get up at six o'clock to make the necessary adjustments on his instrument. German camera shops are full of trick appliances into which one peers in order to find out the intensity of the sun, the speed at which the shutter should be set, the length of time the film should be exposed, and various other technical matters. The camera must be set for its distance from the object to be photographed, the speed of the shutter, the sort of exposure, the intensity of light, and so on. Six or eight screws must be adjusted; and if all of them are adjusted properly one is very apt to get a good picture unless he forgets to turn his film.

Laundry Note

WHEN one sends linen to a European laundry it comes back decorated with party-colored threads sewn into the linen in various involved ways. Handkerchiefs come back with pink or blue or yellow threads hanging from the corners, or with the number of one's hotel room sketchily embroidered on them. Occasionally one is forced to wrench them out with his teeth in order to avoid an appearance of sloppiness, which act frequently threatens to loosen two or three front teeth. If one cuts them out with a knife the linen soon takes on a deckle-edged appearance that is novel, to say the least. A European laundry that forgot to stitch colored thread into a batch of linen would be utterly baffled concerning its source.

Polish Peculiarities

POLISH druggists wear yellow cotton gloves. A Polish cab driver, when starting on a trip, is inclined to burst into screams of expostulation over the amount that he thinks his passengers are going to pay him. The best-looking Polish ladies hive up during the winter, but appear in large numbers during the summer. Particularly pleasing-looking girls hang around the railroad station of Modlin to see the Warsaw-Dantzic express go through, and the Poles and Germans on the train act silly at sight of them—possibly the origin of the word "maudlin." There is a Polish drink called muth, which is made out of honey. It smells like varnish, but tastes mild and bland, and costs about four dollars a bottle when over twenty years old. It seems harmless while being absorbed, and an entire bottle arouses no unpleasant sensation in the drinker's head; but when he rises from the table his legs appear to have ossified completely. The well-dressed Pole frequently carries a comb; and while waiting for his dinner to be served in a restaurant he draws the comb from his pocket and refreshes himself by arranging his coiffure. The word for "ring" in Polish is "raz." Therefore the signs in Polish hotel rooms read: "To summon the waiter, 1 raz; to summon the boots, 2 razzes; to summon the porter, 3 razzes." Since no Polish servant ever answers a bell in less than fifteen minutes, he frequently receives an American raz on arrival, in addition to the Polish raz.

Peculiar British Obsessions

ENGLAND is about fifty years ahead of America in socialism, but about fifty years behind in the matter of bathrooms, plumbing and heating systems. Probably the most delightful literature to be found in England is the back page of the London Times, which is devoted to real-estate advertisements. There one finds advertised beautiful remodeled sixteenth and seventeenth century farm and country houses, set in the midst of what the British real-estate agents usually decribe as "Old World gardens." Many of these houses are, to quote the agents again, "full of the original oak beams." One picks up the idea, after reading the advertisements of the best houses, that one must have a few carloads of old oak beams removed from the houses before anything else can get in.

Possibly the desire to fill their houses with old oak beams has led the British to cut down the number of bathrooms in them. Whatever the reason, the average English house which is supplied with twelve or fifteen sleeping rooms is lucky if it has one bathroom. This fact is impressive when one allows his imagination to dwell on the dramatic situation which must arise when the occupants of all fifteen sleeping rooms are waiting anxiously each morning to get into the one bathroom. British subjects seem to be born with an instinctive aversion to modern heating systems, and with a simple and childlike faith in the ability of five or six diminutive open fireplaces to heat adequately a fifteen or twenty room house in the most severe winter. This faith proves to be without foundation each winter, but the English always seem to hope that things will be different next year.

One of the most difficult feats with which real-estate agents are confronted is the task of renting a house equipped with modern steam heat. An American in London purchased a house and installed a beautiful hot-water heating system. He was obliged to leave England, so he offered the house for rent. It was an excellent house in a most desirable location, but it went unrented for two years. At the end of that time the real-estate agent told the owners that if he would remove the furnace and the

(Continued on Page 141)

THE great buildings of the world's cities, towering up toward the stars, constitute the outstanding physical expression of modern man's dominion over the earth.

A new member of this great company is now approaching completion—the 32-story Straus Building, which will be the dominating figure of Chicago's famous lake front skyline.

The Straus Building will provide a fitting habitation for the better class of business enterprises, which will find here an environment of character and dignity.

The roll of its occupants will encompass many of America's greatest business institutions, including the National Investment Banking House whose name it bears.

S. W. STRAUS & CO.
ESTABLISHED 1882 INCORPORATED
Investment Bonds
New York
Straus Building
Chicago
Straus Building
Offices in 40 Cities

KREOLITE

Yellow Taxi Cabs Are Built on Kreolite Wood Block Floors

IT IS fitting that the sturdy yellow taxi—known the country over for its ability to stand rough use and punishment—should be built on floors of unequalled durability and service.

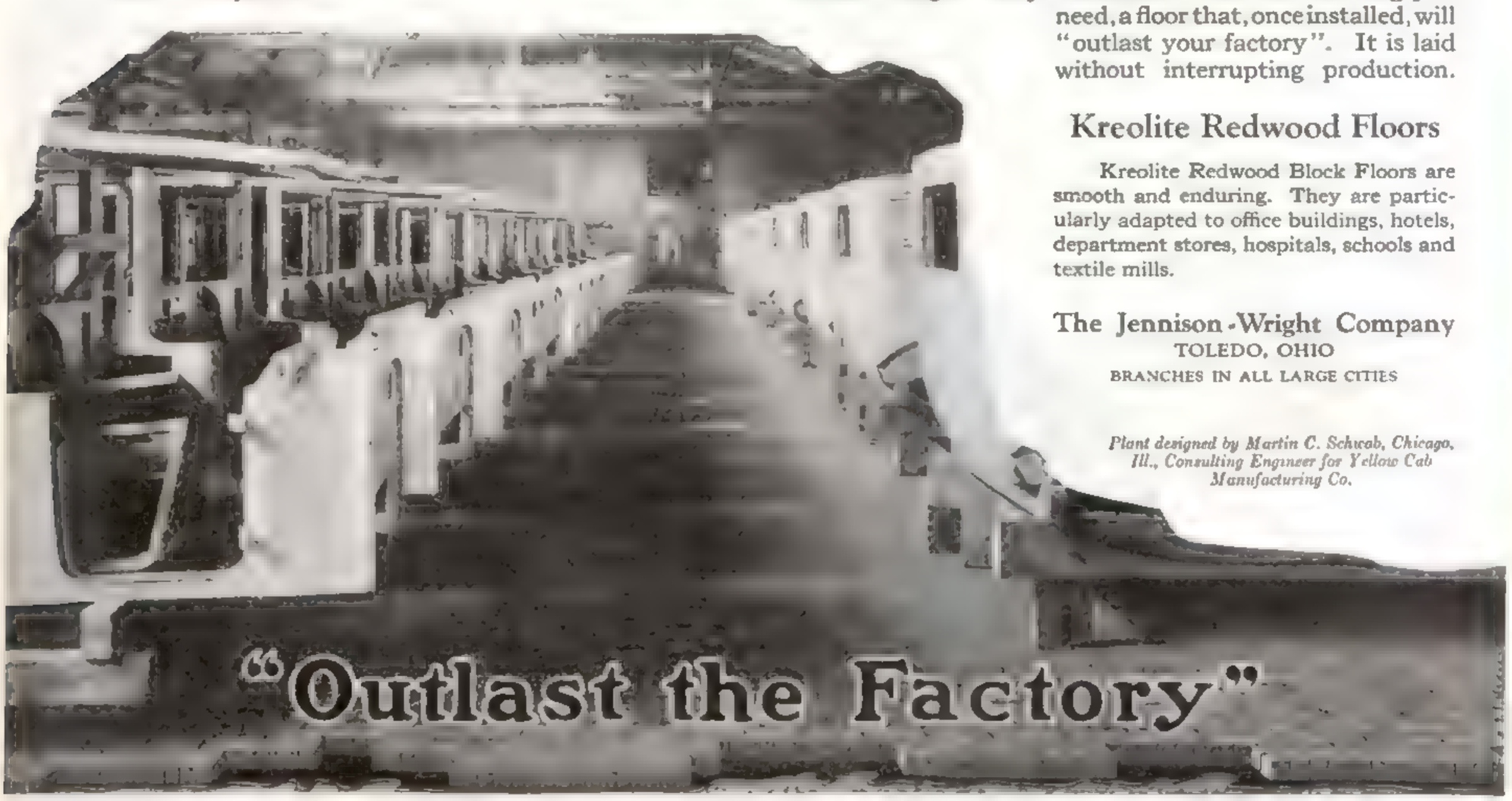
Kreolite Wood Block Floors cover more than 240,000 square feet of space in the big Chicago plant of the Yellow Cab Manufacturing Company.

These enduring floors have been chosen for many other great automobile factories in which the maximum of wear is required.

Outstanding among the big motor car plants in which Kreolite Wood Block Floors are now in use are those of:

Ford	Cadillac	Reo	Packard
Buick	Pierce-Arrow	Chandler	Locomobile
Dodge	Hudson	White	Studebaker
Hupmobile	Oldsmobile	Transport	Willys-Overland
Chevrolet	Autocar	Durant	Franklin
Earl	Graham Bros.	Reliance	Maxwell

Kreolite Floor Engineers will serve you promptly and *without charge.* They recommend the exact flooring you need, a floor that, once installed, will "outlast your factory". It is laid without interrupting production.



Kreolite Redwood Floors

Kreolite Redwood Block Floors are smooth and enduring. They are particularly adapted to office buildings, hotels, department stores, hospitals, schools and textile mills.

The Jennison-Wright Company
TOLEDO, OHIO
BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE CITIES

Plant designed by Martin C. Schwab, Chicago, Ill., Consulting Engineer for Yellow Cab Manufacturing Co.

"Outlast the Factory"

WOOD BLOCK FLOORS

(Continued from Page 138)

radiators the house would probably rent. The owner, with some misgivings, followed the advice, whereupon the house rented instantly. One English lady, on being shown the house before the heating system had been removed, glared coldly at the radiators and protested plaintively: "But there's nothing to poke!" Give an Englishman an open fire to poke, and he imagines that he's going to be as warm as a muffin in a few moments, even though his fingers may be on the verge of breaking off.

The Most Expensive Cities

GREAT arguments arise among Americans in Europe as to which European cities are most expensive for travelers. After listening carefully for several months to these arguments one comes to the conclusion that each of the cities of London, Paris, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Hamburg, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, Prague, Warsaw, Madrid and Constantinople is much more expensive than any other. The information that is obtained from American consuls is usually reliable; but in this matter of expense every American consul in Europe claims that his post is the most expensive; and each one has figures to prove his contention.

The joker lies in the fact that if a person has Ritz tastes, or must entertain a great deal at good restaurants, he will have to pay Ritz prices in almost every European city. The Esplanade Hotel in Berlin, when the mark was falling rapidly and most people were raving about low prices in Germany, charged its American patrons as much for rooms and food as would be charged at high-priced New York hotels. It Ritzed its patrons, in other words. Its German patrons paid about one-third or one-quarter of the amount that Americans paid, and the hotel made money from the Germans as well as from the Americans. When one pries himself away from the Ritz atmosphere one finds that the most expensive countries are those whose currencies are least depreciated. This means England and Sweden.

Money, and So Forth

SPEAKING of depreciated currency, there is a tale in Paris to the effect that when representatives of different European countries were leaving a conference to return to their homes, the English representative handed the porter of the hotel where the conference had been held a one-pound note. The French representative presented him with one hundred francs. The German representative, after deep thought, dug into his portfolio and removed a bill of lading for a carload of marks, which he gave to the porter. The Russian representative thereupon opened one of his trunks, got out a small printing press and gave it to the porter with permission to print as many rubles as his fancy dictated.

The Nadir of Bad Taste

THE absolute zero in decorative taste may be found in the keepsakes, knicknacks, mementos and souvenirs that are dispensed by ships' barbers on the transatlantic liners. These consist chiefly of near-silver teaspoons, painted seashells, colored chromos of the ship, hat ribbons bearing the ship's name, cheap dolls, whisky flasks covered with cardboard leather, and a large assortment of comic postcards. Now that Washington is being overrun with all sorts of bureaus and commissions, the Government might reasonably consider the creation of a commission to teach ships' barbers how to select decorative, tasteful and useful mementos to sell to their patrons. The great trouble with the scheme is that nobody who buys mementos from barbers would be willing to buy the tasteful and decorative ones, and the barbers would be ruined.

A Nationality Barometer

MANY of the rooms in European hotels are situated on courtyards, which are chiefly used by servants at five o'clock in the morning for the purpose of discussing the occurrences of the preceding day and telling what Griselda said to Hannes, or how Pietro told Flaneletta where to get off; or as a rattling place for empty tin pans, which seemingly must be rattled for at least twenty-five minutes every morning in all well-regulated European hotels. The approximate number of Anglo-Saxons in any European hotel may be estimated by visiting the courtyard early in the morning, counting the number of open windows, and doubling the result in order to allow for guests on the noncourtyard side. Only Americans and English are willing to risk breathing night air when asleep.

Parisian Breakfasts

THE most difficult thing to find in Paris, aside from a clean theatrical performance, is a substantial breakfast. One can go out on the streets of Paris at seven in the morning, when the noise of the wooden shoe is abroad in the land and the asphalt of the newly washed boulevards reflects the trig figures of the midinettes hastening to their daily eleven hours of work, and hunt diligently until ten o'clock without finding any establishment that dispenses anything more satisfying than a cup of anæmic coffee and a few buns resembling the shoe of an undersized horse.

"Ah, madame! Have you of the eggs? It is a necessity that one devours three eggs."

"What, m'sieu, three eggs? Zut, then, m'sieu! For what reason would three eggs dwell in this establishment? No egg has been demanded here since the time of the trial of that poor Dreyfus, when eggs were thrown by many wicked persons. M'sieu is an original, perhaps. Three eggs? Heaven!"

"Then possibly madame possesses a small sausage or a morsel of bacon with which she could succor the starving?"

"But no, m'sieu! No man requires such things for breakfast! Is it that m'sieu forgot to devour his dinner last night, yes?"

And m'sieu either satisfies the wild demands of his stomach with the universal horseshoe-shaped buns and a cup of coffee that could double for dishwater and deceive the most experienced dishwashers, or goes without food until the restaurants open for business later in the day.

The Extreme of Politeness

THE French, long noted for their politeness, extend this accomplishment even to their treatment of dogs in dog shows. A determined effort is apparently made to offend no dog that may be entered. If a dog can't be given a first, second, third or fourth prize, the French try to mention him; and they have evolved so many different ways of mentioning dogs that any dog that isn't mentioned must verge on the hopeless. At the bottom of the mentioning scale in French dog shows is "simple mention"—meaning, possibly, that the judge admits that he is simple—or foolish—to mention the dog at all. Next above "simple mention" is "mention." Then comes "honorable mention," which would rather seem to imply that there is something dishonorable about "simple mention" and "mention." Next above "honorable mention" comes "very honorable mention." And at the very crest, or apex, of all the mentions is "very honorable mention reserved." As things stand, several dogs get away from every Parisian dog show without mentions of any sort. This would probably be obviated if the French should award a double mention and a triple mention and an "excessively honorable mention unreserved," in addition to the others.

Paris Notes

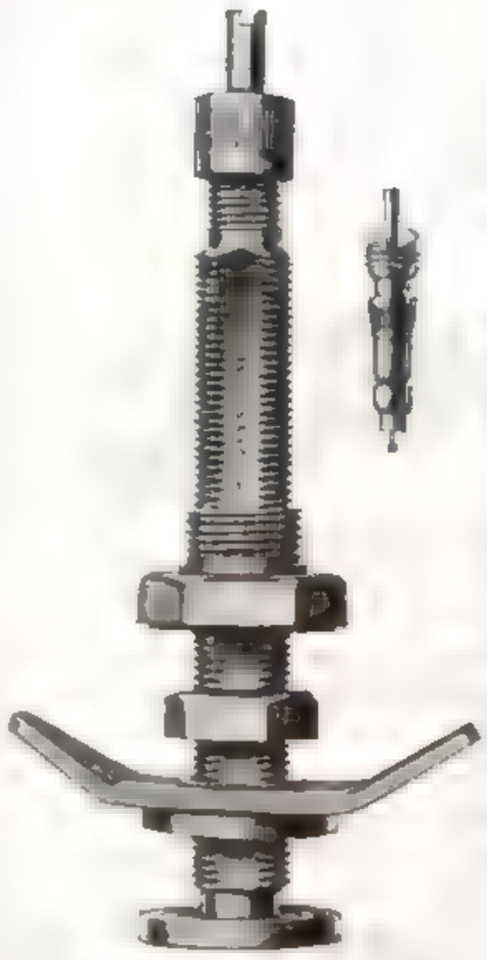
THE newest French automobiles are very small—somewhat similar in size, in fact, to a ten-gallon milk can lying on its side. When a bearded Frenchman takes one of these new machines and his beard for an airing in the Bois de Boulogne at the same time, the general effect is that of a broken bale of hay in a child's express cart.

The letter H, like coffee and cocktails, is something of a dark mystery to the French. Outside a Parisian trunk shop on the Rue St. Honoré early last summer reposed a trunk boldly marked "Airam Johnson, Jr., San Francisco." This will probably confirm Hiram Johnson, Sr., in his belief that America had better stay out of Europe.

Americans frequently go almost crazy in their attempts to make Parisian taxi drivers understand a simple word like "Hotel St. James" or "Rue des Mathurins." On some days, possibly due to atmospheric pressure and possibly due to hang-over, taxi drivers cannot and will not understand anything. An American wishing to go to the Rue des Mathurins leaps into a taxicab blithely with a cry of "Rue des Mat-u-rang." The taxi driver is blank. "Rue des Mat-u-rang—Mat-u-rang—Mat-u-rang," repeats the American hopefully.

Who doesn't remember the tedious minutes spent in endless twisting of old-fashioned dust caps.

22 makers of automobiles provide this time-saving cap on their cars



Dill Standard tire valve and valve inside. "The combination that holds inflation".

These manufacturers appreciate the tremendous convenience of the Instant-on. They are making it as easy as possible for owners of their cars to take care of tire inflation and tire changes.

Just a twist or two, then a pull, another turn and the Instant-on is off. It goes on again just as easily.

If your car is not equipped buy a set from your dealer today—box with complete set of five $1.00 ($1.25 in Canada).

By mail, postpaid, if your dealer cannot supply you.

THE DILL MANUFACTURING CO.
Cleveland, O.

Manufactured in Canada by
The Dill Manufacturing Co., of Canada Ltd., Toronto

DILL
Tire Valves and Valve Parts

Installing SILENCE in the timing train

METAL timing gears do wear and front-ends will clank. But if one or two gears in the train are made of CONTEX, *there is no clank.*

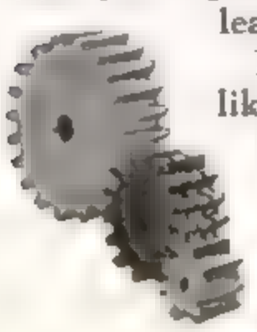
CONTEX has proved to be the perfect material from which to cut *mute* gears. It is absolutely unaffected by heat, cold, water, oil, gasoline, steam, milder acids, solvents or any weather condition. It dissipates knocks, shocks and vibration, yet is tougher and more durable than cast iron!

contex

SILENT GEAR MATERIAL

Distinguished by its Two Dark Stripes

If your car came equipped with one or two CONTEX Gears, it is practically proof against front-end clatter for at least 20,000 miles.



If not—and your timing train emits sounds like gnashing of teeth—go to a good garage and have the noise-makers replaced with mute CONTEX Gears. *Then your front-end will run as silently as a fish swims or a gull soars.*

CONTEX Gears silence hundreds of different kinds of industrial as well as automotive machinery—both massive and delicate. Mechanical men who are interested in making machinery mute should ask for complete information about CONTEX.

THE CONTINENTAL FIBRE COMPANY
(Licensed Manufacturers) Factory: Newark, Del.

Service on Contex (also Bakelite-Dilecto, Continental-Bakelite, Conite and Continental Vulcanized Fibre) from

New York, 233 Broadway
Pittsburgh, 301 Fifth Av.
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Offices and Agents Throughout the World

The taxi driver shakes his head in bewilderment. The American begins to try variations in pronunciation. "Rue des Ma-toor-ang," says he, "Ma-toor-ang! Mah-too-rang! Mah-too-rang! Mah-too-ronze! Mat-u-rong! Mat-u-rang!"

A film closes down over the eyes of the taxi driver, and he asks the American where he wishes to go. At this the American starts all over again. He tries the word in every inflection and in every key. His throat becomes dry, and desperation reigns supreme; but through it all the taxi driver registers only blank amazement and complete bewilderment. Finally the American draws pencil and envelope from his pocket and prints out for the driver the words "Rue des Mathurins."

"Ah!" shrieks the taxi driver with that indescribably triumphant but reproachful accent that means "At last I've got it, but why in heaven's name didn't you say so in the first place?" "Ah, Rue des Mat-u-rang! Rue des Mat-u-rang! Ah, oui!"

"Ah, oui," says the American; "Rue des Mat-u-rang."

And off they go, perspiring and exhausted, but on the road to recovery.

Fish horns, in France, are not necessarily tooted only by fish salesmen, any more than golf caps, in America, are worn only by golfers.

The fish horn is frequently used to announce the approach of a freight train traveling backward without visible means of propulsion; and those who ignore its hoarse squawk may find themselves suffering from concussion of the shoulder blades.

One of the most popular dogs with Parisian ladies is the Brussels griffon. The Brussels griffon is about as large as a medium-size cat. It strongly resembles a dwarfed bobcat that is suffering from yellow jaundice, a severe chill and a bad stomach ache. It has a mean face and an undershot jaw, and appears to be frightened almost to death of itself and everything else most of the time. Apparently it is an inteligent and valuable breed of dog, but its looks are against it.

A Paris newspaper man claims that he encountered two American college girls bustling through the Louvre, and that he heard one of them say to the other, "Luella, we're going altogether too slowly. We'll have to come back here tomorrow if we don't get some system into our sightseeing. I'll tell you what we'll do: I'll take the guidebook and read it out loud, and you do the looking for both of us."

Italian Handwork

THE gestures of the Italians require a profound course of study, extending over several years, before they can be understood by the foreigner. When an Italian wishes to signal a person to approach, he flaps his hand as though to wave him away. This keeps an uneducated American on the jump when he is engaged, for example, in following an Italian through the endless corridors of an Italian government building. The word "no" in Italian, when unaccompanied by a gesture, has no force whatever and is not considered to mean "no." To mean "no," it must be accompanied by a wagging gesture of the extended thumb and forefinger held ear-high.

The motion of fondling the surface of a large imaginary sphere with both hands means that the motion-r is adopting a purely judicial attitude toward the subject under discussion, and that he is being in no way one-sided. The motion of holding an imaginary bean in the finger tips of one hand while the finger tips in turn are held immediately in front of the eyes or nose of the finger owner's vis-a-vis means that the speaker is restraining himself with impatience and that any denial of his statements must be backed by proof. When a speaker makes motions as though he were fighting an octopus, it means that he doesn't care to be interrupted in his remarks. The motion of dusting an imaginary bit of lint from the under jaw with the back of the finger tips means that the duster holds in derision the opinions of the person with whom he is speaking. If Italians were prohibited by law from gesturing, the explosions from suppressed emotion in Italy would almost depopulate the country.

The Grand Passion of the Italians

IN NO Italian city is there such a thing as a quiet hotel. Many Italian sufferers from insomnia congregate under hotel windows between one and five o'clock every morning and discuss their private affairs with the peculiar vociferousness which marks all the conversation of Italians. Coachmen also utilize the early morning hours to try out the new lashes of their whips. They crack in salvos, and they also crack at will. Street cars run infrequently, and have square wheels. Every five minutes somebody screams with apparent agony, though the scream may merely be the result of mental distress on the part of someone who is discussing the weather.

No Italian, either in the daytime or at night, will consider driving an automobile without opening the cut-out to the limit. The Italian cut-outs are louder than cut-outs in any other country. The mystery of this loudness was solved by an American consul in a Northern Italian city. He imported an American automobile, and when it arrived his chauffeur ran it into the garage and spent two days tinkering with it. Then the consul walked over to the garage and told the chauffeur to take him out. As the machine rolled out of the garage the chauffeur stepped on the cut-out, whereupon there arose a clatter like the explosion of a battery of rapid-fire guns. The consul climbed out and investigated, and found that the chauffeur had fitted a metal megaphone to the cut-out to increase the noise of the explosions. The Italian takes more pleasure in making a noise than in any other form of diversion. That is why there are no quiet hotels in any Italian city.

Italian Items

THE favorite smoke with Italians is the Toscano, which is a long chocolate-colored, dissipated-appearing, wicked-looking cigar. No Italian ever smokes a Toscano whole. To do so is not illegal, but the act would probably be followed by social ostracism. After buying a Toscano an Italian breaks it in two in the middle, places one half in his pocket, and smokes the other half. To break a Toscano in the middle without tearing the wrapper to shreds is a trick that one acquires only after long residence in Italy.

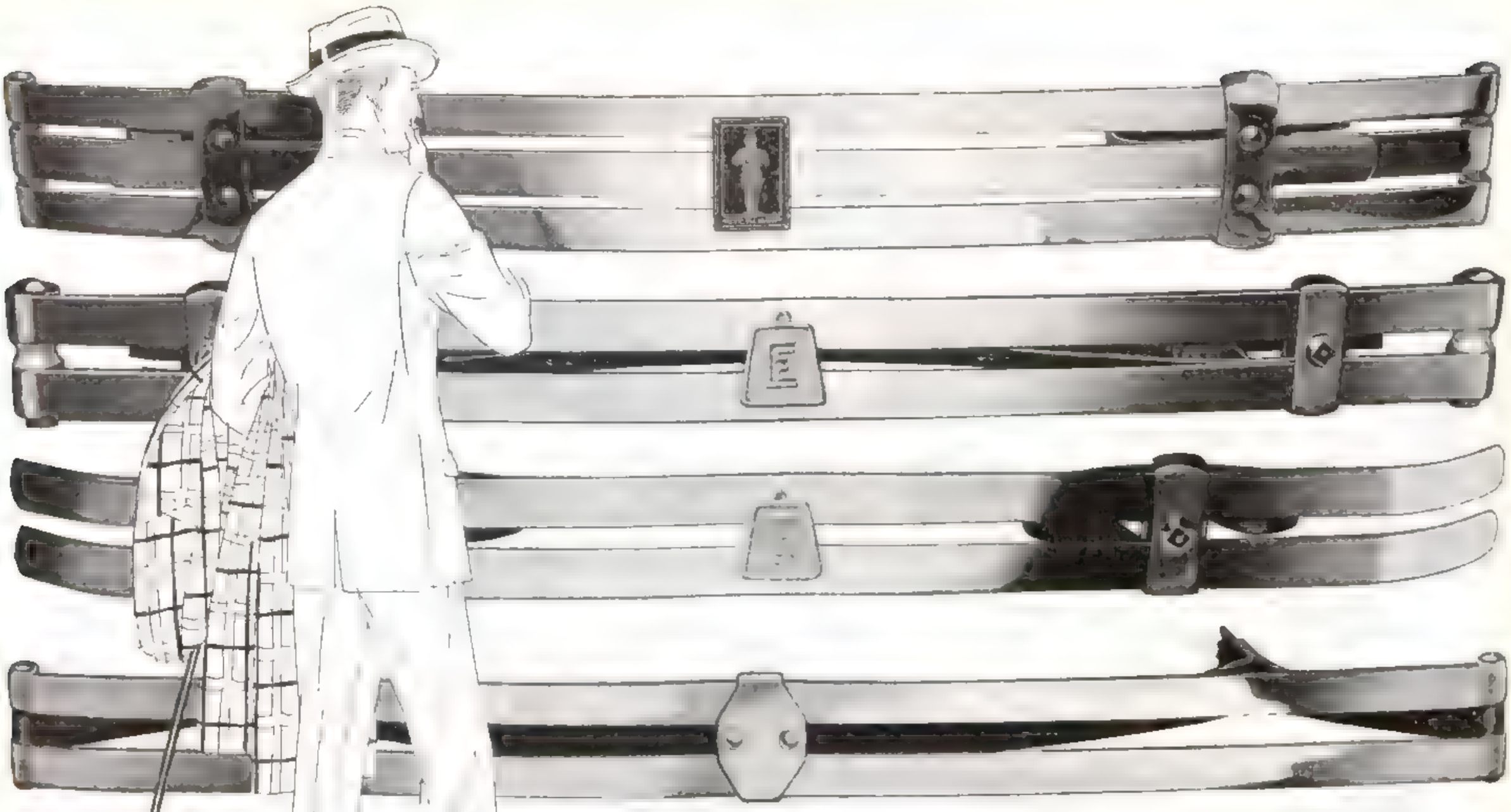
The most impressive clothes in the world are those evolved by tailors in bush-league Italian towns. Men of standing in their communities are equipped with suits which are tightly belted high up under the armpits, in the style of the First Empire, and the suits are made of cloth whose patterns are more violent than those of any horse blanket. The cloth-topped shoe with large pearl buttons is rampant. Italian trousers extend up around the chest, and are worn with tight belts and large suspenders. All Italian men, in addition to being prominently tailored, are addicted to the use of pungent unguents, especially on the hair. Well-dressed Italian men can be smelled for eight or ten minutes after they have passed.

An atmospheric condition known as the sirocco strikes Central and Southern Italy every little while. It is supposed to be a hot wind; but weather-wise Italians frequently claim that a sirocco is blowing when there is no wind at all. The chief effect of the sirocco is on the human nervous system. When the sirocco blows, all good Italians develop great depression, violent headaches and weak knees, and take to their beds if possible.

The hand kissing in Italy differs from the hand kissing in many European countries in having a sort of delayed-pass effect. In France, Poland and elsewhere, a gentleman seizes a lady's hand and conveys it to his lips in direct and manly fashion. In Italy, however, the lady is never sure that she isn't going to be done out of the gracious act. The gentleman takes the lady's hand, presses it warmly and bends over it. When halfway down, however, he appears to change his mind and begins to straighten up. Just as the lady begins to think that he is holding out on her, he swoops again to the hand and plants a neat kiss on the knuckle of the middle finger. The so-called gentler sex intimate that the Italian system, being more tantalizing, is more thrilling.

The Haystacks of the Inn

AS ONE passes through the valley of the River Inn on his way from Italy to Southern Germany in early summer, one sees the women stacking the hay around poles in tall slender stacks; and when the moon shines on the fields of the valley, the slender stacks turn into regiments of shrouded figures which might easily be ghosts of Austria's fallen soldiers, sorrowing for the waste and wreckage of war.



To the man about to buy a new car

Before you drive the new car proudly from the sales floor remember that its gracefully crowned fenders and smart lamps are the costliest bumper substitutes you can use.

Ask the salesman to have the car fitted fore and aft with Eaton bumpers. Then you'll have maximum assurance of getting through the tightest traffic without marring the original beauty of the car.

Eaton bumpers are made of *Mo-lyb-denum* — that magic steel embodying the greatest known resistance to sudden impact. They will safely meet and cushion the heaviest of blows.

One sharp bump fended off repays the cost of a set of Eaton bumpers. And besides saving repair expense, they will materially reduce your collision insurance rate. Can you afford to drive away without them?

The full line of handsomely finished Eaton bumpers, with prices from $10 to $40, meets the requirements of every car owner. See them at your dealer's

The EATON AXLE & SPRING COMPANY, CLEVELAND

UNDERWRITERS' LABORATORIES INSPECTED BUMPER FOR PASSENGER AUTOMOBILES OF ALL WEIGHTS

This label on Eaton bumpers entitles you to a reduction in your insurance rate

PERFECTION SPRINGS

EATON AXLES

EATON BUMPERS

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ÆTNA-IZE

Ætna-ize your present and your future

HERE is a picture of the "bread and butter" side of life—a scene typical of a thousand communities.

In the foreground a new building is pushing skyward. On the streets is seen the customary traffic confusion of a bustling business district. In the background are the homes, schools, theatres and clubs where you and your friends live and enjoy the comforts that the market place makes possible.

One tick of the watch, and this picture is entirely recast! One turn of Fortune's wheel, and Fate may loose any one of four score disasters that will sweep away life, health, earning power, savings or property—rob you, or any person, of both present and future.

BUT—imminent as are these menaces, there is a never-failing offset continuously available to every person. That is the protection afforded by the Ætna Life Insurance Company and affiliated companies, the strongest multiple-line insurance organization in the world.

To be Ætna-ized is to know absolutely that disaster has no power permanently to cripple your plans. It is to guarantee the continued security of family, home, contracts, property and business interests—come what may.

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Ætna representatives everywhere are proud to be known as Ætna-izers. There is an Ætna-izer in your community. He is a man worth knowing.

Ætna-ize according to your needs—
as you prosper and as your obligations increase.

Ætna protection includes

Life	Group Disability	Burglary	Marine
Accident	Automobile	Plate Glass	Transportation
Health	Compensation	Water Damage	Fidelity Bonds
Group Life	Liability	Fire	Surety Bonds

These, and numerous related forms of Ætna-izing, provide full protection for all your insurance needs—safeguard life, property and business

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
and affiliated companies

ÆTNA CASUALTY *and* SURETY CO. AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE CO.
of Hartford, Connecticut

MAGOOFUS GLASS

(Continued from Page 11)

wise stall, providing you knows a few words and expressions that the come-ons ain't jerry to, and I picked up enough of 'em at Classon's in the afternoon to handle myselfs easy.

"What," says Mrs. Sexton, bringing me a low-necked vase that's been squatting in the hall, "do you think of this?"

I looks it over careful and goes through mosta the motions I done with the jug. Then I smiles, a kinda pitying smile.

"What'd the dealer call this?" I asks.

"He said it was a Ming," she answers.

"Well," I tells her, "it maybe is, but it must be a early Ming, and it's pretty hard to tell one of them early Mings from a Ping."

"Or a sting," cuts in Sexton. "I'd call it a late sting, myselfs. Two hundred dollars for that!" he finishes with a snort.

"That's cheap," says I. "I've seen Mings—the late ones—that brung as much as a thousand smackers."

"You sure this ain't a late one?" inquires Flora.

"Just a minute," I answers.

I lights a match and holds the blaze against the vase for a second. Then I starts to rub off the smudge. It don't come clean so easy.

"You see," says I, showing her the spot, "how some of this smoke sticks. In the late Mings it comes right off. You can't get away from the flame test. I should say this was made ——"

"The dealer said about 700," interrupts Mrs. Sexton.

"U'm," I comes back slow and doubtful, "I think that the summer of 711 is nearer right."

"Nearer right's right," butts in Sexton. "The winter of 1923 is probably nearer yet."

"These Japanese vases ——" I begins, giving the broker the fish eye.

"You mean Chinese, don't you?" suggests Mrs. Sexton.

"Ah," says I, "that's where many people—even some experts—make a mistake. The Ming family was Chinese all right, but along about 700 they was a revolution in Shanghai and the Mings hadda grab their vases in one hand and their mah-jongg sets in the other and beat it over to Japan. They wasn't able to come back for twenty years. The late stuff was made when they was roosting in Shanghai again. You can tell the Japanese from the Chinese by the taste. Here, try it." And I hands over the vase to Flora. She puts her tongue to it.

"Notice a kinda glassy taste?" I asks.

"Uh-huh," she answers.

"Most of them early Japanese Mings is got it," I tells her.

"What does the late ones taste like?" inquires Sexton. "Boiled codfish?"

"They ain't got no taste a-tall," I answers.

We talks around for another hour about different things that ain't got nothing to do with Mings and Pings and then we beats it.

"Well," says I to Kate, "whose name is the O'Day cultures and refinements in now?"

"Where," asks she, "did you learn anything about antiques?"

"Oh," I answers, careless, "a man of the world picks up things here and there. Kinda surprised, wasn't you?"

"I'll say I was," admits the frau. "I always is when you talks sense."

III

NOTHING don't happen for the next coupla days, but I'm expecting 'most any time to hear that the Sexton blimp has ordered us hung and quarantined. About a week after our call she rings up the wife at breakfast time. The first I knows of it is when Kate rushes into the dining room all pale and excited.

"Come on, deluge," says I, but the frau don't make me.

"That was Flora Sexton," she announces.

"All right," I growls, "let's have it over with. I admits ——"

"Listen to me," cuts in the wife, "and don't interrupt. She and her husband wanna call this evening."

"What about it?" I inquires.

"Nothing," she answers, "only I'm embarrassed to death."

"What'd she say?" I asks.

"She said," replies Kate, "that she's crazy to see the wonderful things we has in the house. I guess she got the idea from your spiel about antiques that the place is all cluttered up with 'em. What'll we do?"

"What do you mean, do?" says I. "Wanna refurnish the joint because somebody's gonna drop in for a hour?"

"We ain't got a thing," wails the frau, "that ain't cheap and new. If we only had one of them Bing vases ——"

"Bing!" I sneers. "You mean Ding, don't you? You're a swell antiquer. And after all I said about 'em the other night too!"

"I got a idea," suddenly cries Kate. "Couldn't you go into town and get a few things from that friend of yourn, Hank Chippendale? Just a coupla jugs or glasses or something that we could put in the living room? You could pick out a few trifles ——"

"At a thousand fish per trifle, eh," I cuts in, "just to make a stall with a broker's bride?"

"Please, Dink," begs the wife. "If I knew anything about antiques I'd go get 'em myselfs, but you knows what's what and could easy get something cheap that'd look all right. Flora Sexton ain't no expert. Do that for me, honey, and I'll lead aces especial so you can trump 'em next time we play bridge."

"Oh, all right," I agrees. "I'll see what Mart's got that'll make a flash."

"Who's Mart?" inquires Kate.

"Mart Bristol," I answers, reckless, "the guy that handles that spiffy glass."

"See if you can get a piece of that Magoofus stuff," urges the wife, "like the Sextons has."

"I'll try," says I, "but I'm pretty sure it's impossible to find."

When I gets to Classon's place it looks like he's moved out. They ain't nothing in the window and they ain't hardly a thing in sight in the store. Mart's there, though.

"What's the matter?" I asks. "Quitting this business too?"

"I'll give you eight guesses again," grins Mart, "and all eight of 'em'll be wrong if you think I is."

"Where's the junk?" I asks.

"Sold, bo," says Classon. "They's been a run on antiques the last week that's left me clean."

"Where's Custard's Last Stand?" I inquires.

"Gone," answers Mart. "Traded it to a hen for forty piasters. Told me she was starting a collection of Revolutionary War pictures."

"Hell!" says I. "That didn't happen in the Revolutionary War, did it?"

"It could have," returns Classon. "We ain't responsible for customers' history."

"Too bad all your stuff's gone," I remarks. "I wanted to make a buy."

"You, too, brutal?" chortles Mart. "What'd you want—Magoofus ware?"

"Huh?" I gasps. "What do you know about Magoofus?"

"I been selling it by the bushel all week," he comes back.

"What is it?" I asks.

"I never heard of it before Monday," answers Classon, "but it seems to be a kinda funny name for low-grade Bristol or anything that looks like it. Some jane on the hill heard some expert spring the word, I guess, and started a crush on it. I don't suppose they is anybody in the golf-club crowd that ain't got what goes for a piece of it now. Funny the way it begun. The first frill that come in asked for Magoofus ware and I told her I didn't never hear of it. She pointed to some glasses and I said them was Bristol. That didn't faze her none. She just smiles at me, wets her wipe and rubs one of the glasses. 'The Gimlet test,' she explains. Somebody up there's sure filled that mob with inside hop."

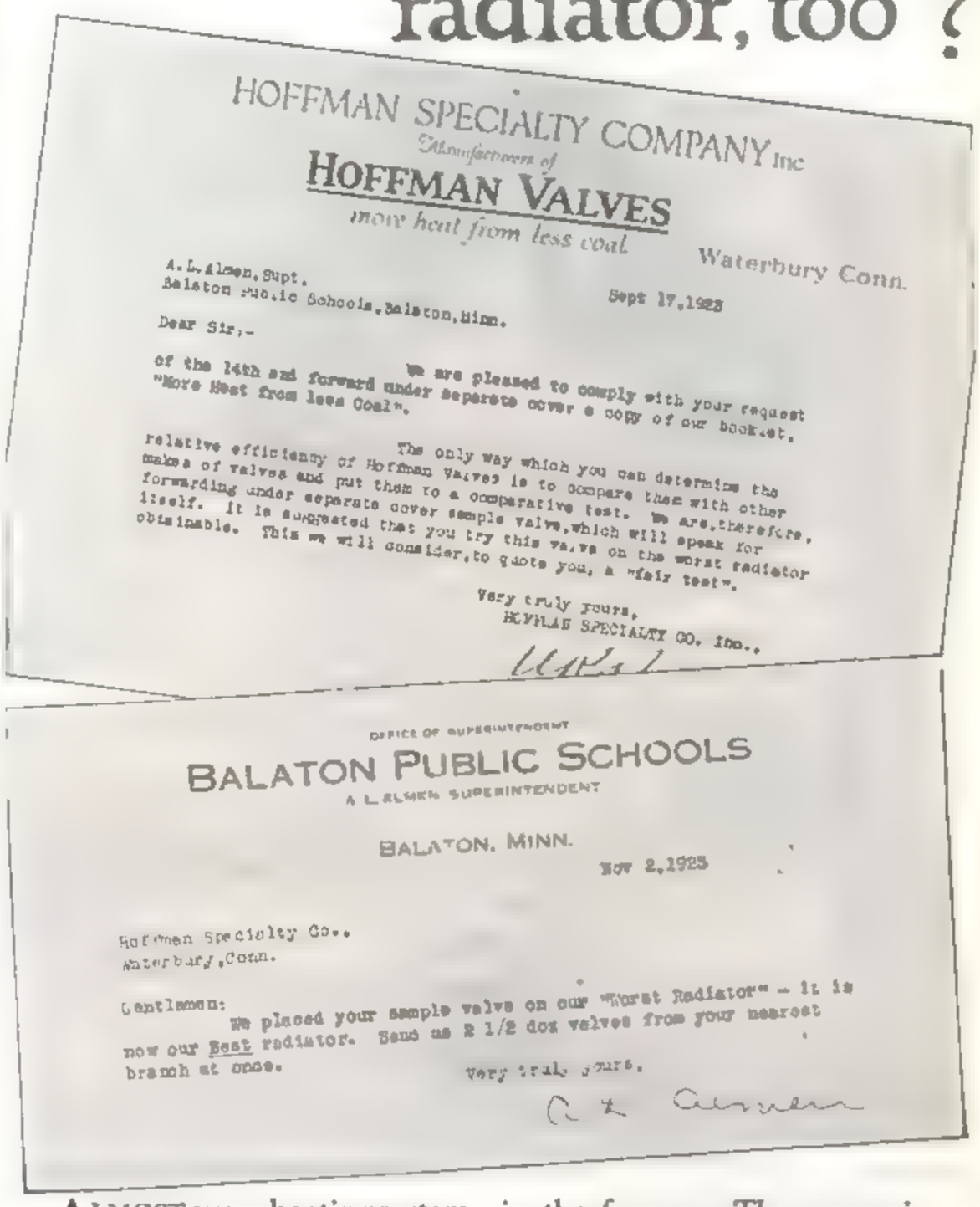
"How'd you get rid of the rest of your junk?" I inquires.

"No trouble a-tall," says Mart. "Everybody that drifted in seemed to know more about the stock than I did. All of 'em had trick ways for finding out if what they wanted was on the up and up, crazy stunts like licking the glass and shoving lighted matches against it. I coulda sold gin bottles for Magoofus ware if it wasn't that I'm honest, and besides didn't have none around. When they was oncet here they grabbed off the furniture and the rest of the stuff."

"Ain't you got nothing a-tall?" I asks. "I gotta have a coupla pieces of junk for the wife to make a flash. The Sextons is calling ——"

"Mrs. Sexton?" cuts in Classon. "That's the dame that started the run. Her husband a expert?"

Have you a "Worst" radiator, too?


HOFFMAN SPECIALTY COMPANY Inc
Manufacturers of
HOFFMAN VALVES
more heat from less coal
Waterbury Conn.

A.L.Almen,Supt.
Balaton Public Schools,Balaton,Minn.

Sept 17,1923

Dear Sir,-

We are pleased to comply with your request of the 14th and forward under seperate cover a copy of our booklet, "More Heat from less Coal".

The only way which you can determine the relative efficiency of Hoffman Valves is to compare them with other makes of valves and put them to a comparative test. We are,therefore, forwarding under seperate cover sample valve,which will speak for itself. It is suggested that you try this valve on the worst radiator obtainable. This we will consider,to quote you, a "fair test".

Very truly yours,
HOFFMAN SPECIALTY CO. Inc.,

OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT
BALATON PUBLIC SCHOOLS
A. L. ALMEN SUPERINTENDENT

BALATON, MINN.

Nov 2,1923

Hoffman Specialty Co.,
Waterbury,Conn.

Gentlemen:
We placed your sample valve on our "Worst Radiator" - it is now our Best radiator. Send us 2 1/2 doz valves from your nearest branch at once.

Very truly yours,

ALMOST every heating system has at least one "worst" radiator—the one that never heats until last, or that hisses and bangs and spurts every time steam pressure comes up.

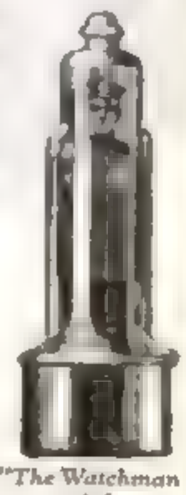
Perhaps you feel that some radiators always have to be this way—that there is no cure. Possibly you have never suspected that the trouble usually is in the air valve.

No matter how vigorously your furnace makes steam, a few stubborn fiendish valves can make a nightmare of winter.

Steam can't enter radiators unless air first gets out. That is why some radiators are stone cold even with a roaring fire in the furnace. These are air locked valves. Other valves let out air but they let out steam and water, too. These are the hissing, spurting fiends.

If you, too, have a worst radiator, get a No. 1 Hoffman Valve, Watchman of the Coal Pile, from your heating contractor; or send $2.15 to our New York Office for one valve to try out.

When you are convinced that it has made that "worst" radiator hot, silent and coal saving, have your heating contractor put No. 1 Hoffman Valves on all of your radiators just as Mr. Almen did.


"The Watchman of the Coal Pile"

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, INC.
2 West 43rd Street, New York City
Main Office and Factory, Waterbury, Conn.
CHICAGO BOSTON LOS ANGELES MINNEAPOLIS KANSAS CITY
In Canada, CRANE, LIMITED, branches in principal Cities

HOFFMAN VALVES
more heat from less coal

MAIL THIS COUPON TO (1-15)
Hoffman Specialty Company, Inc.
2 West 43rd St., New York City
Enclosed is $2.15 for 1 No. 1 Hoffman Valve to try on my worst radiator. If not satisfied I can return the valve and receive my money back.
Please send me the booklet, "More Heat from Less Coal."
Name _____
Address

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF HOFFMAN "CONTROLLED HEAT"

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

The approval of a world of men designates *The* FLORSHEIM SHOE as the natural choice of the well dressed.

The Brighton—Style M-134
Most Styles $10
Booklet "Styles of the Times" on request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
CHICAGO

A Coffee Picking Scene

COFFEE
TEA
COCOA
CATSUP
SALAD
DRESSING
Canned
FRUITS
and
VEGETABLES

MONARCH
America's Favorite
QUALITY

Our Monarch Coffee comes to you in sanitary 1 and 3 pound containers under 4 seals. *It is never sold in bulk.* To be sure of getting genuine Monarch Coffee, always look for the Monarch Trademark and the name, Reid, Murdoch & Co., on every package.

REID, MURDOCH & CO.
Established 1853
Chicago • Pittsburgh • New York

SALESMEN WANTED—For Atlantic Coast States. Men with retail gr[illegible] apply at once to Reid, Murdoch & Co., 342 Third Ave. (Bush Terminal [illegible]

"Yeh," I tells him, "just like I'm the stepmother of the Queen of Siberia; but stick to the subjects, bo. You gotta dig up something for me. What's that over there?"

"Them's just a lotta things that was too cracked and busted even to hand the Doughmorons," returns Mart.

"Let's take a look," says I.

We monkeys around and finally digs out a coupla jugs, a few glasses and a vase that's all shot; but Classon says he'll paste 'em up so they'll hold together through the night, anyways.

"Know what kinda stuff this is?" he asks.

"Never mind tipping me," says I. "I'll tell my own story."

"Your own story, eh?" remarks Mart, and looks at me kinda funny. "You ain't the Magoofus guy, is you?"

"In antaquarium circles," I answers, stiff, "we has been associated."

"I trink," says Classon, slow, "that I'll go to Florida a coupla months before getting another stock."

The bird's still laughing when I leaves with the plastered-up junk. The wife's waiting on the porch and greets me like the guy in the correspondent school ads that comes home with the big hike in salary. "Lovers now," says I to myselfs, "but strangers soon."

"What is they?" asks Kate after we is got the antiques unwrapped. "They don't look nothing like that Magoofus or that Chinese Ling stuff Flora Sexton's got."

"These," says I, "is a whole lot antiquer. I'll tell you all about 'em when the company comes. You don't wanna hear the same story twice, does you?"

As a matter of facts, I'm stalling for time in the which to frame up a line that'll be so raw that even a flathead like Flora'll get insulted over it. Of course, I could come right out and say that I been kidding her; but I wanna put the stuff over in such a way that she won't be happy until she's run us outta Doughmore.

After dinner we puts one of the jugs that's cracked the leastest in the living room, and staches the other junk in the dining room, where it can barely be seen. The wife wants to put it all in one place, but I objects.

"Be classy, gal," says I, "like a Fifth Avenue window. One elegant piece and ——"

"It don't look so elegant," comes back the frau, doubtful.

"Hearing's believing," I tells her. "Wait till you get a listener full about the history of this jug. Off the hands, it maybe stacks up like a cheap clay ——"

The bell rings and I goes to answer. It's Mrs. Sexton and her husband and another guy, a lad with one of them Vandyke whisker sets and thick eye cheaters.

"This is Doctor Leffingwell," says Flora. "I took the liberties to bring him along. You and him has got so much that's common."

"Yeh," I mumbles.

"Doctor Leffingwell, you know," goes on the Sexton wampus, "is in charge of the pottery and glass section at the museum. You two should find lots to talk about."

What could be prettier? Here I got a chance of making a sucker outta Mrs. Sexton right in front of a expert. I can already see the wife packing her duds for the getaway in the morning.

"Well, doc," says I, jovial, "what ——"

The cuckoo ain't paying no attentions. He's looking straight at the jug like he was hypnotized. Then he walks over slow, picks it up and examines it close, after the which he turns towards me, pale and with his trap wide open.

"How'd you come by this?" he asks.

"Oh," I answers, careless, "one of my agents ——"

"For thirty years," interrupts Leffingwell, like he was talking to hisself, "we've been hunting for this to complete our set of Etruscans."

"Your which?" I inquires.

"We've known it was in existence," goes on the museum baby, "but I'd almost given up hope. How fortunate" and he looks at me "that it has fallen into the hands of a incriminating collector like you is. Could you be persuaded to sell it?"

"You can have it!" says I.

"You mean it?" gasps Leffingwell. "A gift to the museum?"

"Sure," I tells him. "What's a empty jug between friends? Listen here," I yelps, all peeved over the way things is going, "you think I know anything about antiques?"

"The Etruscan," smiles the doc, "marks you as one of the ——"

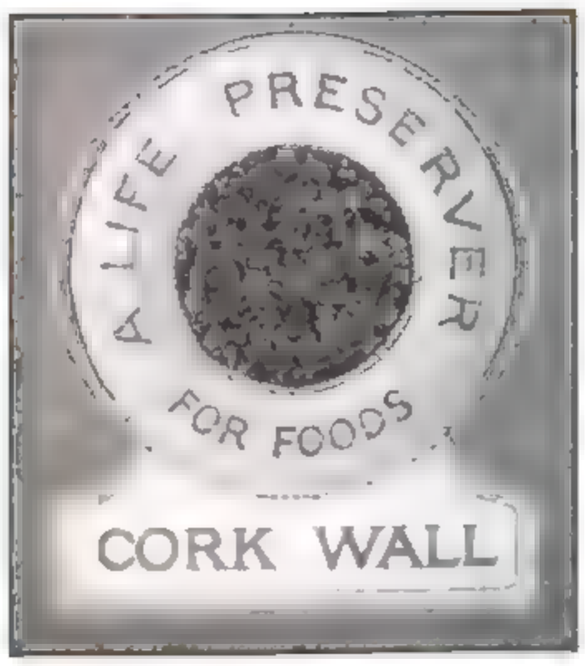
"Forget it!" I growls. "I just been kidding these folks. I don't know no more about antiques than a poker chip knows about home life. They ain't no such thing as Magoofus ware, no more'n they is a Gimmag test. I just been giving you the laugh." And I turns a mean look on Flora Sexton. She's just blank.

"We understands," smiles Leffingwell. "You know, Mrs. Sexton, they ain't a more returing and modest lot than them antaquariums. They'll go to any extremes to keep folks away. You can understand why. The minute it gets known they is a expert in the community everybody begins bringing 'em worthless stuff to look at."

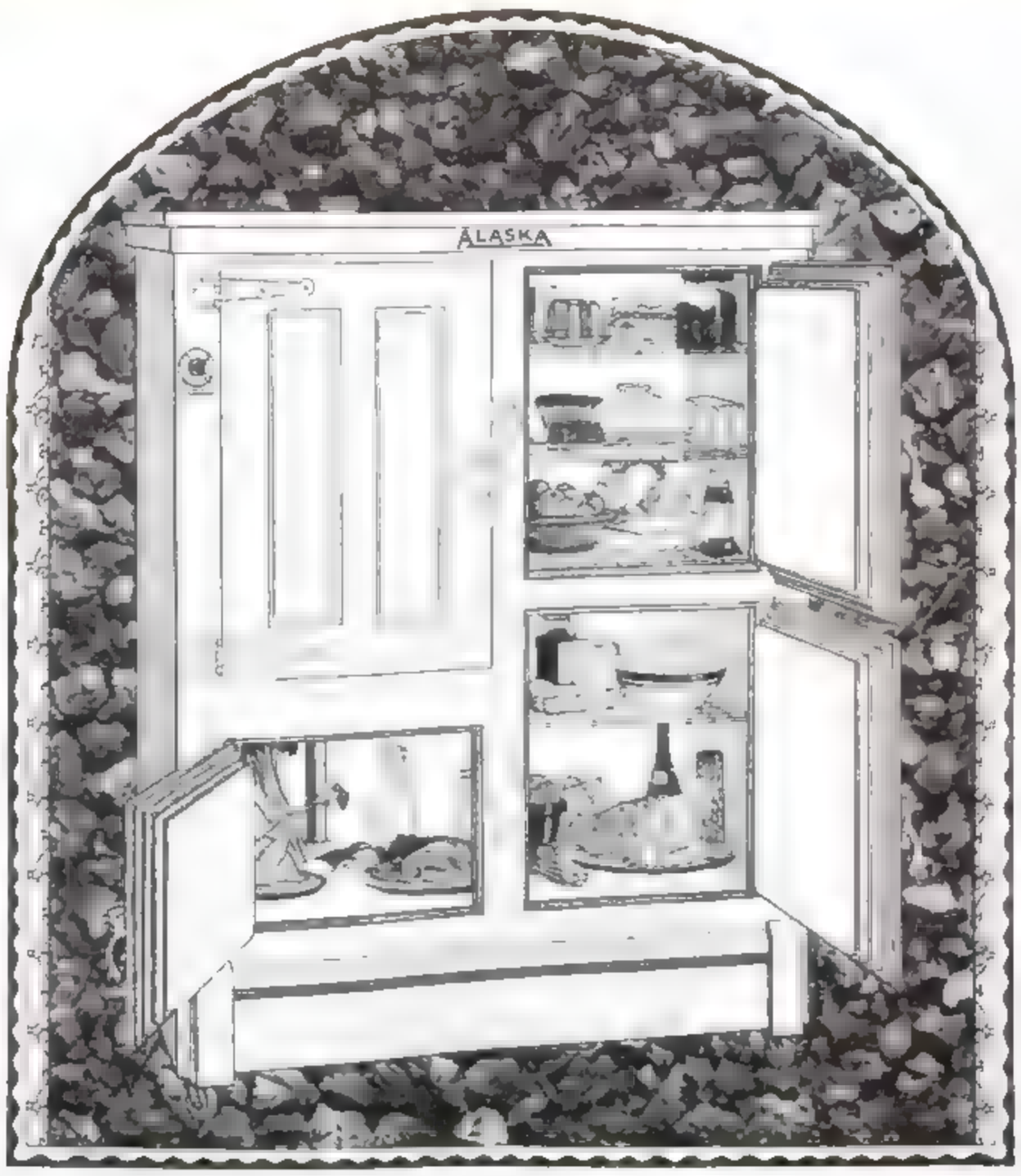
"I see," says Flora, slipping me a friendly all-is-forgiven grin; "but how peculiar!"

"Perhaps," returns Leffingwell; "but you'll admit that one who has just made a five-thousand-dollar gift to the museum is entitled to be."

Daniel Chester French's Statue of Abraham Lincoln in the Lincoln Memorial, Washington, D. C.



Look for the Cork-Wall Window. It identifies every genuine Alaska Cork-Insulated Refrigerator.



Look into the Cork-Wall Window. See with your own eyes the Pebbled Cork Wall that saves your ice.

SEE THE CORK THAT SAVES THE ICE

We Build a Little "X-Ray" into the Alaska to Eliminate All Doubt

You buy a refrigerator with two main thoughts in mind. One is food protection. The other is ice saving. You get both in the Alaska.

In addition to its reputation as "A Life Preserver for Foods," the beautiful Alaska Cork-Insulated Refrigerator is known far and wide as a great ice saver.

The secret of this wonderful Ice Saving lies in the inner wall of *pebbled cork*. Countless tests and years of searching have failed to find its equal as a heat retardant.

Now You See the Cork

Women now generally prefer this cork protection in their refrigerators. The problem is to *know* when a refrigerator has it. In this refrigerator there is no question. The new Cork-Wall Window, an exclusive Alaska invention, makes it easy. You merely look into the Cork-Wall Window as if it were a little "X-ray." With your own eyes you *see* the actual pebbled cork of which the *ice-saving* inner wall is made. Your own eyes tell you that it is the genuine *Cork-Insulated* Alaska.

Many Fine Features

Besides pebbled cork, you find many other features in the Alaska. First its beauty arrests you. Finest furniture is no more carefully made. Then the *sanitary* white enamel or seamless porcelain interiors appeal to you. Doors that seal heat tight. Shelves that are non-rusting. A patented drain that allows no air to enter. These are other features that women praise.

Defy Hot Weather with an Alaska See the Local Dealer

You cannot afford to risk your food in a leaky refrigerator. Why take a chance when your local dealer can show you the Alaska at a price that will suit any purse? There is a range of types and sizes to choose from. See him today. Have him show you the *Cork-Wall Window* and other features.

If you do not recall the Alaska dealer, write us for catalog and his name.

THE ALASKA REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
Dept. A, Muskegon, Michigan

Makers, also, of the Alaska Star Line of Dependable Refrigerators with Confined-Air Insulation

ALASKA

Cork-Insulated Refrigerator

To Dealers

If you are not yet supplying the demand for these better-built, ice-conserving refrigerators in your community, write us for complete information

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD WHERE THE SPOTLIGHT BELONGS

"—and of course you want a Clymer light on your car"

Certainly! Everybody does. It is really *the thing today* to have your new car equipped with the Clymer Windshield Spotlight.

The distinction added to the car by the Clymer is readily appreciated, but what means far more to you is the valuable service it renders. With its pistol grip right at your finger tips, you can drive in ease and safety, no matter how many cars are on the road. It is so convenient to flash from one point to another that you will use it quite as much for a driving lamp as for a spotlight.

Notice the Clymers on the fine new cars in the big motor shows. Then have *your* new car Clymer-equipped—not just because other discerning motorists already have it, but for the same beauty and utility that attracted them.

Price (installed in a few minutes) $12.75.

JOBBERS AND DEALERS: Quick and safe installation without removing the windshield is assured by the new Clymer Portable Windshield Cutter. We equip dealers with it at no cost under special offer. Write for facts on jobber-dealer policy.

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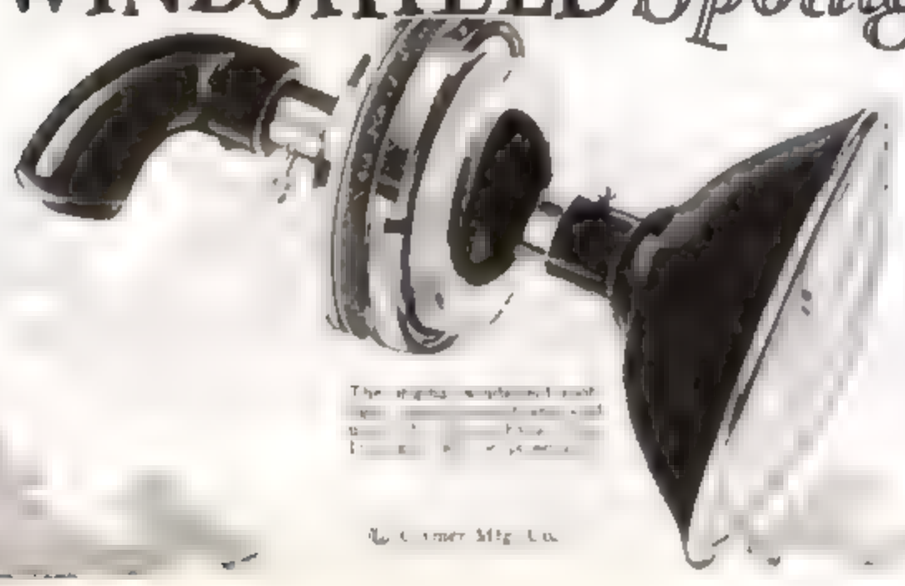
The Clymer WINDSHIELD Spotlight



DOES OPPORTUNITY STILL FIND THE LITTLE FELLOW?

(Continued from Page 20)

a defective hairspring by another workman; broken or missing jewels by still other specialists; and so on.

The watch is put together by other specialists, and then goes to an adjuster who inspects the job and checks up the different items on the repair list to see that they have all been attended to. Finally the watch is regulated several days before it goes back to its owner.

"This checking is important," said Mr. Blank, "for when one man repairs a watch he may overlook something, no matter how skillful he may be. Not long ago a woman sent us a watch, saying that she had just paid six dollars to have it cleaned and repaired, only to find that it ran fast three hours a day. Inspection showed that her watchmaker was a careful and competent man, but had accidentally let a tiny drop of oil fall into the mainspring, gluing some of its coils together. When a watch is repaired by an organization, with one workman checking another, such things are not so likely to happen."

There are so many watches being regulated all the time that they wind them by machinery! Which simply shows what business runs into nowadays when you organize it. Winding six to eight hundred watches every day is quite a chore if done by hand. So it is the job of a girl with an apparatus that has been designed for the purpose. The stem of a watch is inserted in an adjustable pocket and the winding done with a hand crank, by which she can tell when a watch has been wound enough and avoid overwinding.

"One reason for success, besides the need for such a business," said Mr. Blank, "is that I am a watchmaker, myself, with European training and thirty years' experience, and therefore understand watchmakers. The watchmaker is artistic by nature, and often high-strung. His work requires close attention, keeps him sitting still hours at a time, and puts a severe strain on eyesight and nerves. There are days when things go wrong, and he frets. Personal encouragement and a good working atmosphere are indispensable parts of this business. I know the delicacy and difficulty of the work, and try to put each man on the task he likes and does best. I know what to expect in the way of output, and know a good piece of work when I see it, and am not backward in telling our folks when they do good work."

The next number of this thriving Blank family was a colonel—a West Pointer and Philippine veteran, as well as a World War officer. He had no factory, employes or merchandise, but simply a little desk room for himself and a couple of associates, in one of Newark's side streets.

Seventeen Million Unwired Homes

Before he went to France, Colonel Blank had an automobile-accessory business. Before he got home it had gone bust, and a little while after he did return his home burned down without any insurance. So he looked around for Opportunity, and she was right there, like Lady Luck.

He saw the advertisement of an electrical contractor who offered to wire houses and take his pay in monthly installments—a new idea that had just been developed in the electrical business.

A queer thing in this so-called age of electricity—that only one out of three houses in the United States is wired for it. The country has seventeen million unwired homes. The electric mains pass under your street or the wires over your sidewalk, but people living in old houses get along without juice, and it is chiefly the new houses built that are wired. Engineers blame the wiring contractor. He is an electrician and mechanic rather than a salesman, and has looked for wiring jobs chiefly where new houses are a-building, and neglected the old ones.

There was also a money difficulty. A man buying a new house could afford wiring, because it went in the cost of the whole house and was paid for on installment, whereas a man with an old house had to pay for wiring in a lump, and it was often more than he could afford. However, this handicap had lately been removed by the organization of a financing corporation. The contractor agreed to wire your home and let you have a year to pay for the job. You signed a contract, which he sold immediately to the financing corporation, thus getting his money.

But this didn't transform the contractor into a salesman.

The colonel thought he saw a chance to find customers for the contractor, so he got together a crew of canvassers and started out ringing doorbells in Newark. The good old rule of never going by anybody's door was followed, because houses already wired for electricity, unless built within the past five or ten years, are generally short of service outlets for the great array of electrical conveniences now available. Householders were told what the wiring contractor could do for them, either in installing new electrical facilities or improving old ones. A coat pocketful of samples helped the salesman explain wiring. Some prospective customers were afraid the house would be torn up and in a muss if they let the electrician in. The salesman showed such people how wires are run through small holes and between ceilings or partitions, from one room to the other, with practically no mess. Other folks, afraid of fire, were shown a sample of the metal conduit used in present-day wiring, required by law in virtually all communities. Then the question of expense came up and was met by the installment contract giving the householder a year to pay for the wiring job. If the householder was persuaded then, and ordered his home wired, he suddenly became anxious to have the job done right away. For years he had been getting along without electricity. No matter—now it was ordered—he wanted it that very week!

Selling in Hard Times

The colonel got his profit out of commissions paid by electricians when they took over the contracts. Some idea of the field opened up by this enterprise is gained when you know that Newark alone will keep a dozen crews of canvassers busy several years, and after they had rung every doorbell in the city they could begin all over again on the doorbells of houses where people had changed their minds or were better fixed financially or needed extensions in wiring. And Newark is simply one city. Approximately one-half the population of the United States are prospective customers for this sort of selling. As for capital, it required no money at all—only a place where canvassers could meet every morning for instructions, and a desk or two, easily rented or even borrowed from an electrical concern.

"We started in the very middle of hard times," says the colonel, "and just before Christmas, when everybody was saving money for presents.

"'They won't talk wiring until after Christmas,' our fellows began to report.

"'You come with me,' I said when one of them brought in that alibi, and we went back to see the hard customers. If the plea was hard times, I met it with the argument that there were thousands of people out of work, and that every new wiring contract gave somebody a job. If they said, 'Christmas,' I said, 'Make it a merry Christmas for somebody by giving him work!' The first payment on an installment wiring contract was not heavy, and involved no sacrifice. We heard no more about hard times or Christmas; in fact, when times got good again our fellows missed hard times as an argument!"

In a little while there were several crews at work turning in contracts to the electrical men. Then news of his business got into the electrical journals, and presently others were going into sales work elsewhere in the same way. There seems to be no limit to the opportunities, for fully half the people of the United States are logical customers.

Right near by, in the town of Passaic, an Italian joined forces with an electrical wiring contractor and gave this selling idea an interesting new slant. Giovanni Blanco would go out and sell a job of wiring. When the contractor's men went to do the work he went along, found out from this first customer the names of her neighbors, and something about them, and canvassed around that house, inviting the neighbors

PROTECTION

BECAUSE Colt's Fire Arms have always been *safest* to handle and carry—because they get into action *quickest* when quickness is vital—because their fire is *sure* and *accurate* — they have won Government and Police endorsement for nigh on a century. Protection is only *complete* when *all* these qualities are present; so make sure of Colt security for your home by possessing a revolver or automatic pistol bearing this time-honored name. Ask your Hardware or Sporting Goods dealer to show you his full line of Colt's Fire Arms. They're reasonably priced.

Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co.
Hartford, Conn.

Pacific Coast Representative
Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St., San Francisco, Calif

Catalogue? Of course. Want it?

COLT'S THE ARM OF LAW AND ORDER

There's Health in Sauerkraut!

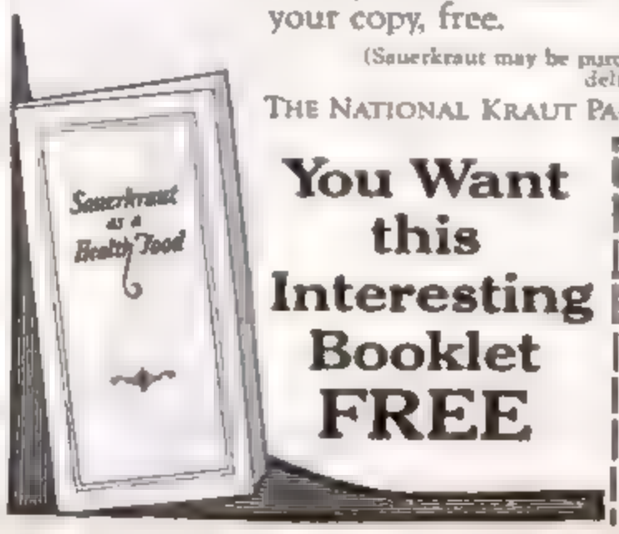
FOR centuries sauerkraut has been a favorite food with millions. And scientists have noted that in those countries where it is largely eaten, the people are famous for robust health and long life.

It was Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute who first found the reason. And now many eminent dietists are agreed that the lactic ferments in sauerkraut make it a valuable natural conditioner and regulator.

The remarkable facts which science has found out about the value of this simple vegetable food are told in detail in the booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food." It contains many new and appetizing recipes for preparing this delicious food. Mail the coupon now for your copy, free.

(Sauerkraut may be purchased at groceries, meat markets and delicatessen stores.)

THE NATIONAL KRAUT PACKERS' ASSOCIATION CLYDE, OHIO



You Want this Interesting Booklet FREE

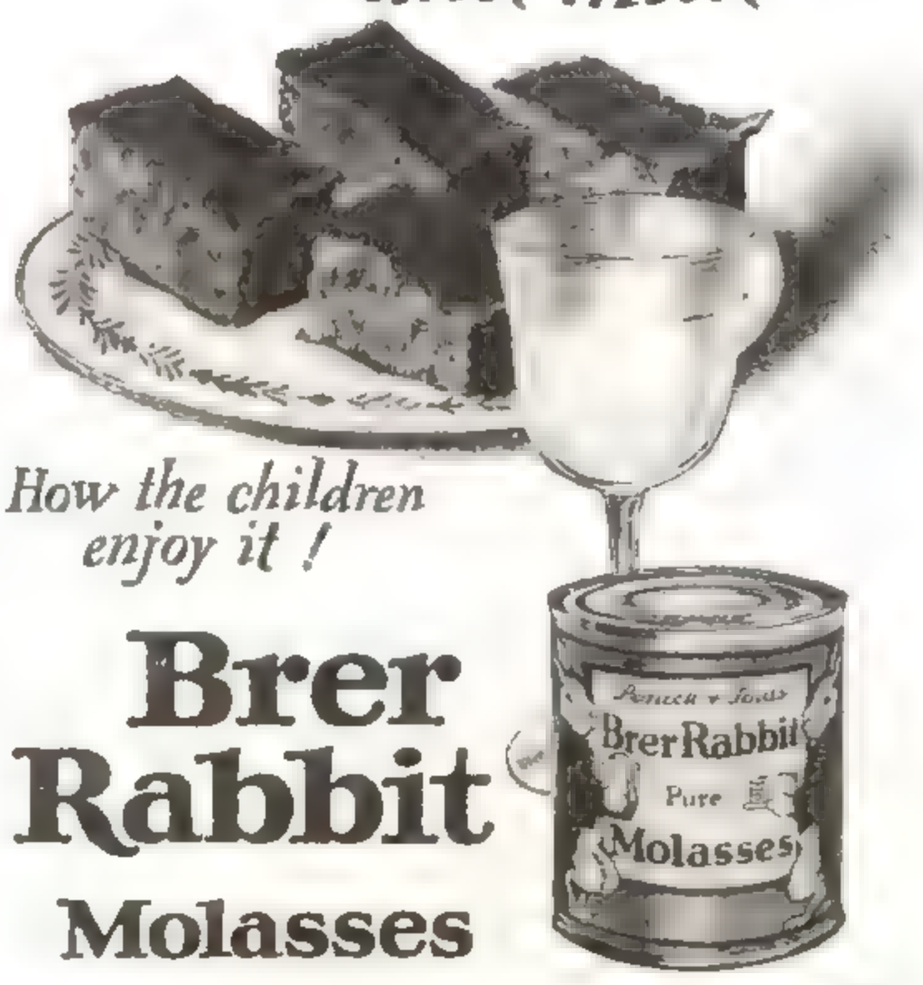
The National Kraut Packers' Association P-23
Clyde, Ohio
Please send me postpaid your free booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with new tested recipes.

Name

Address

City and State

Gingerbread! and milk!



How the children enjoy it!

Brer Rabbit Molasses

Send for recipe book "L" Penick & Ford, Ltd., New Orleans, La.

FINE HOSIERY

ASK to see the MS numbers. Mixtures of silk and wool, ribbed, very happily combining warmth, wear and good looks.

For those who prefer silk alone, the 105 numbers, known as "heavy silks", provide extra protection. They are rich in appearance and sturdy in service.

SHAW STOCKING CO.
Lowell, Mass.

to come and see the job done. Blanco also discovered that one of the easiest things to sell people is something they can't have; then they want it very much as a matter of course. Studying the city map, he selected blocks where electric service had not yet been extended. Visiting people in these blocks, he told them that if enough people wired their houses—generally four in a block—the electric-light company would extend its lines to them.

It was in another part of this same city of Newark that I found a member of the Blank family blowing rubber bubbles. A great city, Newark. The other morning I heard two girls gabbing in a New York elevator.

"I sent a letter to Newark dis morning," said one, "but I didn't know de street number. So I just wrote 'Next to de engine house'—do you think dey'll get it?"

And the other replied, "Aw, sure! Everybody knows everybody else in Newark!"

Which is the viewpoint of New York towards a cosmopolis that, because it happens to be right under its own wing, is without its rightful reputation as a city. Newark is larger than all but three cities west of the Mississippi River, and if you wanted to prove by a thorough statistical survey that opportunities still exist a-plenty for the small man, its wonderfully diversified production and trade would furnish an ample field of investigation.

This John Blank was making bubbles by dipping rows of maple molds in fine-quality melted rubber. The film of rubber left on the mold after drying became a toy balloon, the basis of a business that has sprung up almost overnight, and from practically nothing a few years ago is now turning out several hundred millions of the rubber bubbles yearly, ten to fifteen million dollars' worth, factory value, and selling them all over the country, with a growing export trade.

"The real center of this industry is out in Ohio," the proprietor of the Newark plant explained. "For the toy balloon is a little sister of the automobile-tire industry. Most of the dozen or twenty concerns that have established themselves in this field are run by men with tire experience, generally branching out from salaried positions to business enterprises of their own."

Consider the toy balloon. Johnny spends his penny for a squawker on his way home from school, or dad buys him a ten-cent inflated balloon in the park. Originally it came from France, years ago, where it was probably invented—an *article de Paris*. Efforts to manufacture it in this country were half-hearted and not very successful. The French made better balloons, and the demand was not large because the thing was still chiefly a street peddler's trinket.

Penny Squawkers

Suddenly, toward the end of the war, the magic of ideas was applied to the toy balloon. It was made in the form of animals, birds, airships, play balls that could be thrown around and bounced, ten-cent footballs strong enough to be kicked, toy balloons with pictures on them, toy balloons for advertising purposes, toy-balloon games played with a dozen variegated ones in a box. Toy balloons even helped win the war. Strong laminated spheres up to three feet in diameter, needing an air pump to inflate them, were used in France to test air currents for the aviator, and are now frequently sold for a dollar to people who want the biggest toy balloon ever. Ideas increased the demand so a real industry could be built.

"You can do us a service by telling people how the balloons are colored," added John Blank V. "We use harmless American dyes, making two types of balloons. The penny squawker sold in stores, to be blown up by the purchaser, has the dye worked into the rubber, so the color will not come off, but such a balloon or rubber toy is not transparent. The transparent inflated balloon that the street peddler sells is made of clear rubber, and colored afterward by dipping in dye, and the pictures or advertisements are stamped on it by hand. This color will come off when wet, and may alarm people. Besides the color being bitter, dye chemists estimate that a child would have to eat about seventy-five transparent balloons before there would be any harmful effects—and then the dye would act as an emetic!"

Back to New York, this time the lower West Side, to visit another member of the Blank family in a business built on an idea. And, like toy balloons, it is followed by a number of men in different parts of the country who have from small beginnings built up a technical art as well as a commercial business.

Before leading the way into his plant he took down a heavy winter overcoat and slipped it on over the visitor's thin summer suit, donning another himself, and opened a heavy insulated door into the Kingdom of Winter—cold-storage rooms of considerable size. On the floor and along the shelves, against glittering frost-covered pipes, were hundreds of cans half the size of a barrel and each filled with a solidly frozen block of eggs! The place is what people miscall an egg cannery, but is, in fact, an egg-breaking establishment, there being no canning equipment or operation.

This business really began a dozen years or more ago, but it has grown to such an extent since prohibition that it almost ranks as a new line; it does rank thus in the recent improvement of its technic.

Prohibition created an enormous new demand for cake!

"If the people can't get bread," was Marie Antoinette's historic question, "why don't they eat cake?"

Eggs in Blocks

When the Americans found that they couldn't get beer, they began eating cake, cake, cake! Great cake bakeries have sprung up since Volstead, and the grocer's cake pile nowadays is nearly as big as his bread pile.

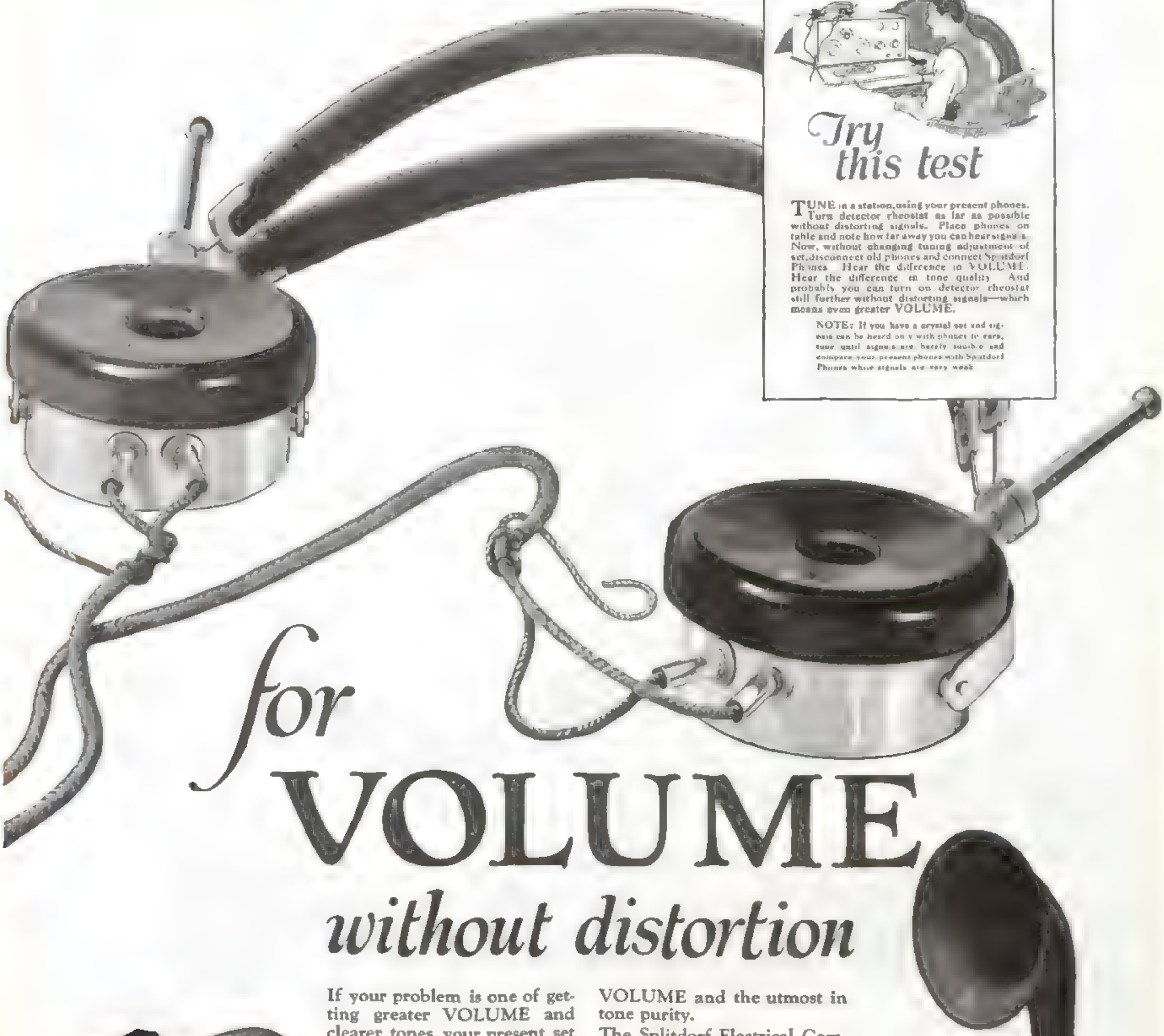
When mother makes a cake she cracks the necessary half dozen eggs one by one to see that they are fresh. When the hotel chef makes a cake he will probably need a crate of eggs—thirty dozen. He hasn't time to examine every one. Yet a single doubtful egg would spoil his cake. So he buys the very best quality of absolutely fresh-gathered eggs from a poultryman who can be depended upon. When the big city baker makes a cake he uses flour, sugar, eggs and other ingredients by the barrel. At the same time, his cake is most carefully made of all, because every ingredient is chemically tested and accurately weighed and mixed. One bad egg would cause havoc, and eggs are the most variable and critical ingredient. Therefore, instead of buying, candling and breaking eggs by the carload, he purchases from the egg-breaking establishment where this detail has become a specialty, highly technical, and gets a product from somebody who can be held responsible if things go wrong.

We doff our overcoats and come back to June and the breaking room upstairs. It is the latter end of the season, from March to July, when hens are laying eggs all over the map. Thousands of carloads of fresh eggs from the South and West are being candled and put away in cold storage for next winter. A storage egg must be fresh and also perfect. If it has a cracked shell it will spoil in storage. The egg-breaking plant takes these cracked, oversize, undersize and otherwise defective but perfectly fresh eggs by the carload, cools them in a chilling room, candles or inspects them against electric light to sort out any stale ones, and finally turns them over to girls who actually break each egg, thus making certain that every intolerable one will be eliminated.

It is cool autumn weather in the breaking room, for the temperature is never allowed to rise above 65 degrees. Girls work in white caps and overdresses at sanitary tables. Though they break eggs very fast, each is broken into a separate glass cup and inspected by eyesight and smell. Everything in the room is of metal, porcelain or glass—no wood. The moment a suspicious egg is found, the girl dumps it into a pail, thoroughly washes her hands, and the glass cup that held it is sent away to be washed and sterilized. Even the air in this room is filtered through several thicknesses of cheesecloth, for a single bad egg may spoil a ton of cake for a big baker and bring him downtown looking for trouble—and damages.

Then the eggs are frozen in three forms. For immediate use the whites and yolks are frozen together. For use next winter, when fresh eggs are ninety cents a dozen, they are separated into yolks and whites. The proof that they are fresh is found in the fact that next winter the whites will beat up nicely into frosting. The yolks are first thoroughly mixed by machinery to break them up before being frozen—otherwise they would grow tough in storage. All spoiled eggs are denatured before going to

(Continued on Page 153)



Try this test

TUNE in a station, using your present phones. Turn detector rheostat as far as possible without distorting signals. Place phones on table and note how far away you can hear signals. Now, without changing tuning adjustment of set, disconnect old phones and connect Spitdorf Phones. Hear the difference in VOLUME. Hear the difference in tone quality. And probably you can turn on detector rheostat still further without distorting signals—which means even greater VOLUME.

NOTE: If you have a crystal set and signals can be heard only with phones to ears, tune until signals are barely audible and compare your present phones with Spitdorf Phones when signals are very weak.

for VOLUME *without distortion*

If your problem is one of getting greater VOLUME and clearer tones, your present set may be capable of giving you what you want. The solution of your problem may be in the PHONES. Due to a critical balancing of magnetic values, the achievement of radio engineers who have SPECIALIZED on the subject of acoustics, Splitdorf Phones insure extreme sensitiveness, maximum VOLUME and the utmost in tone purity.

The Splitdorf Electrical Company, whose reputation was already established more than half a century ago, takes pride in offering this most recent Splitdorf achievement to the radio public. It is certain that the excellent performance of Splitdorf Phones will justify the confidence reposed in Splitdorf products since 1858.

Literature at your request

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL COMPANY

392 High Street, NEWARK, New Jersey

Branches:

ATLANTA BOSTON CHICAGO DETROIT NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA PITTSBURGH TORONTO

a TRADE SPLITDORF MARK product

ESTABLISHED 1858

SPLITDORF DECA KNOB DIALS

The ten-sided knob on Splitdorf Deca Knob Dials provides greater surface for gripping and insures finer tuning. Splitdorf Dials are made of solid BAKELITE with clean, sharp, white graduations and numerals. And because they are accurately true, they can be placed closer to the panel without touching at any point. Made in various sizes from 1½" to 4" and for shafts 3-16" and ¼".

THE SPLITDORFONE

The Splitdorfone is designed and constructed to combine volume with clarity and purity of tone. To insure the utmost in these essentials, the Splitdorfone is equipped with a unique adjustable feature that enables the user to regulate these values within a range varying from soft, mellow notes to a clear, true voluminous tone.

COLLINS & AIKMAN

MAKERS OF PLUSH

AT THE National Automobile Shows the enclosed models, upholstered in Collins & Aikman Plush, represent a large proportion of the total production of fine enclosed cars. ¶ Plush has no equal for fast color, beauty and luxuriousness, combined with long life. . . .

COLLINS & AIKMAN CO.
Established 1845
NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 150

the city dumps, to make them unfit for food.

"Besides cake, our eggs are used for noodles, mayonnaise, salad dressing, ice cream, icings and other things," says the proprietor. "We freeze them so solidly that they can be delivered anywhere in a city like New York or Chicago in any weather, because it takes twelve hours to thaw out one of our large cans. I foresee the time in this business when the housewife will buy frozen eggs just as she buys milk. A family package containing two or three dozen fresh whole eggs, frozen solid, will be left alongside the milk bottle, and go with it into the ice box. When the housewife wants eggs she'll take the package out and let it stand at room temperature so the top eggs can thaw. There will be a saving, because these eggs will be from the surplus laid during the season when prices are lowest. There will not be the heavy expenses connected with storing eggs in the shell and she will buy them by the pound instead of by the dozen."

In times not long past, the small man getting into business for himself generally entered some established line. He opened a retail store, or a tailor shop, or a local flour mill, or hung out his shingle as a lawyer. Most kinds of business were carried on along conventional lines handed down by the fathers.

But in these times, with great corporations doing such established things as the fathers never dreamed could be done, the small man's opportunity seems to lie more along the line of a new enterprise. He succeeds in making something that is itself new and novel, or develops a specialty in some great industry right under the noses of the corporation and business giants.

He succeeds, very often, because there are business giants!

"If you had time," said the editor of a textile journal, "I could send you to a dozen different concerns up in the cotton and woolen section of New England that, with very moderate resources, have succeeded just because textile mills have grown so big. The overwhelming trend nowadays is toward big mills, large capital, quantity orders that keep thousands of spindles and looms running on the same fabric. The mills grow too big to stop and make the specialties and novelties that are needed. Therefore throughout New England you can find many foremen, superintendents and managers leaving the big mills and investing their savings in the small plants that make novelties. Two or three experienced men will often embark in such an enterprise as partners, with one or two dozen looms, bought secondhand at reasonable prices because they are mostly of types unsuitable for big mills. They will get going for a few thousand dollars, and far from competing with the big plants, the latter send them customers who want specialties that involve small runs. The big mills could not afford to stop production and harness up for these special fabrics and patterns, and gladly turn such orders over to trustworthy small concerns."

An Eight-Dollar Suit

"There must be a good many John Blanks in our line," said the sales manager of a concern manufacturing cotton, burlap and paper bags, "because we make the things the other fellow puts his product into. More than half the bags used in this country are bought by flour millers—cotton and paper bags for the flour, and burlap for the bran. This doesn't mean that they are all bought by large millers, either, because a great deal of flour used by commercial bakers is shipped in barrels, and they are used over and over. There are thousands of small flour mills scattered over the country, and they often do a healthy business. In one of our milling journals the other day editorial attention was drawn to a mill operator who, buying a mortgaged country mill, with a capacity of one hundred and forty barrels of flour daily, paid for it in three years, besides buying a good home. He was on his way to a milling convention. The motortruck had made his opportunity, he said. With a small mill, in a farming country near the grain, and no great overhead to meet, he could make flour and feed, delivering it in the country for twenty-five to forty miles around, dropping off so many bags wherever he found a customer, like the ice man.

"The other half of our bag output goes into so many different kinds of commodities that we have never been able to find any combination of trade journals that would reach all our actual customers, much less our prospective. On that account we print a blotter each month, with a calendar, an interesting picture or two, and several short inspirational articles. When Secretary Weeks' private secretary, John Martyn, came home from Panama summer before last wearing an eight-dollar suit made of empty flour bags, we got a picture of him for our blotter and told what the stuff was—it's a very strong durable cotton cloth called Oshaburg, used for export flour bags. I guess our monthly blotter is the only publication of its size in the world that buys short articles from well-known authors. It is only through this blotter that we are able to reach all the people who buy bags from us, and as the edition is now more than twenty-seven thousand copies, there must be a good many John Blanks among the recipients."

Sales Through Chain Stores

When a fellow is getting into some enterprise of his own there may be advantages in the very bigness of present-day business. During the industrial slump a New York cotton-goods broker had so little to do in that line that there was plenty of time to think. He is a pipe smoker. He thought out a patentable novelty that seemed to be needed by every man who smokes a pipe, and then looked around to see how it could be sold on a scale that would make it profitable to manufacture.

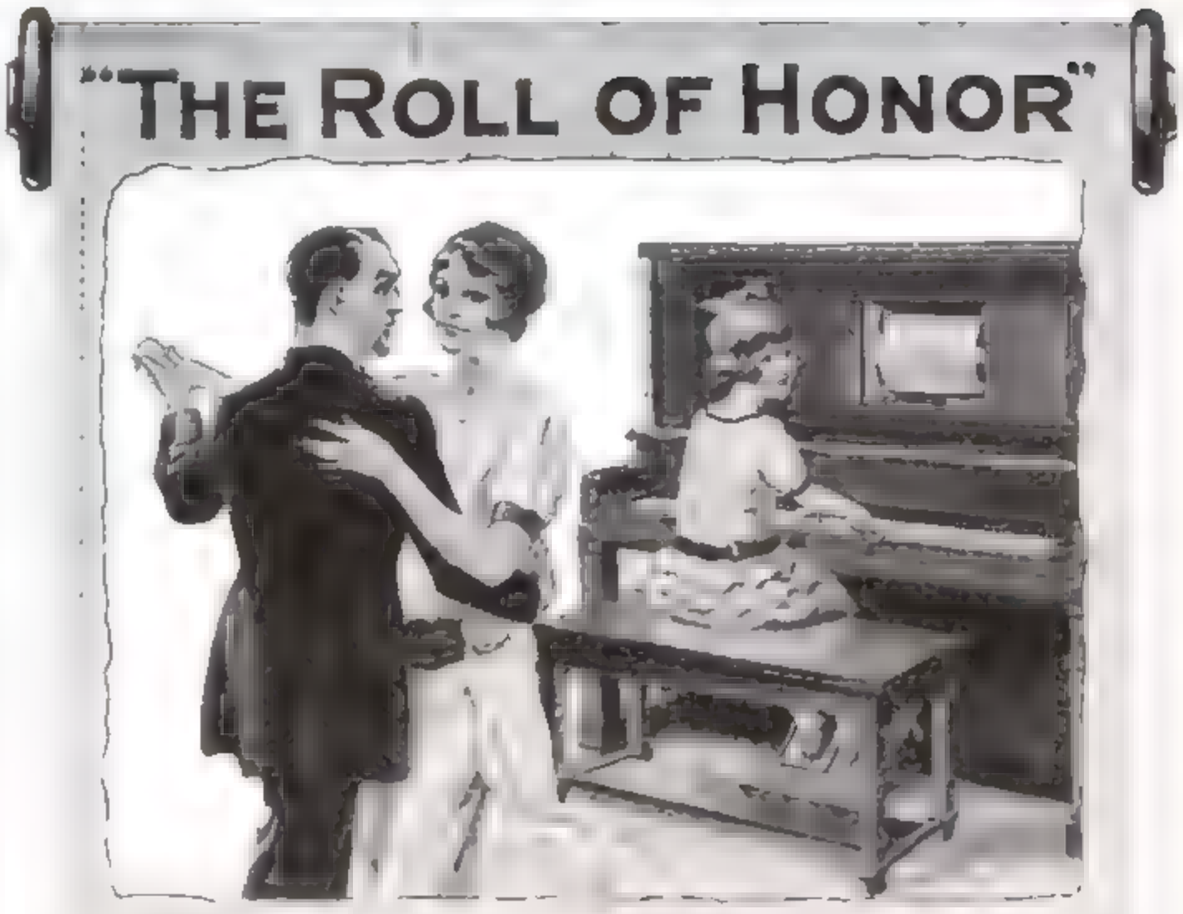
Twenty years ago such an invention would probably have had little value. Money might have been sunk in it without any return, for the cost of introducing it to a multitude of tobacconists all over the country would likely have exceeded returns from sales.

He made a thorough study of the possibilities. About half the forty-five million men in the United States are smokers. Probably one-third of these use pipes. That meant less than eight million potential customers for his invention. Assume that half of them would never see the thing even if it were set right under their noses, or that they would not buy it even if the contraption were sold for a nickel. That cut the logical market in two again—say, four million pipe smokers. The contrivance could be manufactured to retail for a quarter—a million dollars' worth of gross business maybe. It sounds like big money, but when you have to collect a million dollars in quarters, and allow mercantile discounts, it is only a couple of hundred thousand dollars net profit. And the goose hadn't started laying the golden eggs!

Furthermore, that was all he had to sell. It is a well-recognized principle of business nowadays that when you make a small popular article it ought to be part of a line of similar articles, a dozen or more, so that one will sell another. This was the only article he had, and its nature was such that a single one would probably last a smoker many years, if not a lifetime.

But big business had organized his market. There were great chains of tobacco and novelty stores, as well as large mail-order houses. With one sale he could put his trinket into thousands of stores. Correspondingly, that single sale was hard. The big chain-store and mail-order buyers were skeptical, slow to be persuaded. But by persistence he finally got his novelty into several different store chains, displayed on a counter rack that showed its purpose at a glance. Smokers took to the novelty. Other chain stores were won over. Today more than a million of his potential customers have already bought, and a very good sale has developed in England, where 50 per cent of the men who smoke use pipes.

Finally I wound up by going to the purchasing agent of a corporation that buys much more than a hundred million dollars'



U. S. Rolls are longer—more entertaining—popularly priced

UNITED STATES MUSIC COMPANY
2934-38 W. Lake St., Chicago 122 Fifth Ave., New York

U S THE BEST PLAYER MUSIC ROLLS

Buy a Player—Enjoy the Latest Music!

How to Get Your Picture In *The Post*

"YOUR ads appealed to me because they told me how other people had made money in their spare time, and I thought if they could do it, I could too, so I wrote you."

This is quoted from a letter which came to us last July. Every month since, Mr. Arthur M. Kesteven of West Virginia has earned a goodly number of extra dollars—but the point we want to make is this:

Extra Money in Your Spare Time

In practically every issue of *The Post* you will find the "picture" of one or more of our workers, keen and refined men and women who are making good by representing us *just when it suits their convenience*. And following each issue, we receive letter after letter saying, "If 'So-and-So' can make money, I can—please tell me how." We tell them how easy and pleasant and profitable it is to represent *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. They try the work, like it, profit by it, tell us about it, and in many, many instances, we publish their pictures in *The Post*.

Today it's Mr. Kesteven's turn; just as it is *your* turn to let us explain to you how you, too, may easily earn the extra money you want *in your spare time*. So clip the coupon.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
650 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: Please tell me, though I assume no obligation in asking, how I can make that extra money.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

Three Ways to Profit—

Take Your Choice

John H. Meeker of Ohio

1

Are you open to a position which will require your full time? More than three years ago Mr. John Meeker became our subscription representative. Now he is paid, for his full time, in salary and expense allowance, over $300.00 every single month. We have room for more energetic workers like Mr. Meeker.

$300.00 a Month

Ralph Young of Ohio

2

Can you devote an hour or two daily to getting renewal and new subscriptions? That is all the time Mr. Ralph Young can spare, yet he earns an average of at least $10.00 a week. Many of our workers find it easier to make extra money in the evening than at any other time of day.

$10.00 Every Week

W. C. Bristol of Connecticut

3

And then, like Mr. Bristol (who is a busy stock salesman), perhaps you cannot spare even one hour at a time. If such is the case you can pick up many an extra dollar just by suggesting to your friends and neighbors, wherever you meet them, that they become regular readers of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* or *The Country Gentleman*. This plan enables scores of our representatives to earn

Up to $1.50 an Hour

Which plan suits you best? Let us know, by placing a check mark on the proper line in the coupon below, and we will tell you all about our cash offer.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
667 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: I've checked the plan below which seems best for me. Please tell me, but without obligation, all about your offer.

(1) I can sell you practically all of my time _____ (Check here)
(2) I have a few hours to spare almost every day (Or here)
(3) I have almost no spare time but want more money_____(Or here)

Name

Street

City *State*

BABY CHICKS Postpaid to your [illegible] arrival. Purebred Barred Rocks, Reds, Anconas 25-$4.50, 50-$8, 100-$15. White or Brown Leghorns 25-$3.75, 50-$7, 100-$14, 500-$50. Ten other breeds. Catalog free. Bank References. **BOOTH FARMS, Box 531, Clinton, Mo.**

BIG BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

$1,000 to $4,000 investment required. Responsible company [illegible] built up to [illegible] Hat Lac Kompany 120 N. 19th St. St. Louis, Mo.

PLANS for Poultry Houses

[illegible] and copy of "The Full Egg Basket." Send 25 cents. **INLAND POULTRY JOURNAL, Dept. 17, Indianapolis, Ind.**

SALESMEN WANTED

[illegible] commission basis. Highest references required. **STANWOOD MANUFACTURING CO., 5 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.**

worth of stuff yearly, and asked him, "Are there many small suppliers among the people you purchase from—or do you deal entirely with large corporations?"

"We buy from both," he answered. "It is nothing in this office to close a purchase involving a million dollars over the telephone. But last year, according to our figures, we had fourteen thousand suppliers in over forty states, and our average purchase from each was in the neighborhood of ten thousand dollars. Subtract a few million-dollar orders given big concerns, and the average is much smaller of course.

"We buy a good deal from small people locally. For instance, next year we shall spend several hundred thousand dollars on an Eastern branch, and naturally a good deal of that money will go in the community where the branch is located. But we buy from small concerns nationally too. More than that, our business sometimes depends on strengthening these little fellows and building them up. The other day there was a newspaper story printed to the effect that a small Eastern factory had grown into a million-dollar business, building a certain kind of wood-and-metal container for our company. The story needed several discounts, but it did have a basis of fact, and an interesting one. We use a great many of these containers. They must fulfill several conditions not easy to meet. Before we found just the right thing, many experiments were tried in our own organization, and we were decidedly hospitable to anybody who came to us with a suggestion. Eventually the partners who own that factory brought exactly the right thing. It had a patentable feature, so they controlled it. It has, furthermore, been to our interest to see that their business develops. Don't go away with the impression that every inventor beats our own technical staff that way, but remember when the right fellow comes along with the right thing it makes very little difference how small he is. He'll get on. A big corporation like this must see that he does!

"Don't forget there is a place for the small man in big business as a middleman and broker. The very fact that many small producers still find their opportunity makes the middleman's place. Here is a manufacturer with a good product, but a factory so small that he cannot afford a salesman or selling representatives in the big markets. Here, again, are small purchasers. They are logical customers for that manufacturer's stuff, but they cannot afford a purchasing agent. As a go-between in such a situation, the middleman renders a service not only to seller and buyer but to the public, for by massing enough orders to keep such a manufacturer busy he can help him keep his factory going the year round. There is a corresponding reduction in his costs, with lower prices to those who purchase from him, and to the consuming public that eventually gets the goods. Some of the best opportunities should turn up in this field of business the next few years, because distribution has been neglected in comparison with production. Let the little fellow with ideas watch movements like the one for simplification and standardization of commodities, especially in massing little business to make big business. If he has ideas he will find more than one place to take hold."

Again the opportunity linked up to the idea!

Do these various experiences of the Blank family demonstrate that Lady Opportunity is still stalking the small man in the byways as well as the big fellows in the highways?

The defense rests.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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Cover Design by Harry Solon

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Long before the days of bicycles and automobiles the firm of A. Schrader's Son, Inc., made valves that held air and permitted inflation and deflation at will.

The bustle of the '70's was inflated like a tire

"BACK in Eighteen Seventy-Four," as the song goes, Fashion decreed bustles for "improving the figure and making skirts hang gracefully."

Many of these bustles were built around pneumatic pads. Schrader Valves helped to carry out Fashion's commands by successfully holding air in them.

Schrader Valves for many purposes

Schrader Valves held air not only in bustles, but also in air beds, bust pads, air pillows and cushions and diving suits.

This was before the day of the pneumatic tire. But when bicycle tires appeared, the tire-maker came to Schrader for tire valves. And Schrader Valves are still used to hold air in bicycle tires.

Schrader Valves for automobile tires

Then came the automobile and its heavy-pressure pneumatic tires. For the very first tires made in this country, the tire manufacturer came to Schrader for valves because Schrader Tire Valves held air. He knew that, although he used only the best rubber available and all his skill in making air-tight inner tubes, the life of his tubes would be shortened many miles if the tire valves failed to retain the air pumped into them.

As Schrader Valves in the '70's saved grandmother from the embarrassment of a suddenly deflated bustle, so Schrader Tire Valves today are guarding her grandson's comfort and helping to keep down his tire bills by retaining the necessary air pressure in his automobile tires.

The complete Schrader Tire Valve has proved its success in holding in air. Failure to use all the parts shown and described on this page can soon reduce the valve's effectiveness. Every part has an essential duty to perform. Only when you use all of them can you be sure of the constant, unfailing service of the valve in retaining air.

Over 100,000 dealers sell these parts

More than a hundred thousand dealers in this country and others in Canada, England, France and other parts of the world carry Schrader Tire Valve Parts.

Carry extras for emergencies

No matter how easy it is to get Schrader Tire Valve Parts, it is always safer to carry some extras in your tool kit. A Schrader Tire Pressure Gauge will help you also to maintain correct air pressure and so lengthen the life of your tires. Get gauges and parts at motor accessory shops, garages and hardware stores.

Complete SCHRADER TIRE VALVE with Dust Cap as it appears on tires in actual service.

This is the SCHRADER DUST CAP that goes over the valve and protects it and the valve stem threads. Can be attached or detached with a few turns of the hand.

Under the Dust Cap and on top of the valve is—

Dust Cap

The SCHRADER VALVE CAP. Through this cap, when screwed on by hand, no dirt can enter the valve, and no air can escape from the tube.

Protected by the Valve Cap is—

Valve Cap

The SCHRADER VALVE INSIDE, which is placed in the mouth of the valve. It permits quick entrance of air, and also prevents escape of that air once it is in the tube.

The valve stem into which the Valve Inside goes is centered in the valve hole by—

Valve Inside

The SCHRADER RIM NUT BUSHING, which also holds on the Dust Cap. It is always tightened against the wheel by a small wrench.

Rim Nut Bushing

This is the SCHRADER TIRE VALVE with all its parts in place except the Dust Cap. You also see here the Hexagon Nut screwed against the Bridge Washer at the base of valve.

Add the Dust Cap and you have the complete Schrader Valve which should be on your tires.

Complete Schrader Valve

See the Schrader Exhibit at the National Auto Shows
New York—January 5 to 12. Chicago—January 26 to February 2

A. SCHRADER'S SON, INC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
CHICAGO TORONTO LONDON

Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

Tire Valves · Tire Gauges

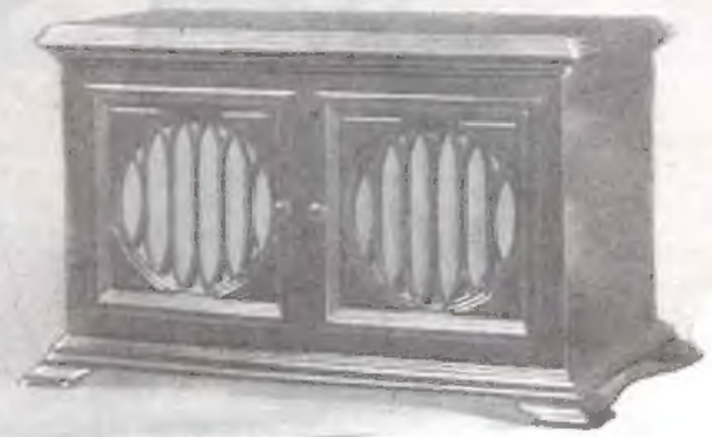
Radiotron

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Radiotron WD-11
Radiotron WD-12
Radiotron UV-199
Radiotron UV-200
Radiotron UV-201-A

Send for free booklet that describes all Radiotrons giving their characteristics and circuit diagrams.

Radiola II



Radiola IV

In high quality receiving sets, the vacuum tubes — the heart of their fine performance — bear the name **Radiotron** and the **RCA** mark. Be sure to look for this identification when you replace your tubes.

RCA

This symbol of quality is your protection

Radiola Grand

Radiola V with Loudspeaker

Radio Corporation of America

Sales Offices:

233 Broadway, New York — 10 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. — 433 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Dept. 171 (Address office nearest you.)
Please send me your free Radiotron Booklet.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ R.F.D. _____

State _____

Radiola

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Economy Without Sacrifice

To reduce the cost of the family food without sacrifice either of quantity or quality is the fundamental problem of household economy. Pet Milk solves this problem on your milk bill.

As rich as the best milk you can buy, it costs much less. Concentrated to double richness, it is fine in place of cream for coffee, fruits and creamed dishes, at less than half the cost.

Sterilized in sealed containers, Pet Milk comes to the kitchen scientifically clean.

Used for every household need, it will reduce the milk item in your family budget.

All grocers have it.

Send for new Pet Recipe Book

PET MILK COMPANY
836 ARCADE BUILDING
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Eat More Wheat

TOAST

Here are many ways to enjoy it:

For Breakfast—hot, crunchy, brown, buttered toast made as you eat it and served with a cup of steaming, fragrant coffee.

For Luncheon—creamy milk toast or delicately browned French toast or spicy cinnamon toast.

For Dinner—tender buttered asparagus or other vegetables on toast.

For Sunday night supper—toothsome fig toast or rare old cheese on toast—an aristocratic club sandwich or maybe just toast and tea.

Every meal is more attractive, appetizing and healthful with toast as a part of the menu.

Toast—bread—flour—wheat—man's best and cheapest food.

Good baker's bread is best for toast.

The modern baker is giving service. We are striving to help him by making GOLD MEDAL FLOUR as perfect as possible.

WASHBURN-CROSBY COMPANY

General Offices

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Cinnamon Toast

Cut bread in ¼ inch slices and toast on both sides. Butter while hot. Sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar. Heat slightly until sugar is melted. Serve hot.

Snowflake Toast

Heat 1 pint of milk to scalding. Moisten 4 tablespoons Gold Medal Flour with ½ cup cream, stir into milk. Cook about 20 minutes. Add 1 teaspoon salt, pour over stiffly beaten whites 2 eggs, beating meanwhile. Pour sauce over toast.

Club Sandwich

On a thin slice of buttered toast place a lettuce leaf, then a layer of sliced chicken. Spread over this a salad dressing, preferably mayonnaise. Place strip of bacon over this, then a second slice of toast. On top of this place a lettuce leaf, slice of tomato, and sliced cucumber; spread with mayonnaise. Place the third slice of toast over this.

Asparagus on Toast

Cook asparagus in boiling salted water from 10 to 15 minutes. Or until tender. If canned asparagus, heat contents in salted water about 5 minutes. Drain off water, place on toast, and pour over a sauce made from 2 tablespoons melted butter to which 2 tablespoons Gold Medal Flour, ½ teaspoon salt and dash of pepper are added. Into this pour 1 cup of heated milk, and cook together until the flour thickens the mixture.

Baked Egg in Toast Case

Cut bread in 1½ inch slices. Remove crust, cut round or square. Scoop out center to form a cavity, fill with uncooked egg. Bake until egg is cooked and bread toasted. Sprinkle with paprika and parsley.

Eventually **GOLD MEDAL FLOUR**

Why Not Now?